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Mom's expecting a call from her mother.

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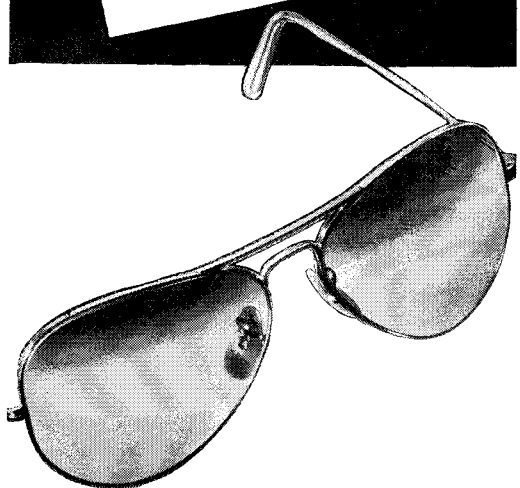
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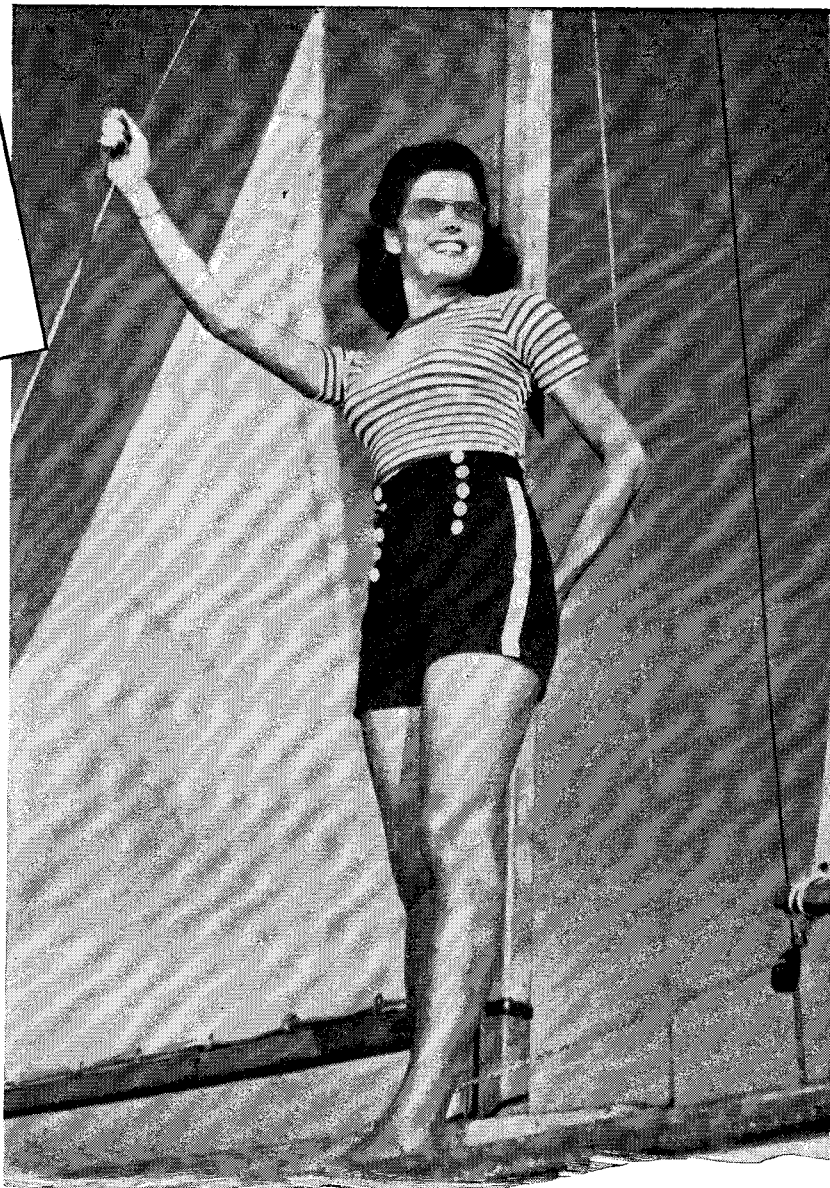
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

THE President thinks that inflation is still domestic enemy number one. He arrives at this opinion with the help of his Council of Economic Advisers, the group put at the President's elbow by the Full Employment Act of 1946. That act was a recognition of government responsibility for the economic state of the Union — the mark of what, since the President ushered in his Fair Deal, has come to be called the insurance state.

The Council of Economic Advisers is composed of three economists. Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, former vice-president of the Brookings Institution, is chairman. The others are Dr. John D. Clark, a businessman and former economics professor, and Dr. Leon H. Keyserling, a government economist. In approach they represent Right, Center, and Left respectively. Their reports are in the nature of compromises, but the three are united in thinking of the immediate future in terms of inflation.

Indeed, this has been the theme song in all the quarterly reports of the Council. In some of them the trio have run counter to the business analysts; but by and large, experience gives the Council the better record. It approaches the task of prognostication by ignoring particular signals and keeping an eye on over-all conditions. The economic picture looks good to the Council, which recommends that the Administration direct policy towards curbing inflation.

Steel is the President's main concern. His proposal that the government be authorized to build steel plants and facilities for other materials in short supply if private industry fails to meet needs has caused a lot of heart-searching. Dr. Nourse has disclaimed all responsibility for it. The author

turns out to be Dr. Keyserling. His theory is that the steel industry is not doing all that is necessary in supporting a growing economy. Steel men disagree, pointing out their plans for expanding capacity. They also claim that since steel is needed to make steel, care must be taken lest the present market be deprived of greatly needed metal.

Those who think of the period as an emergency are inclined to lend an ear to Keyserling. They are not opposed to an inquiry, and neither is the steel industry, provided that it is conducted non-politically, and not for the purpose of framing a case for a partial socialization of the steel industry.

Divided responsibility

The position of the Joint Chiefs of Staff lies at the core of our military establishment. In the past there have been four members: the Chief of Staff to the President, Admiral Leahy, Army Chief of Staff General Bradley, Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Denfield, Air Chief of Staff General Vandenberg. The group relies on unanimous vote for decisions. It follows that any one of these men has a veto power.

The Hoover Commission refused to recommend a single Chief of Staff. Military reformers in the Capital find it hard to agree with such a conclusion. The report of the Eberstadt Committee, which was the task force of the Hoover Commission, noted "the decisions which the Joint Chiefs of Staff have failed to achieve," pointed out "the underlying, inherent weakness of the Joint Chiefs of Staff," and warned that "it has been difficult to get from the Joint Chiefs clear advice and prompt decisions." Yet it concludes that there should be no change in the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

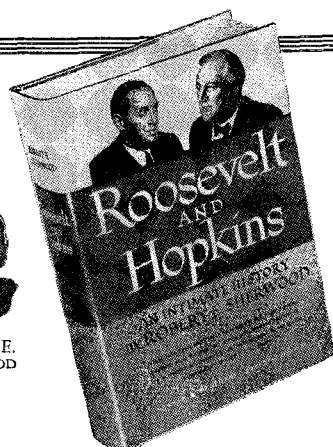
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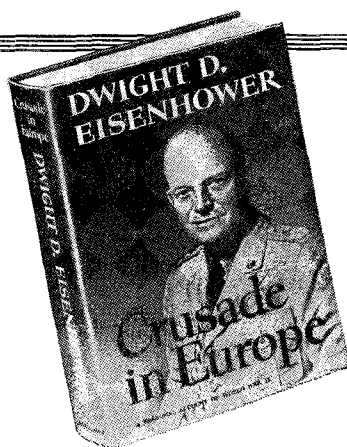
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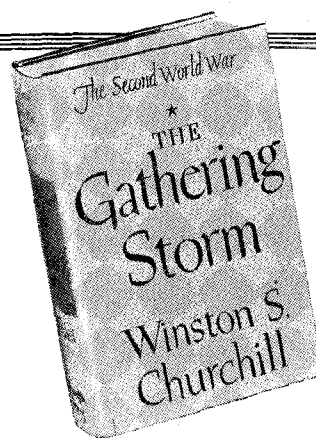
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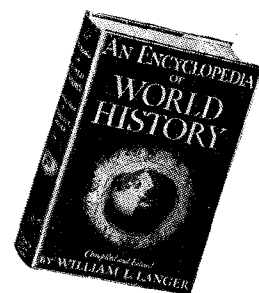
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



Here was a good opportunity to recommend the appointment of a single Chief of Staff, a reform which would have overcome the shortcomings of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Why the Eberstadt Committee refused to face the logic of its own indictment is perhaps traceable to the chairman. Mr. Eberstadt, who is Secretary Forrestal's close friend, is the architect of the unification plan which produced the present military establishment. Both of them shrank from proposing a single Chief of Staff, their objection being that it would be un-American and dangerous to put so much power in the hands of one man.

It is expected that General Eisenhower, who is serving as adviser to Secretary Forrestal, will by his very presence at meetings of the Joint Chiefs bring about better coöperation. The Joint Chiefs at present rely upon the kind of compromise that comes when two branches of the armed services yield part of their positions in order to get agreement from a recalcitrant service. Genuine coöperation would require prior agreement on a plan of strategy to which the three services would make their contributions. It would not be ideal and would still savor of old-fashioned compromise, but there might be this kind of working agreement under General Eisenhower's leadership.

The Admiral goes over the side

The departure of Admiral Leahy means the end of a wartime necessity. As Commander-in-Chief the President needed a military man at his elbow. Gradually Leahy made a place for himself in the White House group during the Roosevelt regime. When Mr. Truman took over, the same need was present, and Leahy developed the same intimacy with Truman.

Leahy is not a boon companion; on the contrary, he is a wintry old seadog. He has, however, a sense of duty coupled with a sense of devotion to his Commander-in-Chief, and that makes him companionable to President Truman. But more and more it is recognized at the Pentagon that he is *de trop* at the White House. There should be no intervening official between the President and his Secretary of Defense. Civilian supremacy lies at the heart of American institutions.

The whopping 41-billion-dollar budget has had precious little criticism and not much examination. Actually it is impossible to appraise in the absence of knowledge of all the factors involved. The crux of the budget is defense, which will cost 15 billion dollars. Out of every budget dollar, the defense es-

tablishment gets 34 cents. Whether this is too much or too little could be judged if one had knowledge of our atom bomb situation.

In the old days the budget critic had at hand a full statement of what defense the taxpayers were getting for their money. That information is now lacking. With secrecy the new god, the public is forced to accept on faith the military estimates. How much money could be saved by economy in the armed services is another moot point. The Hoover Commission shows the opportunity for considerable savings.

Acheson's capacity

The appointment of Dean Acheson to succeed General Marshall was a straight middle-of-the-road choice. Acheson is neither Right nor Left, but a Centrist, devoted to ideals of a world resting on law and reason, and yet possessed of the wisdom that comes from attention to realities. He has been an originator of most of the policies he will now have to execute. He is well known to Congress as a man of wit and intellect, with a flair for work and for the ready response, together with a unique experience in statecraft.

If Secretary Acheson has shortcomings, what are they? The critics mention several, though they add that their yardstick is perfectionism. Acheson is said to be somewhat soft in his choices of personnel. He is said to have an irascible streak which may not be helpful in the conduct of affairs. Clearly he cannot bear fools gladly, and this may not be of service when he has to deal gently with bumbleheads, whether in or out of Congress. All in all, however, no appointment could have been better received.

Acheson has a great capacity for work. He will mobilize the best talent in the Department and reverse the present drift of policy-making into military hands. However, for all these purposes he needs the greatly strengthened department that the Hoover Commission, of which he was vice-chairman, recommends.

Congress and foreign policy

The Eighty-first Congress seems to be more constructive-minded than any that even old-timers in Washington can remember. It is less jittery about war than its predecessor. This may be due to both the seasoning of time and experience and the improved international situation; but part of the reason is that the people elected better men last November.

There is a very high average of talent and sophistication among members of both Houses of Congress. This is obscured by the venerables who, in virtue of the seniority system, head the committees. But the over-all tone is excellent.

Members of Congress in general seem to share the feeling of Secretary Acheson that the great need in foreign relations is steadfastness of purpose and continuity of policy. If there is to be criticism on foreign policy, apparently it will be balanced and informed.

This does not mean that the Atlantic Pact will sweep Congress. Far from it; the Pact will be carefully scrutinized, and another "great debate" is promised. The brunt of the criticism this time may come not from isolationists but from internationalists — from people like the Federal Unionists, who feel that the Pact doesn't go far enough.

On the Fair Deal there should be equally shrewd and intelligent discussion. Most of the members of Congress know that the assumption of government responsibility for economic stability is here to stay. How to prevent boom or bust is the preoccupation of new and old members. This involves a familiar philosophical principle. Should government intervention be managerial or operational? The times call for a flexibility of approach to the answer to this important question.

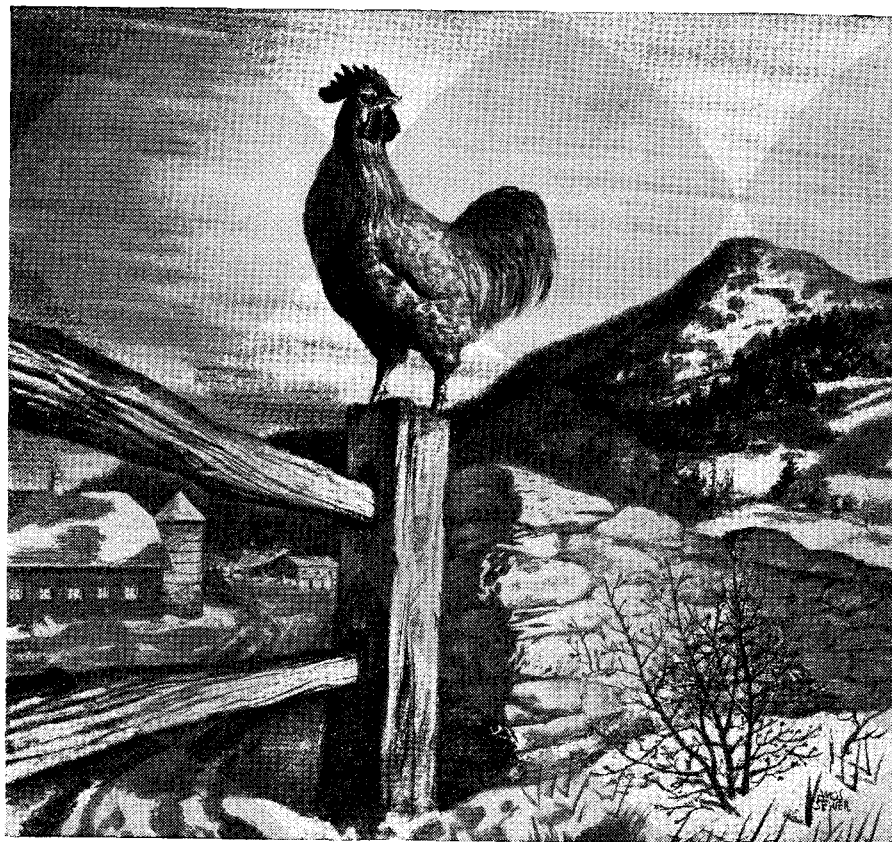
The mood of Congress

What is most heartening about the new Congress is that there is no mood of self-complacency. To be sure, nobody knows what to do about the seniority system, but the stranglehold on the House exercised by the Rules Committee has been broken. The Rules Committee has been made what it was intended to be, namely, a traffic cop.

In the Senate nobody would be surprised to see the corresponding phenomenon of the filibuster removed. The Senators are very conscious of the public agitation against it, and several Republican and Democratic Senators are proposing to amend the rules in order to restrict debate.

Signs of vigor and public spirit are in evidence, though fingers are kept

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WHEN you pass a milestone in your career, there's always the temptation to do a little crowing.

For instance, National Life insurance in force now totals over a billion dollars. That's a lot of life insurance. As a matter of fact, out of the more than 500 life companies in United States, only 28 have topped this billion-dollar mark. So probably we could be forgiven for making quite a fuss about it. But actually, what's behind this billion?

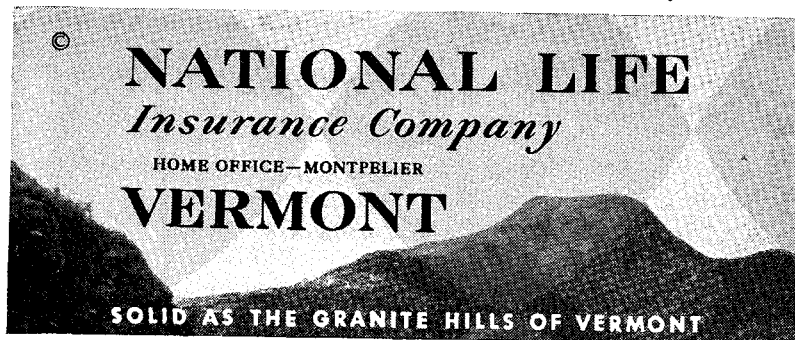
The real point, it seems to us, is that almost 200,000 people all over the country have chosen our mutual company to help them become financially independent. Families and individuals — they have hopes and plans for the future which they value at one billion dollars — and they have placed them in our hands.

This makes us feel proud . . . and humble at the same time. That's why we're not doing much crowing . . .

But when we mail out those monthly checks and stop to think what each one means — a deserving student sent to college . . . a fatherless family held together under its own roof . . . a widow maintained in decent comfort . . . an elderly couple retired to well-earned leisure . . .

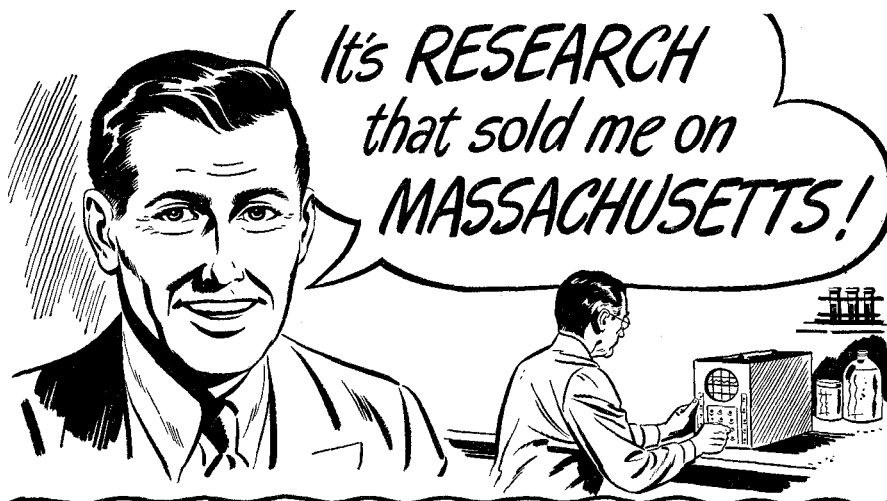
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crossed out of fear of deterioration as the session hits its stride.

The reform of the House Committee on Un-American Activities is a reflection of the growing criticism of the Committee's methods. To be sure, it ferreted out information on bad practices, and it had every right to complain of inactivity on the part of the Department of Justice. But the liberties that the Committee took in examining suspects were thoroughly un-American.

In public the committeemen, except for Representative Hebert, acted like the hounds of the chase that G. K. Chesterton said were the hallmark of tyrannies. They were seized by a fever like that which made the good folk of Salem hang their neighbors as witches.

A code of fair procedure is likely to be enacted. Much of it is the work of the Committee itself. But, as everybody has been aware, a code would never bind such men as J. Parnell Thomas, John E. Rankin, or John S. Wood.

Accordingly the Committee as reconstituted has been restricted to Congressmen who are also members of the bar. This has let out Hebert, and Rankin is likewise missing because he has another committee assignment, and under the new rules he cannot take two.

Wanted: a more vigilant press

The addition of members who are familiar with court procedure will make the committee less flamboyant. Its antics in the past are not entirely its own fault. The only way a legislator can catch the attention either of his constituents or of the newspaper press is to be spectacular. This is a sorry commentary on our government, but it is nevertheless true.

In this matter the press could take a hand. With the newspaper reporters waiting in anterooms, all equipped with headlines for distribution, the temptation to the member of Congress to go off the handle is well-nigh irresistible. More editorial direction to the newspaper corps in Washington to dig out news of Congressional doings as well as Congressional mouthings would be a real benefit to the Congress.



Atomic Energy

THE control of atomic weapons and the development of atomic energy for industrial use are inextricably intertwined. Only through continuity in policy and a constantly controlled process can we establish international agreement regarding them.

To Secretary of State Dean Acheson these complicated matters are no new thing. Shortly after the war Mr. Acheson, then Under Secretary of State, participated in the first efforts to establish peacetime control of the atomic bomb. Secretary of State Byrnes, in January, 1946, named him chairman of the Committee on Atomic Energy, which included Dr. Vannevar Bush and Dr. James B. Conant, Major General Leslie R. Groves, and John J. McCloy, former Assistant Secretary of War.

It was to this committee that the panel headed by David E. Lilienthal, now chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, presented in March, 1946, the Acheson-Lilienthal report — the basis of the United States proposals which Mr. Baruch placed before the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission.

In order to establish continuity in policy the Administration plans to seek repeal of the two-year terms voted for the members of the United States Atomic Energy Commission by the Eightieth Congress and restoration of the staggered terms provided for in the Atomic Energy Act of 1946. Senator Brien McMahon of Connecticut, first chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy and proponent of the Act, has emphasized the importance of staggered terms to assure continuity of Commission operations.

Senator McMahon also expressed the hope that the Committee would hold more open hearings so that the American people may get more information about atomic energy — “and that, too,” he said, “without telling how to make a bomb.”

Denationalizing the atom

Meanwhile, progress has continued in what may be called the “denationalization of the atom” — the effort to determine areas of the United States atomic energy enterprise which can with safety be

left for development in a competitive system. In recent months many firms have come into atomic energy work on the basis of straight investment and risk — the hallmark of industrial enterprise as the United States knows it.

Private corporations are working not only in the wide and swiftly growing utilization of compounds containing radioisotopes (which the Atomic Energy Commission's fourth semiannual report fully discussed) but in two other areas as well: namely, the mining and processing of uranium ores into concentrates of grade high enough to be useful in the atomic energy program, and the manufacture of instruments for detecting radiation, the most familiar example of which is the Geiger counter. Detection instruments during the war years were manufactured by a single company and by the government. Today some forty firms are engaged in this aspect of the atomic energy program.

Two recent events mark further participation by industry in atomic energy operations financed and directed by the Commission. A complete survey of the chemical process problems involved in the manufacture of plutonium — the man-made element formed from uranium 238 — has been undertaken by E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, builder and wartime operator of the great installation at Hanford, Washington. And the Commission has contracted with the Westinghouse Electric Corporation for the construction of an experimental nuclear reactor for use in ship propulsion.

Atomic-propelled ships

From the early days of the atomic energy program, ship propulsion has been among the most frequently predicted applications of the energy of the atom. In ships there is room for the necessary shielding against the radiation of a nuclear furnace. It has also been pointed out that thousands of tons of weight would be eliminated if a reactor were substituted for conventional propulsion equipment, and nuclear fuel for bunker oil; and marked increases in speed could be expected.

Work under the contract will be carried on in cooperation with the Argonne National Laboratory,



The Atlantic Report on Atomic Energy



which is the principal center of the Commission's reactor development program and will be responsible for the design, development, and engineering of the new reactor. The Navy Department's Bureau of Ships will specify the requirements for propulsion of naval vessels. The detailed engineering, construction, and operation of the new unit, and the research necessary to its development, will be carried out by Westinghouse. This will be no new experience for Westinghouse scientists and engineers, who shared substantially in the program of the wartime Manhattan Engineer District in the processing of uranium and the manufacture of special equipment, as well as in other research undertakings.

In these developments there is evidence of continued expansion of civil participation — either independent or coöperative — in the national atomic energy program. The report of the Commission's Industrial Advisory Group and the response of the Commission contained a further demand for increased integration of private industrial enterprise into the national effort to make the most of atomic power.

More information, please

The Industrial Advisory Group was appointed in October, 1947, to suggest means of increasing the participation of American industry in the development of atomic energy. After more than a year of study, the group reported that in its opinion there should be greater relaxation of security restrictions, more specific statement of contract procedures, and more detailed publication of needs and opportunities for industrial entry into the national program.

The Advisory Group also advocated the establishment of analytical services by the Commission, to sort out non-secret information and publish it in a form directly utilizable by industry. In addition, the group recommended further reports on the Commission's contract procedures; increased liberality in "clearing" representatives of industry for consultation on areas of endeavor subject to security restrictions; and alterations in the setup of the Commission's operating administration.

In receiving the report of the Industrial Advisory Group, the Commission echoed the desire of the industrialists for wider distribution of both unclassified and declassified information on atomic energy. Plans for improved procedures in classification and declassification are being pushed to ensure issuance of everything that can be made public

without harm to the national security. But the Commission prefers to use existing technical and professional publishers to channel information to specialized groups of readers as the Commission releases it.

Of great interest is the announcement of early publication of thirteen volumes in the National Nuclear Energy Series. This series, which is expected to run to about sixty volumes when complete, will represent approximately one third of the 2400 documents which thus far have been declassified by the Commission. Publication is being carried out on a contract basis, Columbia University representing the Commission and its research contractors in the manufacturing agreement with the McGraw-Hill Book Company.

Both the report of the Industrial Advisory Group and the Commission's response to it are marked by recognition, explicit as well as tacit, of the difficulties resulting from security restrictions and the fact that relaxation of those restrictions is nowhere in sight. One paragraph in the Commission's letter to the Industrial Advisory Group is particularly significant. "We intend to continue to emphasize managerial decentralization," it declared. "May we call to your attention that the decentralization in operations followed by the Commission is designed in part as a concrete demonstration of how large and far-flung enterprises can be organized for continuity in case an atomic attack should disrupt the headquarters organization."

If Washington were bombed

About 65,000 people are engaged in the nation's atomic energy enterprise. Of these, approximately 5000 are employed by the Atomic Energy Commission, but only about 800 of the 5000 work in Washington.

This distribution during the past three years is no matter of chance. Rather, it is a realistic effort to strike a sensible middle course between the two extreme views of atomic warfare which have been so loudly voiced since Hiroshima and Nagasaki. On the one hand there have been outcries that unless a world government is at once established we had best all take to caves and wait to be exterminated. On the other, there is the easy dismissal of the atomic weapon as "just another bomb," with the implication that the methods of war will continue to be conventional.

The most sensible approach to the problem is being made by the United States Atomic Energy

ommission. The city of Washington contains three target centers of prime importance to an attacker—the White House, the Capitol, and the Pentagon area. Assuming the air first of an atomic bomb over the White House target, the headquarters of the Commission would be rendered useless, and the headquarters staff could be killed.

Hence it is common sense both to hold that staff to a minimum and to decentralize operations so that a temporary or satellite headquarters somewhere, kept constantly up to date on operational information, could take over on the instant of disaster.

French research and security

The implicit dilemma of bombs and power, of sovereignty and internationalism, of security secrets and public knowledge, found expression in France. Dr. Frederic Joliot-Curie, French High Commissioner for Atomic Energy, in discussing the first French atomic pile shortly after it went into operation at Fort de Châtillon in December, declared that though he was a Communist himself, he would quit the party if it ordered him to give secret information to a foreign power.

"If tomorrow we should discover an essential atomic secret, still unknown to any other country," he asserted, "our duty as Frenchmen would be to guard it jealously as a secret in France until the United Nations has succeeded in outlawing atomic weapons."

"Zoe," as the French reactor has been dubbed, in keeping with the current gay assumption of light-heartedness in face of technological complexities, is the first atomic pile known to come into operation outside the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Utilizing uranium oxide and deuterium, or heavy water, as components instead of the uranium metal and graphite of piles in this country, it operates at a low energy level and is a research instrument rather than a production machine.

The results of fundamental research, Dr. Joliot-Curie said, should and would be published, but publication of practical results must be deferred until a system is set up to control atomic weapons. There was a curious blend of internationalist hope and nationalist realism in Dr. Joliot-Curie's pronouncement.



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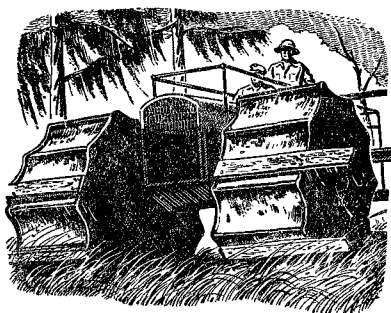
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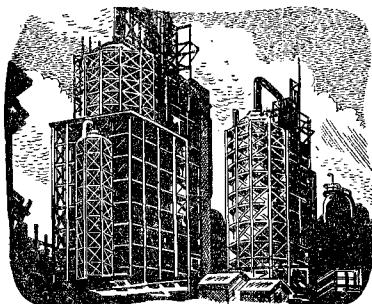
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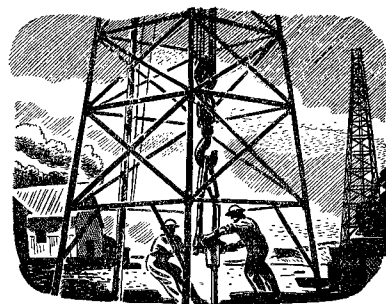
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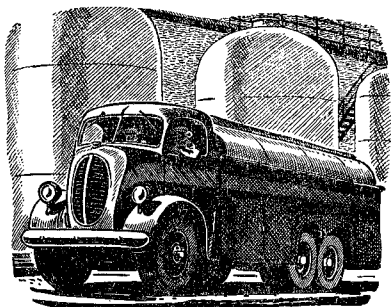
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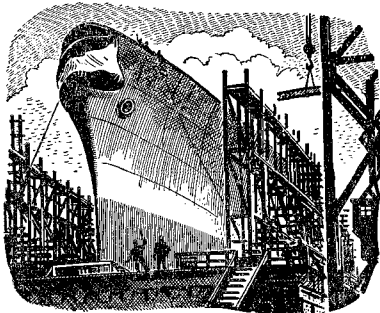
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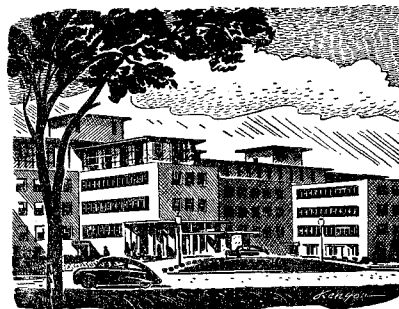
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THE British people were able to peer into their future, at least into 1953, when their Labor Government published its four-year plan. What they saw, upon squinting through the mist of statistics, was a sweating John Bull trudging over rock-bound country and arriving, after his four years' trek, at living conditions that would be just about level with those from which he set forth on his career of self-denial in 1939. Not luxury or comfort, but negative avoidance of poverty and disaster, would be the reward for his plodding journey.

In the year before an election most administrations would be tempted to offer a more alluring picture to the voters, and the British Government showed honesty in issuing this report.

Authors of the plan were frank in underlining its provisional character. They have presented their targets for higher production, larger exports, and vast investments as general aims that might be cut to more modest dimensions with the passage of years. The plan contains many elements of chance. Its fate depends on factors beyond any British Government's control.

Without continuance of adequate Marshall aid, the British four-year project would collapse. Unless American economic assistance is supplemented by generous military lend-lease, Britain's recovery will be crippled by diversion of its manpower and production to rearmament. Movement of world prices introduces a still greater uncertainty; for the plan could easily be upset if the relative prices of imports and exports veer to Britain's disadvantage.

Raising of new trade barriers could derail British planning, which must also rely on America's willingness to import British manufactures. The unpredictable grain crops of the future will dictate prices of essential British food imports. The success of the plan will be influenced by the volume of East-West trade. With commercial rivals girding to capture Western Hemisphere markets, Britain must sharpen its competitive power.

Finally there is the unknown factor of industrial strife at home. In the past three years Britain lost

10 million days' work in labor-management disputes, compared with 150 million in the same period after the 1914-1918 war. Would this relative calm survive if the next general election should put a Conservative cabinet in the place of the Labor Government?

These are among the incalculables that inject uncertainty into the four-year plan of a nation which must lean heavily on foreign trade and which recoils from totalitarian economic controls. The British plan is bound to be tentative, moreover, because it is to be blended into a master plan with those of the other Marshall Club members. This welding will be a slow and painful process.

French luxuries go begging

Britain has already been accused of arranging its recovery at the expense of other Western European nations. France has protested that Britain's austerity program will deprive the French of one of their traditional markets for luxury or semi-luxury goods like wines, silks, fancy leather products, perfumes, toys, jewelry, and tasty cheese. Under the British plan, the profit most European countries, including France, used to reap from commerce with Britain will be turned into a deficit.

Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin told Parliament: "There was a luxury market in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The French must appreciate that that luxury market has gone. Britain with her new needs, with her greater equality of income, will for a long time be a necessity market. I therefore appeal to my friends in France to shape their economy to meet a necessity market rather than a nonessential one."

German rivalry

If this Anglo-French wrinkle can be ironed out, a more formidable difficulty may arise in relation to Germany. As the Morgenthau concept of a pastoralized Germany has yielded to one decision after another in favor of restoring Western German industrial power, it has become increasingly probable that the Germans will reappear as serious competitors of Britain in the world market. By 1953 Bizonia's industrial output, now about 25 per cent



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below the 1936 level, is to rise to 10 per cent above it.

Like Britain, Western Germany is to put its major effort into expanding production of finished goods and capital equipment. Bizonia's export campaign will be directed broadly into the same fields as Britain's.

Coal from the Ruhr, as well as from Poland, is sure to crowd British coal exports in competitive markets unless those markets are partitioned in an intergovernmental cartel. So German rivalry may interfere with British recovery.

Self-support by 1953?

Against all these and other hazards, Britain has set out on her war of economic independence. Anxious to avoid the lasting status of Uncle Sam's poor relatives, the British intend to be self-supporting by 1953. How do they propose to do this?

Fundamental to the scheme is an expansion of output in industry, mining, and agriculture to one third above the 1938 level, with manufacturing at 40 per cent above pre-war. Exports are to be pegged at a volume at least 50 per cent greater than before the war. The nation's dollar deficit is to be lowered to manageable proportions. In 1952-1953, Britain is to earn a total surplus of 100 million pounds.

By 1952, British farms are to yield the biggest crops in their history, although even this will leave the country drawing half its food from abroad.

More capital for industry

Perhaps most striking of all is the program for capital investment at the rate of 8½ billion dollars a year for four years. That is to say that 20 per cent of the national income will be plowed back into expansion and modernization of Britain's production apparatus.

Coal mining, electric generating capacity, transport, agriculture, iron and steel, are to be the principal beneficiaries. Sixteen per cent of all capital expenditure would go into housing and 7 per cent for health, education, and other social services.

With steel production now at the rate of about 15 million metric tons a year and this industry working at full

capacity, output is to rise to 17 million by 1953. Mines are expected to yield 257 million metric tons of coal, of which 40 million would be for export. This presumes an annual 5 per cent rise in the individual miner's productivity. In 1948 Britain produced 208½ million tons, of which about 17 million were exported.

Expansion of output by one third over almost the entire economy assumes an average increase of 10 per cent in the worker's productivity over the next four years.

An important share in recovery is assigned to the oil industry. British-owned companies are to double their crude-oil output compared with the 1947 total of 54 million tons. Seven new refineries are to be completed at home. This is one of the points in the plan being questioned, for it relies on other participating Marshall Plan countries to supply some of the 3½ million tons of steel needed for the oil industry's enlargement.

By 1953 a spurt in the textile mills is to increase output of cotton and rayon cloth by more than a third over 1947, while exports of cotton goods should be fully 80 per cent greater, and exports of woollens from 60 to 80 per cent higher.

Chemicals and shipbuilding, especially of big, fast oil tankers, are two of the other fields on which the four-year plan would train a steady jet of new capital.

New homes

An immense building program is contemplated. In 1949 alone it is planned to invest 1660 million dollars in erecting new homes and mending old ones.

Britain has large arrears to make good. German bombs completely destroyed or made uninhabitable 470,000 houses, and construction was almost entirely suspended during the war. Meanwhile, the population has increased by 2¼ million since 1939.

In the first three post-war years a good start has been made with 330,000 permanent and 155,000 temporary dwellings built and 235,000 additional homes provided by repairs or conversion of non-residential premises. Preference will be given to building in agricultural and mining districts to

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accommodate more recruits on farms and at the coal fields.

These are some of the highlights of the 55 printed pages into which the British Government has packed its four-year plan. Many of the estimates are subject to a wide margin of error. What remains is an accurate general forecast of Britain's economy in the years ahead, with the details arguable. The earlier aim of raising British exports to 175 per cent of their pre-war volume has been abandoned in favor of a more realistic 150 per cent. When (or more precisely, if) all this is done, food imports are still to be held at 15 to 20 per cent below their pre-war quantity, despite growth of population. The import program as a whole in 1953 will be kept 15 per cent under the pre-war volume.

Redistributing the wealth

Owing to the redistribution of wealth which occurred during the war and in the early stage of the Labor regime, even a slightly smaller food supply would be spread more generously among smaller-income folk. Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave an illustration of "the social revolution" in Britain.

The number of net incomes over \$20,000 a year, after taxation, has dropped from 11,000 before the war to 250. Wage-earning and lower-salaried citizens have a larger slice of the pie. In 1938 there were 670,000 persons in the \$2000 to \$4000 income brackets and they earned 1660 million dollars, after taxes. In 1946 there were 1.74 million people in this same income group and they earned 3804 million dollars, after taxation.

To achieve the modest livelihood foreseen at the end of the plan, the British are being asked to work harder than ever, to acquiesce in continued starving of the home market to promote exports, to cut imports until it hurts, to accept a system of rationing and other economic controls sterner than those of any other democratic nation, and to go on carrying a terrific load of taxes.

The alternative is to accept a much lower standard of living, to strip the country of its defenses, to scrap social advance, or to stay in a state of dependency on the United States, which would hardly be willing to carry such a burden permanently.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

In the Army—Again

SIR:

In his article "You're in the Army—Again" (January *Atlantic*), Edgar L. Jones says that "the Army has reformed, under Congressional compulsion, its Prussianized court-martial system." He then outlines alleged changes which, if they had been actually accomplished, would make pointless the efforts of bar associations now to obtain real court-martial reform. Actually the Elston bill, enacted by the Eightieth Congress as a rider to the Selective Service Act, falls far short of Mr. Jones's tribute.

I am a naval reservist and chairman of the Special Committee on Military Justice, New York County Lawyers Association, as well as a member of the Special Committee on Military Justice of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York.

One of the safeguards which Mr. Jones points out as helping to dissipate the Army's star-chamber approach to military justice is a provision that the law member of the court-martial, the judge advocate, and the defense counsel be professional lawyers. Mr. Jones has forgotten the two most important words in this provision: "if available." The Federal Courts have held that the finding of the commanding officer as to whether such lawyer-officers are "available" is conclusive.

"An even more radical departure," Mr. Jones says, is that "the commanding officer who appoints the court-martial is forbidden henceforth to admonish any member of the court with respect to findings and sentences." The *American Bar Association Journal*, in an editorial in its

August issue, said: "Command remains completely in control of the Army's court-martial system." The commanding officer who does not like the way in which a court-martial has disposed of a case does not have to admonish it formally. His expression of displeasure has ample avenues in promotions, leaves, and assignments.

Mr. Jones also notes that "further to remove the influence of the field command on judicial matters, Congress has now made the Judge Advocate General's Department an independent agency in the Army and given it the power of review."

Mr. Jones correctly says that this was fought by military leaders from Eisenhower down, but he is very wrong indeed when he suggests that Congress bucked the line. As the *American Bar Association Journal* pointed out, the "independent" Judge Advocate General's Department provided for in the Elston bill is independent only in the sense that it has authority to handle its own administrative matters; the operational control of courts-martial remains completely in the hands of command.

Even such reforms as have been effected by the Elston bill are limited in their application to the Army. The court-martial systems of the Air Force, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard remain unaffected in any way.

RICHARD H. WELS
New York City

SIR:

As a long-time *Atlantic* subscriber and a veteran of three wars, who entered the army in 1898 as a volunteer buck private and retired from the

Regular Army in 1944 as a colonel, I submit comments on the article by Edgar L. Jones.

"Prussianized court-martial system." Our system stems not from North Germany but from England. It has been undergoing gradual evolution for one hundred and fifty years. It is a good system.

"Star-chamber justice" — this is misleading, untrue.

"Commanding officer picked the jurors, instructed them what action to take." This is damnably false — false in the whole cloth.

If a C.O. ever "instructed" the members of a court on "what action to take," that court would at once demand (and get) a board to go into the C.O.'s action with a view to having him removed from command as incapable — or for insanity. *Never* have I heard of such action.

"Judge Advocate General's Department given the power of review." For fifty years, at least, that department has carefully reviewed the proceedings of *every General Court Case*. Where errors occurred, the whole case was dumped back on the court, which had to reconvene and proceed to correct procedural details.

Officers who sit on courts may not be paragons, but they are more intelligent, reason more clearly, and show sounder judgment than members of most civilian courts.

COLONEL CLAY ANDERSON
Burlingame, Calif.

In the foregoing two letters we find a retired Army man of command rank saying that it is "damnably false" that commanding officers ever directed the outcome of military courts-

martial, and a legal-minded reserve officer saying that commanding officers not only directed military justice in the past, but still do. To keep peace, let's say that some commanding officers, excluding Colonel Anderson, must have had a hand in courts-martial; otherwise there would have been no occasion for the court-martial reforms Congress has ordered.

As for those reforms, Mr. Wels's complaint, I take it, is not about the accuracy of my reporting on the letter of the law, but about my failure to conclude that the reforms in actual practice are meaningless. His pessimistic view of the "new" court-martial system may eventually be proved correct, but it is rather early to write off a set of reforms that are barely underway. The last thing I want to do is undermine attempts to humanize military justice. Yet I must throw out to Mr. Wels the reminder that the Army is a military regime and not a democratic society.

— EDGAR L. JONES

SIR:

Edgar Jones's article, despite its source, which is civilian rather than military, seemed to me reactionary.

Mr. Jones's main point is that General Jake Devers, who heads the Office of the Army Field Forces, has attempted to implement a new Army public relations policy which has for its purpose the deception of the mothers and fathers of the country.

Mr. Jones also believes that General Devers, in announcing that eighteen-year-olds will receive reasonably civilized treatment upon being drafted, goes well beyond the possible or the necessary in reformation of the Army's traditional methods of training and discipline. It apparently did not occur to Mr. Jones to ask General Omar Bradley, Chief of Staff, U.S. Army (whom he could have seen in person if he had seriously attempted to) — or Secretaries Royall and Forrestal — just how much, if any, of General Devers's statement was "public relations" in the shallow but commonly understood sense; and at the same time to ask how much of it had as its basis the sincere belief that commissioned and noncommissioned leadership in the United States Army needed improvement in the light of the World War II experience and modern psychology.

I will not go into what Mr. Jones has to say about Army courts-martial. The whole tone of his comment here

is one of accusing the Army of a calculated plot to maintain injustice. The Congress alone, under the Constitution, has the power to regulate military justice. In other words, Mr. Jones can look into the mirror, along with every other American who has the vote, and ask himself what thought he has ever given to determining the attitude of the candidates for Congress from his district, not merely toward military justice, but toward the very setup of command, organization, and discipline of the Army, Navy, and Air Force. If he will look at the existing National Defense Act he will discover that these are matters controlled by the country's lawmakers — except, of course, for executive acts of the President in wartime.

JOSEPH I. GREENE, Col., Infantry, Ret.
Editor, *Infantry Journal*
Washington, D.C.

"Road Race"

SIR:

I greatly enjoyed John W. Vandercook's brief article on the Watkins Glen Road Race (Grand Prix) in the January *Atlantic*. There were, however, a few errors of such magnitude that no old-time race enthusiast could leave them uncorrected.

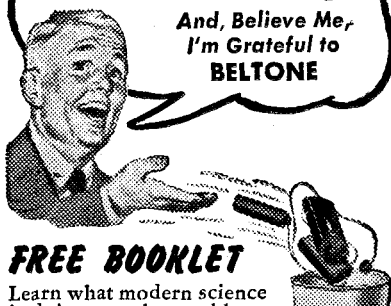
The implication that the fastest job there was an Alfa-Romeo "roadster" does not exactly coincide with the record. The fastest time in both the four-lap and eight-lap races was made by a closed car of the variety classified in America as a coupé. This machine was Alfa-Romeo all right, but it looked no more like a race car than does a taxicab. It was fully equipped with headlights, horn, windshield wipers, and all the other accessories peculiar to a stock coupé. The only observable concession to the performance it turned in as a fast automobile seemed to be the number 35 painted on the body and hood.

Another quarrel was inspired by the author's statement that the second-place machine, the Bu-Merc, was a combination of Bugatti and Mercedes. This car had a Mercedes radiator, but a lift of the hood disclosed a straight-eight American Buick engine as the power plant. As described in the race catalogue, this car was a combination of Buick agitation and Mercedes radiation. There were some Bugattis there, but none of them paraded behind a Mercedes façade.

JOHN C. DUVALLE
Syracuse, N.Y.

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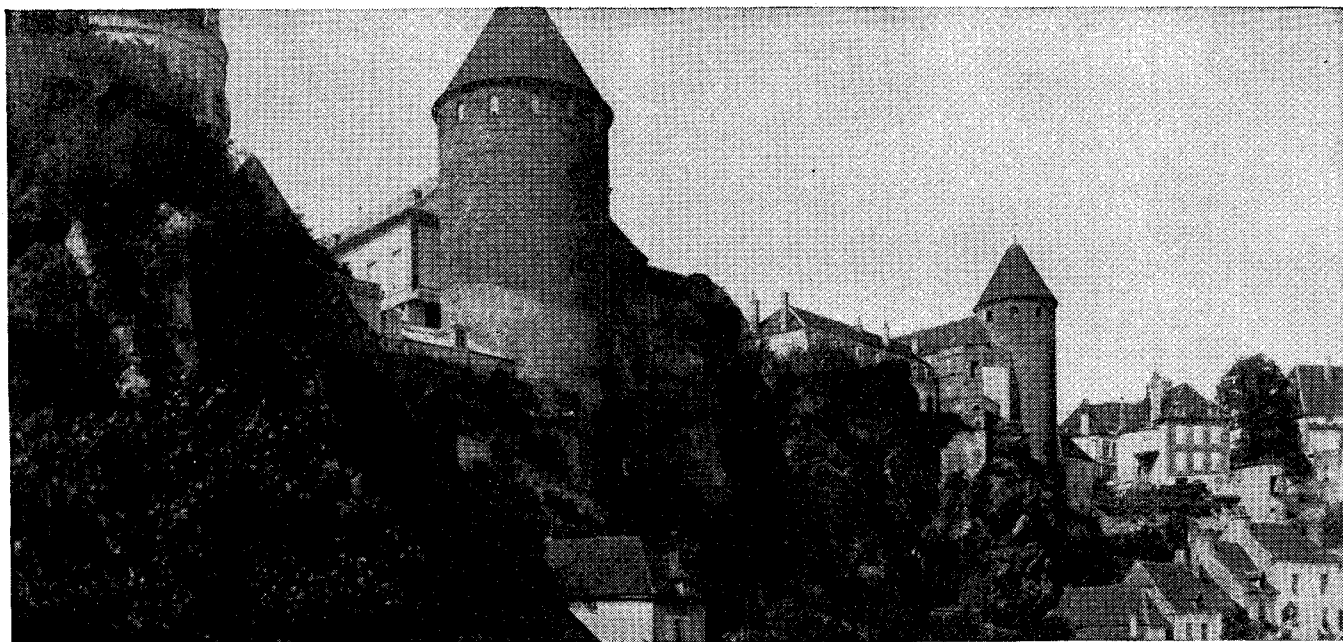
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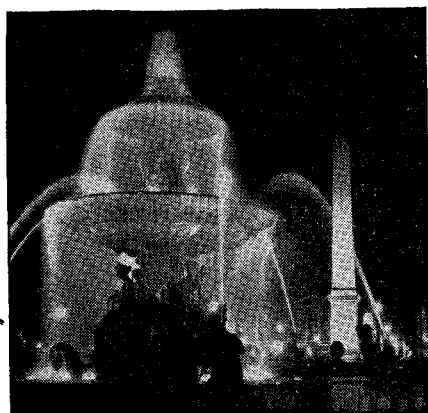
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"TRAVEL BUILDS TRADE AND PROMOTES PEACE"



For seventy-five years the Gamba family felt that Byron's love letters to Countess Teresa Guiccioli were of too intimate a nature to be made public. The collection, recently released, includes 156 of Byron's letters to Teresa, some of her answers, her unpublished account of his life in Italy, and letters to her from the Shelleys, Lady Blessington, Teresa's brother Pietro Gamba, who was with Byron in Greece, and many others. From these papers IRIS ORIGO has reconstructed the true account of Byron's most important love. For permission to publish the Byron letters the Marchesa is indebted to the Legal Personal Representative of Lord Byron's estate.

"MY ONLY AND LAST LOVE"

Byron's Unpublished Letters to Countess Teresa Guiccioli

by IRIS ORIGO

THREE years after Byron's death the Contessa Teresa Guiccioli, the object of the poet's last, longest, and perhaps deepest attachment, wrote to Charles F. Barry that his letters to her were "a treasure of goodness, affection and genius, which for a hundred reasons I cannot now make public." Thirty years later, however, roused to indignation by reading Leigh Hunt's malicious book, *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries*, she told John Murray that she did not care what the consequences to her own reputation might be, "so long as none of the documents and letters are lost, which can reveal the great and kind heart of Lord Byron in its true light." And finally, on her deathbed in Italy in 1873, she is said to have expressed to her sister-in-law her desire that all her papers should be published. "The more Byron is known," she said, "the better he will be loved."

Since then seventy-five years have passed. And now, through the courtesy of Count Carlo Gamba, Teresa's great-nephew, to whom she left her villa at Settimello and all its contents, Teresa's papers and treasures have at last come to light. The treasures — Byron's "relics" as she called them — still lie in the carved mahogany box in which Teresa kept them:

American by birth, IRIS ORIGO spent most of her childhood in Florence, and since her marriage to the Marchese Antonio Origo, she has done her writing in Southern Tuscany and in Rome. Her books include a biography of Leopardi, with a preface by George Santayana; *Allegra*, a short study of Byron's daughter; and the diary of her experiences on a Tuscan farm during the German occupation.

the locket containing Teresa's hair, which Byron was wearing when he died, and which Augusta Leigh sent back to Teresa; the miniatures which the lovers exchanged at parting; a piece of the wall hangings of the room in Palazzo Gamba where they used to meet; Byron's handkerchief and a fragment of one of his shirts, and a crumbling rose leaf, with the twig of a tree and a small acorn, from Newstead Abbey.

The papers in this collection have proved to be as exciting and interesting a hoard as the most exacting biographer could hope for. They include not only 156 of Byron's love letters, mostly in Italian, to Teresa, and some of her answers, but Teresa's "Vie de Lord Byron" — her unpublished account of his life in Italy, which she wrote in her old age and thought too intimate to be published during her lifetime.

In addition there are the documents of the Guiccioli lawsuits, containing a detailed account of the complicated circumstances which led to Teresa's separation from her husband, and there are Pietro Gamba's letters to his sister from Greece, besides

many letters to her from Shelley, Lady Blessington, Lamartine, and many others. In short, we have at last the full story of Byron and Teresa Guiccioli.

At the time of her meeting with the poet, Teresa was

eighteen, and had been married for a little more than a year to Conte Alessandro Guiccioli, an eccentric and avaricious old patrician of Ravenna, forty years her senior. Byron, on his side, was more than ripe for a durable and deep attachment. After two years in Venice, for all his love-making and debauchery, he felt himself, more than ever, alone. In the midst of so many mistresses and uncompanionable boon companions, watched by so many inquisitive eyes, pursued by so many outstretched hands, he knew that he was still a foreigner — and gradually he even gave up the attempt to cease to be one. He withdrew almost entirely from “good” Venetian society; he rode with English friends on the Lido; he made love when he must. But he was as much deprived of any human companionship, on equal terms, as if he had been living in the Sahara.

The story of his liaison with Teresa is not a wholly pleasant story, and it is difficult to tell it impartially. There is a temptation to take sides: either to portray Byron as an unscrupulous cad, seducing a pretty young woman who had fallen desperately in love with him, laughing at her in his letters to his friends, and gradually cooling off, to leave her abandoned and alone; or to depict Teresa as a designing minx who, tired of her elderly husband and her dreary provincial life, flung herself at Byron’s head until he was perforce obliged to turn a fugitive love affair into a “romance in the Anglo fashion.”

With these new papers before us, neither of these simplified versions will do. The actors too often speak out of part, and the story that emerges is too full of discrepancies and inconsistencies. Besides, there are a few minor points which, to my mind, even now remain obscure. I am still not quite certain about the motives of Count Guiccioli; I sometimes do not know what Byron meant; I am not always sure when Teresa is, or is not, speaking the truth. The reader too must guess, and draw his own conclusions. I have merely attempted to fill in the background — to complete the story with passages from Byron’s other letters at the time or from the accounts of his contemporaries, and to give such information as seemed necessary about the people, the setting, and the local history. I have carefully refrained from adding any imaginary details or touches of “local color”; any information here can be confirmed by some record.

For it is the papers themselves — the scribbled, passionate love letters, the painstaking police reports, the formal ecclesiastical decrees, the gossip letters and diaries — that must tell the story. They provide a singularly intimate and unvarnished account of the daily life of this little group of people, one hundred and thirty years ago. Their passionate protestations, their jokes, their retractions and lies, their plans and disappointments, all that constituted the most private aspect of their lives — these are now laid before us in merciless detail.

Here is the story of two passionate, unstable

human beings — one of them a great poet and a very odd man, the other a young woman of quite exceptional vitality and strength of will. They loved each other; they quarreled; they trampled ruthlessly on whatever stood in their way. Of the two, it was, curiously enough, Byron who occasionally played the moralist. Teresa, for all her convent school training, appears to have been unaware throughout that any moral problem was involved. They committed themselves, and they drew back again. One of them was often disloyal, the other sometimes insincere. Each of them in turn — Byron in Ravenna, Teresa in the English circle in Pisa — had to conform, for the other’s sake, to the ways of a bewildering and alien society. As time wore on, one of them became plaintive, the other exasperated. But at all times they were extraordinarily alive; they galvanized everyone who came near them. In these letters, they are living still.

2

THESE papers light up a facet of Byron’s character which, until now, has been little known: they show him living in an *Italian* setting. And the extent to which these new surroundings affected and changed him appears in a manner which is not only interesting but sometimes disconcerting.

Byron himself, indeed, tried to tell his friends about it: “Now I have *lived* among the Italians, — not *Florenced* and *Romed* and *Galleried* and *Conversed* it for a few months, and then home again — but been of their families, and friendships and feuds, and loves, and councils, and correspondence, in a part of Italy least known to foreigners; and have been amongst them of all classes, from the Conte to the Contadino.” But neither his friends at the time nor his biographers paid much attention to all this. His life in Ravenna has been treated merely as part of the whole paraphernalia of conspiracy and romance in which the histrionic part of his nature delighted — one more scene in the great Italian performance, like the quarrels with the Fornarina or the swim across the Venetian Lagoon. Now it has become apparent that this was not the whole truth.

Byron’s letters are the letters of a foreigner, but they are also unmistakably those of a man of letters, and they contain certain amusing indications as to where and how he learned his Italian. What is disconcerting about these early letters is that their elaboration of phrase and their conventionality of idiom are matched by an almost equal, wholly un-Byronic, conventionality of sentiment. At first, indeed, this is so marked that one is inclined to wonder whether Byron is not merely overplaying his part; perhaps, in his desire to be the perfect *cavaliere servente* in the Italian manner, he has copied some phrases outright from a polite letter writer’s manual of Venice — or has allowed not only

single words (as he frankly admits), but whole sentences, to be suggested by Lega Zambelli, the priest turned secretary. As the correspondence goes on he allows himself a lighter touch, more recognizably his own. But I think the reader will agree that the writer of these letters is an unfamiliar Byron.

For one thing, he is more deeply involved. If the adventure started like many others, with a mixture of physical attraction and contempt — if, indeed, he was faintly irritated, as well as flattered, by this new silly young woman who threw herself at his head — the relationship very soon changed, and held him. Its progress is revealed in these letters. But here, too, curiously enough, the feeling, although it is unquestionably genuine, is all within the Italian convention of the period. Passion, jealousy, storms, reconciliations, protestations of eternal fidelity ("your friend and lover forever" is the most frequent signature) — it is all, to English ears, strangely formal.

What is odd in these earlier letters, too, is a total absence of his usual flippancy and irony — with which, however, he made sufficiently free in his letters *about* the affair to his friends at home. Teresa did not either like or understand irony; and though occasionally, in the later letters, Byron does laugh at her, it is as one smiles at a child, who will not share the joke.

What is the explanation of all this? I think it is to be found in Teresa's own character. Teresa was in some ways — like Caroline Lamb and Byron's half-sister Augusta Leigh — a silly woman, but she was not a stupid one; and she had all the strength of a one-track mind. From the moment that her passion for Byron held her, she knew what she wanted, and it was a foregone conclusion that she would get it.

She persuaded her father, a simple and upright country gentleman, that nothing was wrong in her relations with Byron, long after the evidence of his senses must have told him the contrary. She defeated her husband's complicated maneuvers and stood up to his brutality and violence. She imposed an acceptance of the situation (however much people might gossip behind her back) on the whole tight little society of Ravenna, and even on her own correct, affectionate family circle. And she imposed her will upon Byron himself. He struggled, he grumbled, and tried to laugh at her; but in the end he did what she wanted. "I have come, I have gone — I have come back, I have remained — it is more than a year that I have done nothing but obey you in every respect."

Moreover, she succeeded in shaping this relationship according to *her* standards, *her* view of life. For in such cases it is always the narrower, but more positive, purpose that wins. A girl of nineteen, by her very limitations, her unawareness of any other world than that familiar to her, translated their passion into the only language that she knew; and

her lover (first, we suspect, as a joke, a tour de force, then in all seriousness, and finally as a habit) made it his language, too. He became — this was what shocked and disconcerted Mrs. Leigh Hunt and Mary Shelley so much — Italianized.

3

WHAT was the quality in Teresa which, in spite of her inexperience, her lack of sensitiveness, and her silliness, enabled her to achieve all this? It hardly seems worth while to examine in detail the controversy about her looks. From her contemporaries we have, on the one hand, such distressing adjectives as "chumpy" and "fubsy"; while on the other hand Shelley thought her "very pretty"; and Lady Blessington, "decidedly handsome. . . . Her complexion delicately fair, her hair of rich golden tint, her bust and arms exquisitely beautiful." Undoubtedly, at the time she met Byron, we must grant her brilliancy of color and complexion — what the Victorians called "bloom" — fine eyes and teeth, and beautiful arms and bust. But her legs were too short.

The real point, however, is not what her looks were, but what Byron thought of them. He thought her "fair as sunrise — warm as noon"; as pretty as Caroline Lamb and much gentler; and endearingly funny, too, in her sky-blue riding habit and her hat like Punch's.

In any case, the strength of physical attraction is not dependent only — or even chiefly — upon looks. Teresa and Byron suited each other. Every line of the correspondence confirms this; even in the later phase, when weariness and exasperation had crept in, there remain the little jokes of physical intimacy, half-unintelligible to any reader but one, and the pervading sense that, whatever else went wrong, *that* remained all right.

But even the most delightful physical relation is not, by itself, enough; the evenings, as Byron wrote at La Mira, always seem longer than the nights. What else was in Teresa that attracted him so strongly? I think it was her sheer vitality, her youthful high spirits. To self-conscious, complex human beings, there is something extremely restful in the company of people less highly organized than themselves; and Teresa possessed to the full not only the freshness and zest of youth but a certain childlike ruthlessness, a quality which Byron always found attractive. Life with her was uncomplicated, gay, and exciting. If she sometimes talked affected nonsense, it was the kind of nonsense that he found diverting — perhaps even, at first, a little touching; and it was leavened by so unlimited an admiration, so unrestrained a devotion! "Mio Byron!"

She was silly, and amoral too; she could not really believe that anything was wrong that did not cause anyone any pain. And she continued to be kind, even to the people she was deceiving.

But Teresa had, as I think these papers show, great staying power; she had guts and — for all her sentimentality — sense. It is now necessary, I think, to reconsider the previous estimate of her. The “nice, pretty girl without pretensions, good-hearted and amiable” of Mary Shelley’s description is evidently not enough; and still less Leigh Hunt’s “buxom parlour-boarder, composing herself artificially into dignity and elegance” (for Teresa had snubbed Mrs. Hunt). “Stupid,” says Ethel Colburn Mayne, “at once insensitive and sentimental . . . so obtuse that he could not shake her off.” “Insincere,” says her husband’s grandson, Alessandro Guiccioli, “with more calculation than sentiment, cold, selfish and comfort-loving.” In all these opinions there is, perhaps, a grain of truth. But the new papers confirm John Drinkwater’s assertion that Byron “had, on the whole, a more genuine and lasting respect for her than he had for any other woman in his life.”

Byron’s early letters have a distinct note of genuine passion. (In the later letters, passion fades and is replaced by a semiconjugal bond of half-humorous, resigned acceptance.) Teresa’s answers show, in the midst of much flowery rhetoric and exasperating romanticism, an equal passion and unexpected flashes of both insight and shrewdness. They show above all an unquestioning, disinterested devotion; and in the long years in which she survived him, this devotion continued to manifest itself, in a fierce and irrepressible loyalty.

Leigh Hunt, in his spiteful record of his own grievances, professed to believe that, during the last year at Pisa and Genoa, Byron found this devotion so cloying that Teresa at last became aware that he was tired of her. “In the course of a few months, she seemed to have lived as many years.” Harold Nicolson clearly implies that by then she had become nothing but an obstacle and a burden. I think that the truth was rather more complicated than this. To Lady Blessington, before leaving for Greece, Byron admitted that he was “worn out in feelings,” but at the same time he added, perhaps not without a wry smile, that if he and Teresa could be married, they would be “cited as an example of conjugal happiness.” This passage, in Teresa’s own copy of Lady Blessington’s book, is heavily underscored, and in the margin she has written “God bless him!”

4

THE letters of Byron and Teresa, as well as the greater part of the “Vie de Lord Byron,” are almost wholly concerned with the two lovers’ personal affairs, and throw little light on the other side of Byron’s life in Ravenna: his part in the Italian revolutionary movement. But in the other sources I have consulted — the minute and detailed police reports of the day, the archives of the Vatican and of Venice, Bologna, Ravenna, Florence, Forlì, and

Pisa, the contemporary *Memoirs of the Carbonari*, and the works of Italian scholars — a good deal of information about Byron’s political activity has come to light.

This new information suggests that his part in the Romagna rising was greater than has generally been realized, and was actuated by much the same motives as his expedition to Greece. Had he remained in Italy a few years longer and met a Sanfedista bullet in the insurrection of 1831, he might have been the hero of the Italian, instead of the Greek, war of independence. As it is, his activities in Italy have always been slightly slurred over, or dismissed, while his Greek venture has been thrown into the limelight.

One reason for this comparative neglect is that the whole emphasis of his biographers, in writing of his life in Ravenna, has always been upon his liaison with Teresa or upon his literary work during this period. Byron’s own account of the Carboneria, and of his share in the Romagna insurrection — the notes, presumably, which he had in mind when he wrote to Thomas Moore: “Some day or other, if Dust holds together, I have been enough in the Secret (at least in this part of the country) to cast perhaps some little light upon the atrocious treachery which has replunged Italy into barbarism.” These notes, together with some others on more personal matters, he handed over in July, 1823, as he was sailing from Leghorn, to his Venetian friend Angelo Mengaldo — presumably not liking to put such dangerous papers into the hands of the Gambas, who were about to return to the Romagna. Mengaldo, however, burned the whole envelope, unopened, “on the shores of the Adriatic,” and with it, all that Byron could have told us about the secrets of the Carbonari.

The rising in which Byron took part was only a minor affair, but it was one of the first faint rumblings which, all over Europe, heralded the great revolutionary storm of 1848; and Byron’s name is still remembered by Italians as that of a friend of Italy and of her freedom.

The part that Byron played in Italy was important to *himself*. One of the ingredients was, of course, a certain pleasure in the whole *mise en scène*: he enjoyed the encounters in the Pineta with the bands of conspirators who cheered him as he rode by; he enjoyed the camaraderie of their banquets.

And beneath all this, there was something more. The motive which underlay the Italian venture and the Greek one was the same: a desire for rehabilitation in the eyes of his countrymen. The smallest scrap of news from England, the slightest breath of approval or criticism, had for Byron a reality which nothing in his life abroad ever acquired. In vain did he declare that he had shaken off the dust of the country which had misunderstood and insulted him; in vain did he achieve fame and success all over the Continent. Never could he rid himself of the

nagging conviction that the only true criterion of fame and success, the only true achievement, lay in the opinion of Englishmen, at home. Always he remained what he called himself in signing the visitors' book in the Armenian monastery at Venice: "Lord Byron, *inglese*."

This constant preoccupation with English opinion is, perhaps, the key to much of his public behavior abroad. "If I live," he told Lady Blessington (and Teresa has marked the passage), "and return from Greece with something better and brighter than the reputation or glory of a poet, opinions may change, as the successful are always judged favourably in our country; my laurels may cover my faults better than the bays have done." For Byron had to the full the intellectual's admiration for the man of action. "A man," he told Teresa, "ought to do more for society than write verses." And elsewhere he had written: "If I live ten years more, you will see that I am not finished with. I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing, and — strange as it may seem — I don't believe that was my vocation."

When in the Ravenna Journal, on his thirty-third birthday, he deplores the passing of the years, "not so much for what I have done, as for what I *might* have done," it was not of literary achievement that he was thinking. It was — at Ravenna as at Missolonghi — a "nobler aim." The Italian venture — undertaken with a similar mixture of motives, a similar irresolution and conflict, fraught with a similar exasperation with the people whose cause he was defending — was the prelude to the Greek tragedy.

5

TERESA GUICCIOLI was very reluctant, on that April evening, to go to Casa Benzoni. She had arrived in Venice only two days before, she was tired from the journey, and she was, moreover, in deep mourning for both her mother and her sister. Her husband, as usual, had insisted on going to the theater — "it was for him a necessity" — but to go on to Contessa Benzoni's *conversazione* seemed to her superfluous. She argued with her husband in the gondola, but finally, she tells us, gave way "merely out of obedience," with tears in her eyes, making him promise that they would not stay more than a few minutes. Hardly had she entered, however, when she saw sitting on the sofa opposite the door, beside another young man, a figure that seemed to her "a celestial apparition." This meeting "sealed the destiny of their hearts."

The effect on Byron seems to have been somewhat less immediate. When Contessa Benzoni wished to introduce him, he refused, saying, "You know that I do not wish to meet any more ladies; if they are ugly because they are ugly, and if they are pretty because they are pretty." It was only after a good deal of persuasion from his hostess and from another guest, Alexander Scott, the British vice-consul —

who said that surely he might make one exception, in a salon where beauty was far from common — that he gave way and allowed himself to be taken across the room and be introduced as "Pair d'Angleterre et son plus grand poète."

"This introduction," says Teresa, "placed on Byron's lips one of those charming smiles which Coleridge so much admired and called the Gate of Heaven." He sat down beside her and they began to talk — about Venice and Ravenna, and also, says Teresa proudly, "with enthusiasm and assurance" about Dante and Petrarch. "But already the subject of their conversation had become an accessory," and when Guiccioli at last came across the room to tell Teresa that the "few minutes" of their visit had long since elapsed, "she rose to leave as if in a dream — and on crossing the threshold of the palace she realized that she no longer felt as tranquil as she had on entering. These mysterious attractions are too shaking to the soul and make one afraid!"

At this point Teresa's official narrative becomes somewhat vague. She speaks of meetings every evening at the theater and afterwards at supper, of conversations always more intimate and more inexhaustible, of long gondola rides across the Lagoon, of sunsets at the Lido. "This existence," says Teresa, "seemed to them entirely natural and was already becoming necessary!" But all the details are shrouded in a golden haze of romantic sentiment.

Fortunately, however, we possess another document which is considerably more informative. It is Teresa's "Confession" to her husband. "I then felt attracted to him," she says, after describing their first meeting, "by an irresistible force. He became aware of it, and asked to see me alone the next day. I was so imprudent as to agree, on condition that he would respect my honor: he promised and we settled on the hour after dinner, in which you [Count Guiccioli] took your rest. At that time an old boatman appeared with a note, in an unknown gondola, and took me to Mylord's gondola, where he was waiting, and together we went to a *casino* of his. I was strong enough to resist at that first encounter, but was so imprudent as to repeat it the next day, when my strength gave way — for B. was not a man to confine himself to sentiment. And, the first step taken, there was no further obstacle in the following days."

The long absences in her gondola, Teresa explained, were rendered possible by the presence of "a companion with whom she always went out, who had been a governess in the house and with whom she practiced the French language." This is the first appearance of another important character in the story: Fanny Silvestrini, the confidante. Though she may well have been a governess in Casa Guiccioli in her youth, this does not appear to have been her only profession, and at this time, most conveniently, she was the mistress of Lega Zambelli, who was

Count Guiccioli's steward and who subsequently passed into Byron's service.

During this period, according to Teresa, Byron showed occasional moods of "melancholy and pre-occupation," which she liked to attribute to his sense of duty and his "knowledge of the human heart." But she frankly admits that she herself was quite simply and wholeheartedly happy. "She had known too little of life to reflect — and she gave up her soul entirely where her heart led."

It would appear, however, that even Byron — accustomed as he was to easy conquests — was slightly taken aback by the extreme facility and publicity of this one. "She is pretty," he wrote to his friend John Cam Hobhouse on April 6, "but has no tact; answers aloud when she should whisper; talks of age to old ladies who wish to pass for young, and this blessed night horrified a correct company at the Benzoni's by calling out to me '*Mio Byron*,' in an audible key, during a dead silence of pause in the other prattlers, who stared and whispered to their respective serventi!" All the fans fluttered, and Teresa was delighted. She was far too pleased with the conquest of the most celebrated figure in Venice to wish to keep it to herself.

Byron's private meetings with Teresa, however, were very few. "We had but ten days," he wrote to Douglas Kinnaird, "to manage all our little matters in," and added in a later letter that "the *essential* part of the business" had only lasted "four continuous days." "Earthly Paradises," wrote Teresa sadly, "cannot be expected to endure." She was suddenly informed by her husband that they would be leaving two days later for their country estate on the Po, and was so much dismayed that she at once hurried off, in the company of an old family friend, to the theater, in the hope of meeting Byron and telling him the sad news herself. She did indeed meet him in the lobby and "almost involuntarily followed him into his box and told him of her troubles." "This box," she adds, "was generally used by men only, and was always the target of Venetian curiosity; one can imagine that this was increased a hundredfold by the young lady's presence!"

When the Count went to the theater and found his wife in Byron's box, he showed no traces of jealousy, but invited Lord Byron to visit them in Ravenna; and when the moment for departure to Ravenna arrived, it was on Byron's arm that Teresa descended into her gondola — while once again he promised to rejoin her as soon as possible.

6

THE estate to which Count Guiccioli was taking his wife, on their way back to Ravenna, Cà Zen, was one he had recently bought from the Zeno family. It lay at the mouth of the Po, in a desolate marsh. "With no one to speak to, without music, almost

without books, waiting for the Count to come back from his business expeditions," Teresa now spent her days remembering the delights of Venice and writing long, unhappy letters to her lover. These, she tells us, she took to the post at the neighboring village of Loreo, sending them under cover to the obliging Fanny Silvestrini.

The original of Byron's first letter to Teresa, together with his next three letters, is enclosed in a folder inscribed, in Teresa's hand, "4 letters from Lord Byron. First series. From our first acquaintance to his arrival in Ravenna." On another small sheet of paper is written: "The address I gave him to write to me in Ravenna:

Al Signor Don Gaspare Perelli
Ravenna."

This obliging priest was living in Ravenna, and continued to be of considerable assistance to the two lovers after Byron's arrival. "By the aid of a Priest," Byron was writing to Sir Richard Hoppner, the British consul, in June, "a Chamber-maid, a young Negro-boy, and a female friend, we are enabled to carry on our unlawful loves."

THE FIRST LETTER

VENICE, April 22nd, 1819

MY DEAREST LOVE: —

Your dearest letter came today and gave me my first moment of happiness since your departure. My feelings correspond only too closely to the sentiments expressed in your letter, but it will be very difficult for me to reply in your beautiful language to your sweet expressions, which deserve an answer in deeds rather than words. I flatter myself, however, that your heart will be able to suggest to you *what* and *how much* mine would like to say to you. Perhaps if I loved you less it would not cost me so much to express my thoughts, but now I have to overcome the double difficulty of expressing an unbearable suffering in a language foreign to me. Forgive my mistakes; the more barbarous my style, the more will it resemble my Fate away from you. You who are my only and last love, who are my only joy, the delight of my life — you who are my only Hope — you who were, at least for a moment, all mine — you have gone away — and I remain here alone and desolate. There, in a few words, is our story! It is a common experience, which we must bear like so many others, for love is never happy, but we two must suffer more, because your circumstances and mine are equally extraordinary. But I don't want to think of all this, let us love

". . . let us love now

When love to love can give an answering vow."

When Love is not *Sovereign* in a heart, when everything does not give way to him, when all is not sacrificed to him, then it is Friendship — Esteem — what you will — but no longer *Love*.

You vowed to be true to me and I will make no

vows to you; let us see which of us will be the more faithful. Remember, when the time comes that you no longer feel anything for me, that you will not have to put up with my reproaches; I shall suffer, it is true, but in silence. I know only too well what a man's heart is like, and also, a little, perhaps, a woman's; I know that Sentiment is not in our control, but is what is most beautiful and fragile in our existence. So, when you feel for another what you have felt for me, tell me so sincerely — I shall cease to annoy you — I shall not see you again — I shall envy the happiness of my rival, but shall trouble you no more. This, however, I promise you: You sometimes tell me that I have been your *first* real Love — and I assure you that you shall be my last Passion. I may well hope not to fall in love again, now that everything has become indifferent to me. Before I knew you, I felt an interest in many women, but never in one only. Now I love *you*, there is no other woman in the world for me.

You talk of tears and of our unhappiness; my sorrow is within; I do not weep. You have fastened on your arm a likeness that does not deserve so highly; but yours is in my heart, it has become part of my life, of my soul; and were there another life after this one, there too you would be mine — without you where would Paradise be? Rather than Heaven without you, I should prefer the Inferno of that Great Man buried in your city, so long as you were with me, as Francesca was with her lover.

My sweetest treasure — I am trembling as I write to you, as I trembled when I saw you — but no longer — with such sweet heartbeats. I have a thousand things to say to you, and know not how to say them, a thousand kisses to send you — and, alas, how many Sighs! Love me — not as *I* love you, for that would make you too unhappy — love me not as I deserve, for that would be too little — but as your Heart commands. Do not doubt me — I am and always shall be your most tender lover

BYRON

VENICE, April 22nd, 1819

P.S. How much happier than I is this letter, which in a few days will be in your hands — and perhaps may even be brought to your lips. With such a hope I am kissing it before it goes. Good-bye — my soul.

April 23rd, 4 o'clock

At this moment two other letters of yours have come! The irregularity of the post has been a great trouble to us both — but pray, my Love, do not lose faith in me. When you do not get news from me, believe that I am dead, rather than unfaithful or ungrateful. I will answer your dearest letters soon. Now the post is going — I kiss you ten thousand times.

On the superscription is added, in Byron's hand: "Written 22 April 1819. April 28, 1820. I have

re-read it in Ravenna, after a year of most singular events."

BYRON TO CONTESSA GUICCIOLI

VENICE, April 25th, 1819

MY LOVE: —

I hope you have received my letter of the 22nd, addressed to the person in Ravenna of whom you told me, before leaving Venice. You scold me for not having written to you in the country — but — how could I? My sweetest treasure, you gave me no other address but that of Ravenna. If you knew how great is the love I feel for you, you would not believe me capable of forgetting you for a single instant. You must become better acquainted with me — perhaps one day you will know that although I do not deserve you, I do indeed love you. . . .

My Treasure — my life has become most monotonous and sad; neither books, nor music, nor *Horses* (rare things in Venice — but you know that mine are at the Lido) — nor dogs — give me any pleasure; the society of women does not attract me; I won't speak of the society of men, for that I have always despised. For some years I have been trying systematically to avoid strong passions, having suffered too much from the tyranny of Love. *Never to feel admiration* — and to enjoy myself without giving too much importance to the enjoyment in itself — to feel indifference towards human affairs — contempt for many, but hatred for none — this was the basis of my philosophy. I did not mean to love any more, nor did I hope to receive Love. You have put to flight all my resolutions — now I am all yours — I will become what you wish — perhaps happy in your love, but never at peace again. You should not have reawakened my heart — for (at least in my own country) my love has been fatal to those I love — and to myself. But these reflections come too late. You have been mine — and whatever the outcome, I am, and eternally shall be, entirely yours. I kiss you a thousand and a thousand times — but

"What does it profit you, my heart, to be beloved?

What good to me to have so dear a lover?

Why should a cruel fate

Separate those whom love has once united?"

Love me — as always your tender and faithful

B[YRON]

7

TERESA meanwhile, after a short stay in another of her husband's new estates, near Pomposa, had arrived in Ravenna. But she says that the violent emotions of the last few weeks, her depression since her separation from Byron, and the discomfort of the journey had so much affected her health that she fainted several times on the way and, on getting home, immediately took to her bed. She then gave herself up to a mysterious illness, whose symptoms

she poetically described as consisting chiefly of a consumptive cough (this was a hereditary ailment in her family) and of frequent swoons, "in which her spirit skimmed over the Venetian lagoons." On returning to consciousness, she would speak of "melodious sounds, perfumes of unfamiliar sweetness, and smiles of a celestial countenance," and reproved her anxious relatives, who were gathered round her bed, for awakening her from "such a delicious dream."

The more prosaic truth, however, is that she was having a miscarriage which had begun at Pomposa — a fact she took considerable pains to conceal, by attempting to erase, both in a letter of Fanny's and in one of Byron's, the word *miscarriage* (which is, however, still legible in both instances) and substituting for it the word *illness*. It is difficult to understand why she took so much trouble — since at this early date the baby could not possibly have been Byron's — unless she thought it more romantic to be suffering from consumption.

Byron himself felt no such delicacy, and on May 15 he was writing to Kinnaid: "It was my intention to have left Venice tomorrow on my journey to R[avenna] — but the Lady has miscarried and her recovery seems more remote than was expected."

And in a later letter he added: "I can't tell whether I was the involuntary Cause of the miscarriage, but certes I was not the father of the fictive, for She was three months advanced before our first —, and whether the Count was the parent or not I can't imagine, perhaps he can."

BYRON TO CONTESSA GUICCIOLI

[VENICE, May 3rd, 1819]

MY SOUL: —

This time friendship has prevailed over love, and Fanny has been more fortunate than I in seeing your writing. Your very dear letter from Ravenna, however, caused me great grief by telling me that you had been *ill*, although I still trust that this will not bring about other consequences; and it is in this hope that I am writing to ask you to send me more precise news about the state of your health. I attributed your illness to riding — but you write as if there were *some other cause* and do not tell me the real reason. Pray clear up the mystery, which you have not wanted to tell the doctors.

Fanny has already come back from Treviso. I am waiting for your answer to know when to undertake my journey and how to behave on my arrival. Remember that I have no other object in taking this journey than that of seeing you — and loving you. I neither seek nor want diversions — introductions — Society — all very tedious things. It would suit me better to be with you in a desert, rather than without you in Mahomet's paradise, which is considerably more agreeable than ours.

I shall seek you, you alone; if only I can see you for a few moments every day, I shall be able to spend the rest of the time with your image; if there were to be a minute in which I did not think of you, I would consider myself unfaithful. Our love and my thoughts will be my sole companions, books and horses my only distractions, except for a little trip to Rimini, in order not to break a promise made to a friend in England three years ago that, if ever I should see that city, I would send him any tradition about the story of Francesca (if any such remain there) beside what is to be found in Dante. This story of a fatal love, which has always interested me, now interests me doubly, since Ravenna holds my heart.

I long to embrace you and leave the rest to fate, which cannot be cruel, so long as it leaves me your love. I kiss you with all my soul — a thousand and a thousand times — and am eternally your lover.

[BYRON]

P.S. This is my *third* letter — to the *address given* — I trust in God that none has gone wrong.

From the last letter it would appear that Byron was only awaiting his mistress's instructions, to set off for Ravenna. But when they came, her plans for their meeting were so childishly imprudent and impracticable that he decided to put off his departure. "I am still required to set out," he told Kinnaid, "but my instructions were a little confused, and though I am really much in love, I see no great use in not adopting a little caution."

The experienced Fanny did not fail to observe Mylord's reluctance with dismay, and hastened to send her young friend some prudent advice. She fully realized what Teresa was still too inexperienced to know: that Byron, like most libertines, was a stickler for public behavior. "Remember that he is your severest censor."

So Byron stayed on in Venice, and Teresa waited.

8

AT LAST, on June 1, Byron did get off. "The die is cast," he had written to Hobhouse, "and I must (not figuratively but *literally*) pass the Rubicon. . . . Everything is to be risked, for a woman one likes." Before he had reached Padua, however, he was already regretting his decision, and was writing to Hoppner in a thoroughly bad temper. The letter which he had received from Teresa just before starting, he said, had been more than a little disquieting.

"La G.'s instructions are rather calculated to produce an *éclat* — and perhaps a scene — than any decent iniquity. . . . To go to Cuckold a Papal Count who, like Candide, has already been 'the death of two men, one of whom was a priest,' in his own house, is rather too much for my modesty when

there are several other places at least as good for the purpose. She says they must go to Bologna in the middle of June, and why the devil then drag me to Ravenna? . . . The Charmer forgets that a man may be whistled anywhere *before*, but that *after* — a Journey in an Italian June is a Conscription and therefore she should have been less liberal in Venice, or less *exigent* at Ravenna."

By June 6 he was in Bologna — "where I am settled like a sausage and shall be broiled like one if the weather continues."

There was no news from Teresa. Why could the tiresome woman not write? Should he go on or return to Venice? The nights were oppressive and the rooms at the Albergo del Pellegrino intolerably stuffy and hot. He told Hoppner to prepare for his return. But in the morning he woke up in a different mood: he was already halfway; he would go on, after all, and see what Teresa was about. On the outside cover of his letter to Hoppner he scribbled the words: "I am just setting off for Ravenna, June 8th, 1819. I changed my mind this morning and decided to go on."

It was on the morning of June 10 that Byron's great gaudy traveling-coach — adorned with his coat of arms and large enough to hold his bed, his traveling-library, and a vast assortment of china, linen, and plate — drew up at the Porta Sisi of Ravenna. The coach, the travelers were told, might proceed no further, for it was the feast of Corpus Domini, and on that day the narrow streets, shaded by great awnings which gave them the appearance of enclosed galleries, were kept clear for the passage of the procession to the Cathedral square. The pavements were strewn with flower petals, and the façades of the palaces were hung with tapestries and brocades, and adorned with gold-framed mirrors and holy pictures, and even with portraits of the owners' ancestors, so that the whole city looked like one vast drawing room.

Unwillingly, in the midst of the curious, jostling crowd, Byron descended. His eyes fell at once upon an extremely pretty young woman, and with a flourish he asked her the way to the inn. She told him and then — for Ravenna was a very small town and he had lighted upon a friend of Teresa's — she at once hastened to Palazzo Guiccioli, to tell Teresa about her encounter. "'Never,' she exclaimed, 'had she met a man of such beauty.' The Countess felt assured that it could only be Lord Byron."

Teresa was at that moment engaged in writing a letter to her lover (whom she believed to be still in Bologna) contradicting her previous pressing invitations and begging him to postpone his visit. She had had a relapse, with high fever, and feared that the difficulties of seeing Byron while she was still unwell would be insuperable — and besides, she added, she did not feel that she "deserved" so great an attention. But now that at last Byron had

come, all her doubts and hesitations were forgotten.

Byron, meanwhile, took up his abode in the uncomfortable little inn in the Via di Porta Sisi, which was the best that the city could afford, and waited for Teresa's bidding, after sending her the following letters: —

BYRON TO CONTESSA GUICCIOLI

June 10th, 1819

MY TREASURE: —

Here I am, in Ravenna. If you can arrange to see me I shall be happy — if not, I have at any rate not broken my word — and I hope at least to hear that your health is better.

Always,

[BYRON]

June 10th, 1819

MY LOVE: —

I have been to the theater without finding you — and was sorry to hear that you are still weak. Your husband came to see me in the box and replied courteously to the few inquiries I dared to make at that moment. Count Z[inanni] then turned up and was so insistent that I should go to his box that I could not avoid paying that call without being rude — and I did go there for a moment.

My sweetest Soul — believe that I live for you alone — and do not doubt me. I shall stay here until I know what your wishes really are: and even if you cannot arrange to see me I shall not go away. I beseech you to command me as entirely and eternally yours. I would sacrifice all my hopes for this world and all that we believe we may find in the other — to see you happy. I cannot think of the state of your health without sorrow and tears. Alas, my Treasure! How much we endured — and shall still have to endure! And you so young — so beautiful — so good — you have had to suffer through my fault — what a thought!

I kiss you a thousand thousand thousand times with all my soul.

[BYRON]

P.S. I sent you a note this evening by means of P[erelli]. But the bearer did not find him until midnight. I am writing now after the theater before going to bed. I hope you will receive both.

Byron's first visit to Teresa took place on the day after his arrival, "although it was a Friday and he did not like to do anything important on that day." Guiccioli himself had come to fetch him in his coach, and had accompanied him to Teresa's bedside, where she, feverish and flushed and "surrounded by friends and relations," was not able to speak to him alone even for a moment. "He returned home," she tells us, "extremely melancholy."

That first week in Ravenna, indeed, was not a happy time. The sleepy little provincial town to

which Byron was to become so much attached had, at first sight, little to offer the traveler. The members of the local nobility, to whom his letters of introduction were addressed, hastened to call upon their distinguished visitor and to take him to see their sights: Dante's tomb, the Rotonda, the great Byzantine mosaics in S. Apollinare in Classe, the fine manuscripts in the library. But Byron at best was not much of a sight-seer, and now he was far too much preoccupied with Teresa to care about anything else. He seems to have made this only too clear to his hosts.

"The common opinion," wrote Conte Giulio Rasponi acidly to Count Francesco Rangone, "is that the Palazzo Guiccioli has impressed him more than the Rotonda and the ruins of Theodoric. In any case his stay is a good thing for the town and for the people who see him, although his manner of life and preoccupation with his affections do not often render him accessible. I have not failed to offer him my humble services in various forms, but he, very much reserved, has only made a very limited use of them."

For indeed Teresa took up all his thoughts. After reading the daily letters that he wrote to her at this time, it seems no longer possible to maintain that this was only a halfhearted relationship. Grudgingly as he had come to Ravenna, flipperily as he still wrote about the affair to his English friends, it is plain that he was now completely absorbed by Teresa.

There is in his letters not only an unmistakable note of passion but a curious lack of self-confidence, a deep discomfort. "I am a foreigner in Italy," he told Teresa, "and still more a foreigner in Ravenna, and naturally little versed in the customs of the country. I am afraid of compromising you." All day, except in the few hours that he could be with her, he sat in the hot, dingy little inn and wondered why he had come and whether he could remain. Did Teresa really care for him? And even if she did, what could come of it all?

Everyone in Ravenna was prodigiously civil — but it was not for them that he was there. Moreover, accustomed as he was to dealing with husbands, there was something singularly disconcerting about the old Count. He, also, was only too civil — but what lay beneath his formal, half-ironic courtesy? "I cannot make him out at all," Byron wrote to Hoppner; "he visits me frequently and takes me out (like Whittington the Lord Mayor) in a coach and *six* horses. The fact appears to be, that he is completely *governed* by her — and for that matter, so am I." The letter ends: "My

coming — going — and everything depends upon her entirely."

By June 14, Teresa was better, and was up when Byron came to see her, but in the evening she was obliged to send him some bad news. The Abate Perelli, who had transmitted their letters, had gone off to the country with Teresa's uncle. Byron was greatly upset.

BYRON TO CONTESSA GUICCIOLI

June 14th, 1819

Perhaps I am mistaken — my Love — but this sudden country expedition of your uncle's with P[erelli] makes me afraid that we have been betrayed — and that P[erelli] has been taken off to the country to interrupt our correspondence. Passion makes me fear everything and everyone. If I lose you, what will become of me? Was this journey planned before my arrival — or not? If *not*, I feel very suspicious. In any case, how shall we manage to get our letters? How shall I be able to get even this one to you, without risk of a discovery which would be sad for you — and for me, fatal. In losing me you lose very little — but I am unlikely to survive a break with you. Until now the fruits of my journey have been rather bitter — but if you are pleased, I do not regret what I am suffering — for I am suffering for your sake.

Love has its martyrs like Religion — with this difference, that the victims of Love lose their Paradise in this world, without reaching it in the other, while the devout of the other faith gain by the change.

Meanwhile — my Love — tell me what I am to do? Remain here — or return to Bologna? If trouble arises, there is only one adequate remedy — that is, to go away together — and for this a great Love is necessary — and some courage. Have you enough?

I can already anticipate your answer. It will be long and divinely written — but it will end in a negative. . . .

[BYRON]

Byron was right. Teresa's answer was long, poetic, and full of numerous good reasons why she should not run away with him. Nor, indeed, did he yet grasp, perhaps, how unheard-of a thing he was asking. The essence of *serventismo*, he was to realize later, was that the lady should *stay* with her husband. But, after this letter of his, he had no right to complain later on that he had been inveigled into "a romance in the Anglo fashion." It was he who had first desired it.

(To be continued)



One of our leading authorities on Far Eastern affairs, OWEN LATTIMORE has spent more than two decades traveling in and writing about China and those border territories between China and Russia. In 1941 and 1942 he served as adviser to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on the recommendation of President Roosevelt, and on his return became Deputy Director of OWI in charge of the Far Eastern Division. Today he directs the Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins. The masterly survey which follows and which he read at the annual meeting of the American Historical Society will form part of his new book on the crisis in Asia.

THE OPENING OF ASIA

by OWEN LATTIMORE

I

THE Anglo-American Open Door Doctrine in China, at the turn of the century, marked the first phase of transition from a Far East under control to a Far East out of control, and from rivalry between similar competitors to rivalry between dissimilar competitors hostile to each other in ideology, social and political structure, and economic operation.

Until the end of the nineteenth century, the instability inherent in the unceasing redistribution of power had been mitigated by the fact that the redistribution took place under conventions accepted by all the competitors. Countries vied with each other in seizing ports and bases and controlling lines of communication and access to new, unexploited territories. If the rivalry led to war, the winner acquired immediate rewards in the form of indemnities and annexations. The loser paid an indemnity and ceded territory, or bases, or priority of access to a country that might be conquered and made into a colony, but was not debarred from recovery and re-entry into competition. No Carthaginian peace terms were imposed; the rules of the game were observed, and the game went on.

The second half of the nineteenth century was prepared for by the European revolutions of 1848, and even more by the wave of reaction following 1848. It was shaped by Perry's opening of Japan, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and Russia's acquisition of the Amur and Ussuri territories. The Taiping and Moslem Rebellions in China, the American Civil War, and the emancipation of the serfs in Russia were followed by the filling up of the American West all the way to the Pacific coast, and by the vast Russian conquests in Inner Asia.

At the close of the half century came the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-1895, the Spanish-American War, the completion of the Trans-Siberian and

Chinese Eastern Railways, the enunciation of the Open Door Doctrine, and the Boxer Rebellion in China. The next half century opened with the Russo-Japanese War, in which Japan was strengthened by the Anglo-Japanese Entente, later to become an alliance.

This period was the great age of modern imperialism. In it three types of empires are to be distinguished.

The British Empire was built by an accumulative process. Its component parts were separately acquired, and were physically divided from each other and from the center of imperial power in Britain by expanses of ocean. To relatively unpopulated domains like Canada and Australia, Britain exported colonists. To conquered territories already well populated, of which India was by far the most important, Britain exported not colonists to people the land but garrison troops, administrators, merchants, and managers. The growth of the empire was accompanied by the growth of a caste system. "Colonials" from Canada and Australia were long regarded as socially somewhat uncouth. As for the peoples of India, Burma, and so on, even their aristocratic families were definitely subjects, not citizens.

Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, America, and Japan, by the end of the century, all approximated the British type in their relations with possessions overseas.

The Russian Empire was built by an incorporative process differing from the accumulative process. All its holdings lay within one vast, unbroken expanse of land. Alaska, the one exception, was given up. Peoples were incorporated, as well as territories. The overwhelming majority of the Russians themselves were subjects, rather than citizens. Non-Russian subject peoples were given, on the

whole, a status much like that of subject Russians; but a part, at least, of the non-Russian ruling classes were incorporated with the Russian ruling class.

Precedents for this process of incorporation could be found in earlier periods of history. Centuries of interpenetration with nomadic peoples on the steppe frontier had made class warfare and class politics as familiar as national warfare and politics to both Russians and non-Russians. When nomad khans had the upper hand, some of the Russian nobility became their vassals but continued as a subordinate ruling class. The degree of subjection was not great enough to prevent intermarriage, which is all-important in welding a ruling class together. Similarly, when the Russians in turn conquered the steppe, they took part of the steppe nobility into their service, continued some of their privileges, and allowed intermarriage.

The differences between the British and Russian types of empire assumed increasing importance as modern nationalism developed. Among the colonial subjects of the British, many who would have been high in the ruling class, had it not been for the British, became leaders of nationalist movements for independence. This was especially true in the early period.

In the Tsarist Empire, on the other hand, the majority of the non-Russian ruling class identified themselves with the Russian ruling class. Consequently the outcome of the Russian Revolution was determined, throughout the possessions of Russia in Asia, by a left-wing leadership which believed in revolution against its own ruling class as well as in rebellion against the Russian state. There was thus a community of interest between the left-wing nationalists and the Bolsheviks, who were determined to destroy both the Tsarist state and the society that had supported it and been supported by it.

The third great type of nineteenth-century empire, that of the Chinese, may be called absorptive, to distinguish it from the accumulative British and incorporative Russian types. The importance of the Chinese type has been insufficiently appreciated because of the weakness of the state in China in modern times and because the Chinese Empire was encroached on by the other empires.

One of the most important phenomena in the territorial spread of the Chinese has been their willingness throughout history to accept as Chinese any barbarian who would drop his language and learn Chinese, wear Chinese clothes, farm like the Chinese, and accept the other conventions of being a Chinese. This attitude has been a source of untold strength. A great part of the nation is descended from barbarians absorbed into the Chinese state by being first absorbed into the Chinese culture.

In the face of modern nationalism, however, this old Chinese strength has become a weakness: such peoples as the Mongols, the Tibetans, and the Central Asian subjects of China reject a Chinese

"equality" the price of which is abandonment of their own languages and other distinguishing cultural characteristics. Among the fatal mistakes of the Kuomintang, in its struggle with the Chinese Communists, was its attempt in strategically important border territories, even after the eleventh hour had struck, to force the Chinese language and Chinese schools on non-Chinese peoples.

Changes in the distribution of power over the Far East in the last half of the nineteenth century were effected by interaction between these three kinds of empire. In this connection it should be noted that while China lost in power to the other kinds of empire, the Chinese in their own empire gained in power over the non-Chinese minorities.

2

TAKEN as a whole, the relation of the Far East to the rest of the world was one of subordination. The condition of subordination had two aspects, external and internal.

In the external aspect the wars, trade rivalries, and differing rates of industrialization of the Great Empires resulted in an unceasing distribution and redistribution of power among them. Imperial power as such, however, was stable. The shares of power passed from hand to hand; but any hand that held a share of this power could be stretched out over Asia. From the point of view of the Great Empires, Asia was under control; and the condition of being under control is what distinguishes this period from our own, for in our time the distinguishing characteristic of Asia from the point of view of the Great Empires is that it is out of control.

When Britain put down the Indian Mutiny, it was possible to go far beyond the mere restoration of law and order. The British were able to revise the entire administrative system and to set up a new and more imperial one that endured for many decades. When the West, after some hesitation, decided not to let the Taiping Rebellion in China take its course, but to uphold the Manchu Dynasty, it was able to prolong the tenure of the dynasty for half a century. When Britain, rounding out the northwestern frontier of India, and Russia, rounding out its conquests in Inner Asia, decided to stop sparring and to recognize each other in spheres of activity, their decision stood.

Countries like Persia and Afghanistan were unable to assert the right — much less to demonstrate the ability — to cross over from one sphere of influence into the other, even when the line of division, as in the case of Persia, ran right through the country. A mere approximation toward agreement between Britain and France, more tacit than explicit and motivated by their common interest in the face of German rivalry, was enough to enable Siam to survive as the only nominally independent country in Southeast Asia. The apportionment of

power in Manchuria was repeatedly changed by diplomatic representations, wars, and treaties between the imperial powers.

Below the level at which imperial control was unchallengeable, however, change was at work. In spite of its shaky sovereignty, China became more Chinese. Looking back from the present, we can see clearly that there originated in that period an Indian nationalism and mode of politics, and a Chinese nationalism and mode of politics; and that there were weaker but kindred stirrings throughout the rest of Asia.

The difference between that time and this is that the major and the minor phenomena have changed places. The primary, active force then at work was the projection of imperial power over Asia; the secondary, reactive force was the beginning of nationalism among the peoples and in the countries of Asia. The primary, active force now is the dominant nationalism of Asia; the secondary, reactive force is the effort to conserve some of what remains of the old power of empire. Instability then arose not out of Asia but out of the incessant redistribution of power among the empires controlling Asia. Instability now arises out of the fact that while Asia is in the main out of control from the point of view of the West, it is not yet fully under control from its own point of view. Nationalism is dominant, but not completely free to act; national policies are still clogged by the hampering remains of external economic, strategic, and political control.

In trying to relate that time to our time, we have a problem of peculiar interest to us as historians. The problem lies on the margin of our discipline, and spreads into the fields of other disciplines. To see ourselves clearly in our present position against our historical background, we must attempt to coordinate a historical analysis of the last half of the nineteenth century with a political, social, and economic analysis of the first half of the twentieth century.

3

THE Open Door Doctrine partly succeeded in changing the rules of the game because the nature of the game was changing. It was the stop-Russia doctrine of its day, especially on the British side, and it is curious how practically all mention of its origin as a policy to "contain" Russian expansion has dropped out of recent historical writing. Lord Charles Beresford, who in the winter of 1898-1899 toured China on behalf of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain, and then went on to America to advocate the adoption of the Open Door, was perfectly plain-spoken. In *The Break-Up of China*, the book he wrote describing his mission, he referred on page after page to the danger that Russian occupation of Chinese territory might put

an end to the opportunities for merchants of other countries.

In his book *China and America* Foster Rhea Dulles, the American historian who has most clearly dealt with the Russian aspect of the origin of the Open Door, cites the American press of 1898 as interpreting the situation to mean that "the real danger in the Chinese situation came from Russia, whose persistent advance in Manchuria appeared to foreshadow imperialistic control over all north China." He adds that Secretary of State John Hay's objective was "to thwart discrimination against American trade from any quarter," whereas "Great Britain had perhaps hoped to draw the United States into a common policy primarily directed against Russia."

Henry Adams, however, friend of John Hay and the State Department "insiders," was one of those who were alarmed by the "glacier"-like advance of Russia on China.

The Open Door formula brought into being in fact, though not by specific declaration, a league of countries with maritime access to the trade of the Far East, to maintain conditions under which they could compete with each other and could enjoin Russia, which alone had easy, commercially exploitable access to China by land, to observe these conditions. In order to make the policy effective it was necessary to renounce annexations. If annexations were allowed, Russia, which could annex contiguous territories and incorporate them with the home domain, had an advantage of position that would make the competition of the others futile.

To put it in another way, the Open Door rewrote the rules of the game in such a manner as to try to make Russia, in spite of having a land frontier with China longer than the American-Canadian frontier, act as nearly as possible as if it had access to China only by sea.

The enlistment of Japan, an Asian country, as one of the Open Door powers was of special importance. Japan was at the time still under "unequal treaty" disabilities, like China; but Japan had also already fought a successful imperialist war against China, had been deprived of part of the spoils of war by Russia (with the backing of France and Germany), and was in a position to accept bids for support as a sentinel against Russian expansion. A few years later, with Britain neutral on her side and the United States certainly not neutral against her, Japan defeated Russia.

Japan then began to show an ambivalent ability to be both a part of the old system of keeping Asia under control and a part of the new process that eventually resulted in Asia's getting out of control. As the most permanently anti-Russian of the maritime powers, Japan was essential to the working of the Open Door system. As a power within Asia, and so close to the mainland of Asia as to have almost the same kind of contiguity enjoyed by

Russia, Japan sabotaged the Open Door. To the extent that support against Russia was useful, Japan worked with the other Open Door powers; but step by step, as Japanese control was expanded over Manchuria and into North China, commercial opportunities and the exploitation of all resources were monopolized in favor of Japan.

This ambivalence of Japan should not be overlooked at the present time. No necessity ties Japan down to be permanently an ally in Asia of powers outside of Asia. Nothing guarantees America against the possibility that while some Japanese demand American help against "Communist imperialism," other Japanese — who could easily become a majority — may negotiate for an understanding with China, and through China with Russia, as an offset against "American imperialism." The propaganda of "Asia for the Asiatics" was not silenced by Japan's defeat in the war; it is still a good line of propaganda, though it falls now on different ears, or ears differently attuned.

4

THE next phase in the passage of Asia from being under control to being out of control was marked by the Chinese Revolution of 1911. At the time of the Taiping Rebellion, the Western powers had been able to salvage the Manchu Dynasty. By 1911 it was not only impossible to salvage the dynasty; even the nomination of Yuan Shih-k'ai as a "strong man" to maintain order and the security of loans and investments was far from successful. The Western formula for a "strong man" called for a man strong enough to carry out policies urgently demanded by foreign diplomats, but not quite strong enough to defy foreign control. The measure of the changes going on in Asia was that by this time a man not quite strong enough to defy the policies that suited the special interests of foreign countries was also not quite strong enough to be a dictator in China.

The third phase of transition was the Russian Revolution, which affected both the West and Asia. With the Russian Revolution, the old rules of the game of international relations completely broke down, both in war and in peace. Here was a country thoroughly defeated which, instead of acknowledging defeat according to the accepted conventions, began a new kind of warfare. In war between imperial powers, colonial troops could be used effectively; but there was no form of appeal from an imperial power that was effective in winning support from the colonial subjects of another imperial power. Germany tried to find such an appeal in the First World War but failed; Russia succeeded by declaring a war of ideas, and wherever possible of arms, on behalf of all colonial subjects against all imperial rulers.

The development in Asia that responded to the

Russian Revolution was the realization that the ranks of the imperial powers showed a gap, and that weak countries and immature political movements could now take advantage of a new kind of irreconcilable quarrel among great powers. Russia had been one of the greatest of the empires. The fact that such an empire could not only be defeated in war but subverted by an internal, anti-monarchic revolution roused a new vigor in the nationalism of all subject peoples and half-subject peoples like the Chinese.

Up to this time, the best that a weak country like China had been able to do was to try to play great powers against each other. But the rival interests of the great powers were also similar interests. For this reason Chinese exploitation of their rivalry could never achieve more than a partial success; at this point similarity of interest invariably superseded rivalry of interest, and China was confronted once more with united policies and united demands.

The hostility between Russia and the other great powers was not of this reconcilable kind. Russia was the only great power that showed unlimited willingness to defy, and considerable ability to defy successfully, the very countries that exercised control or rule over countries like China, India, and the rest of Asia. Those capitalist countries that consider themselves democratic, and base their political appeal on democracy, have always been the most reluctant to admit that this characteristic of Russia is the basic reason why colonial and subject peoples do not make reliable anti-Russian allies.

Wherever Russian and Communist propaganda can be traced, Russian methods of using political movements in weak and dependent countries to throw great powers off balance and to hamper their political maneuvers have been studied. The importance of making such studies has led to neglect in studying the answering process in Asia: the way in which nationalist movements all over Asia exploit — and the word "exploit" is not too strong — the existence of Russia. As long as such movements, even when they are non-Communist, can exploit the existence of Russia in their struggle against Britain, France, or Holland, they have a vested interest in the continued existence of a strong Russia.

The fact that in Russia one of the world's great imperial governments had collapsed was the first and most powerful Russian propaganda. It is significant that Sun Yat-sen in China showed interest in the Russian Revolution before the new Soviet government showed interest in him. Chou En-lai, a Chinese intellectual living in France, jumped from the Social Democratic Second International to the Communist Third International because he appreciated that the mere existence of a revolutionary Russia made it possible to strike out for China's

emancipation in new and more effective ways. Chu Teh, a professional soldier who had gone to Germany to study military organization because, like many Chinese, he considered that Germany, even though defeated in the First World War, had shown superior military skill, turned instead to Communism, because as a soldier he was convinced that the Bolsheviks, in the Russian civil war and in resisting the intervention of the great powers, had developed the kinds of military skill most suited to China. Similarly in India, Nehru, without benefit of Russian prompting, began a careful study of the founders and leaders of world Communism, even though he never became a Communist himself. All of these are famous names; there are many other leaders, all over Asia, whose names are less famous.

The fourth phase of the transition was dominated by Japan's aggressions, beginning with the invasion of Manchuria in 1931, continuing with the attack on all China in 1937, and involving the whole of Asia, after Pearl Harbor, in the Second World War. This phase was significant because it demonstrated that Asia had passed out of control in two ways. In the first place Japan itself, maneuvering from a position within Asia and between Russia and the great capitalist powers, could not be made to abide by the rules of a game which required all capitalist nations with interests in Asia to help one another exclude Russia from the Far East, but not to exclude one another from the competitive market. In the second place, while Japan thus proved itself out of control from the point of view of the West, the mainland of Asia, and especially that part of it occupied by the massive bulk of China, proved itself to be out of control from the point of view of Japan.

The phases of transition were completed with the end of the war, and we are now in the period of the almost total uncontrollability of Asia. The marks of this period are:—

1. The ability to defeat Japan did not confer on the victor nations the ability either to undo what Japan had done successfully or to complete what Japan had not succeeded in completing.

2. Japan succeeded in destroying the nineteenth-century structure of colonial empire in Asia. Britain has recognized this by negotiating recognition of dominion status for India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, and independence for Burma. Britain in Malaya, Holland in Indonesia, and France in Indo-China have not yet been willing to give up as much as they will eventually have to give up. But it is already clear, from an imperial point of view, that the best that can be hoped for is a partially successful salvage operation. Some interests may yet be saved. The ruling interest cannot be saved.

3. On the other hand, the control over China that Japan failed to make good cannot now be

asserted by any other country. It is true that there are differences of opinion about whether Russia might succeed; but there can be no differences of opinion about America. We have spent two billion dollars since V-J Day on an extensive field test — only to demonstrate that America cannot control China.

Whether Russia can control China is a question that should not be asked of the historian alone. The political scientist and the economist should have more to contribute to the answer than the historian. A contribution the historian can make, however, is to point out that in recent history countries and political movements in Asia have been moving toward Russia more because they have been trying to get away from something than because the conditions prevailing in Russia are the goal at which they aimed.

The importance of the negative factor in promoting historical action and movement is indeed a somewhat neglected study. It may be that more peoples have advanced backward into the future than have marched boldly forward; backward because their faces were turned toward something which they resisted, and from which they were defending themselves. There was certainly something of this phenomenon in the American Revolution; there was a great deal of it in the Russian Revolution, when many patriotic Russians, turning their faces to the alien intervention on their soil, from which they tried to defend themselves, found themselves backed into Bolshevism.

The same phenomenon has been important in the recent history of Asia, and most important of all in the history of the civil war in China. The mixture of harsh oppression, incompetence, and scandalous corruption in the Kuomintang, rather than the wiles or eloquence of either Chinese or Russian Communists, has been the chief recruiting agent of the Communist cause in China.

The changes that have been taking place in the last fifty years in the status of many peoples and nations, and in what is vulgarly called "power politics," are none of them more important than the changes that have been taking place in the societies within nations; and none of the changing relations among nations can be satisfactorily explained if the study of changing societies within nations is neglected.

These social changes can provide more data for the understanding of the changed status of countries like India, Pakistan, colonial Asia, China, Mongolia, and Japan than all the secret papers of the chancelleries, foreign offices, and general staffs of the self-styled great powers. Until we understand better than we do now these changes of the past fifty years, we shall be poorly equipped for fumbling our way into the next fifty years.

A second article by Mr. Lattimore drawn from his forthcoming book will appear in the April Atlantic.



A constructive critic who believes in getting the most out of American entertainment, GILBERT SELDES is the author of that well-remembered book, The Seven Lively Arts. In the 1930s he wrote for the Atlantic a prophetic article, "The 'Errors' of Television." For seven years thereafter, he served as head of the CBS Television Program Department. Today he is writing a new book on the movies, radio, and television, and is presenting a weekly radio program and working on independent productions in television.

TELEVISION: THE GOLDEN HOPE

by GILBERT SELDES

I

TELEVISION faces a critical year. Until now the question has been how fast television would develop; and all through 1948 the answer came that it would develop so fast that velocity itself would have an effect on the quality of entertainment, for television was skipping all the slow transitional states; instead of being developed, it was being inflated. During the same period an upheaval took place in both radio and the movies. The movies went down not only in their balance sheets; they lost initiative and became less important than radio, even to the point of trying to buy themselves a position in the entertainment field by acquiring one of the networks. In radio itself, a series of spectacular financial moves by CBS dislodged NBC from its long tenure as the dominant force in broadcasting.

The movies had failed to hold their audiences because almost their entire product was directed at a single group, the young and immature. The whole structure of a radio network was shaken when two or three programs of a single type were removed — indicating that broadcasting also was concentrating its attention far too much on satisfying only a few interests. Coming into its own after the weaknesses of other mass media have been exposed, television has the great opportunity of becoming a fully integrated medium of commerce, communication, and diversion. The parallel danger is that it will be hurried and overextended, and will be used as a weapon in the war between rival networks and in the greater struggle between radio and the movies for control of the world of entertainment.

The brief past of television offers little that is useful in predicting the future. Its normal development was first checked by the war and then enormously accelerated by the wartime developments in the field of electronics. When the expected post-war recession failed to arrive, the Federal Com-

munications Commission gave television an open field by assigning to it certain frequencies and encouraging commercial exploitation of the medium.

The FCC did not set up rules governing the quality of programs, but by the method of indirection it had a profound effect in that area. Television, like radio, must operate with due regard to "public necessity, convenience, and interest"; and in the public interest, the FCC ruled that the holder of a commercial license must transmit at specified times, for a given number of hours per week.

These requirements grow stiffer at the end of the first eighteen months of transmission; after three years on the air, a commercial licensee must transmit seven days a week and not less than twenty-eight hours. Actually, where there is competition, most stations feel obliged to stay on the air longer than the FCC compels them to.

The cost of equipment is high, upkeep is difficult, and day-to-day operations of a television studio seem inordinately expensive to those familiar with the easy arrangements of radio. Licensees naturally looked for popular programs to attract sponsors and for cheap programs to fill the unsponsored time. Decrepit old film was the cheapest filler, and for popularity there was always sport. Then a sort of benevolent spiral began: the sponsors came in; the audiences increased, and not for sports only; the sale of receivers boomed; more sponsors were attracted and more applications for licenses poured in; so that at the end of 1948, less than eighteen months after the FCC had established technical standards which were supposed to last for many years, the Commission had to call a halt while it looked for new air-space to accommodate "a truly nation-wide competitive system."

By 1950 there will be some 400 stations in operation or licensed, in 140 metropolitan areas, connected by regional if not transcontinental coaxial

cable (or by relay stations or by spectacular re-broadcasting from aeroplanes, the "stratovision" method of overcoming the natural barriers to transmission on the very high frequencies). Even in a few months the regular television audience will number four million people.

Of the million sets around which these spectators will sit or stand, more than half will be recent sales; and if we know why the sets are bought, we can get a fairly clear idea of what television is promising, for sets are bought to receive actual programs, not the pious aesthetic hopes of chairmen of the board; and these programs are represented in the advertisements by the pictures shown on the screens of the various models.

In a special supplement of the *New York Times* last summer, 51 receivers were shown in advertisements (manufacturers, retailers, broadcasters); on the 51 screens, the little images showed

- 21 sports events
- 13 light entertainment
- 5 cultural entertainment
- 4 spot news (of which 3 were political)
- 3 movie shots

The rest were scattered; among them were a televised radio program and, under the caption "Educational," a woman demonstrating cookery.

That same week the television stations in New York City were on the air for 130 hours, of which 36 were movies. There were several dramas, children's programs that included a very successful puppet show, much music, a serial trying hard to be soap opera, some quizzes made especially for television, and some vaudeville acts held together by a master of ceremonies. Of the 94 hours of live programs, *more than half were given over to sport.*

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THIS program pattern hasn't varied significantly in the past half year. It is probable that the dominant types for the next ten years are being created, and the first thing to notice is how much of the television schedule consists of events primarily intended for an audience which has paid its way into a stadium or concert hall or opera house, or is in the theaters where radio's comedy and participation shows are produced. Another large section of the schedule consists of programs which virtually duplicate material used elsewhere — certain vaudeville acts, demonstrations of cookery, and the like. In all of these, television is a remarkable recorder and transmitter; its creative energies lie elsewhere.

Although sports take up an inordinate amount of time on the schedule and are important because of the large saloon audience, the home viewers give their preference to plays, vaudeville, and participation shows. Plays are very expensive and usually consist of hour-long adaptations of second-rate

works (the first-rate ones, having been sold to the movies, are usually not available for television). All the ingenuity of directors is needed to overcome space limitations and the lumbering obstinacy of the equipment. The results rate *A* for effort but there is little room for creativeness when the major effort is either to come as close as possible to the stage original or to pretend that for \$5000 an hour you can produce the equivalent of a movie which costs more than \$15,000 a minute.

Participation shows, when they are genuinely spontaneous, turn out well — quizzes, forfeits, charades, and the like. They are better on television than elsewhere, but the faintest suspicion of preparation, the slightest sense that anyone is ill-at-ease, can be fatal. There is room for faking in television, but not in the participation show. The "planted" contestant can add a few laughs, but in the end he harms the program irretrievably.

Vaudeville is good program material. Television gives the spectator a better view of marionettes, acrobats, trick and ballet dancers, ventriloquists, and all animal acts. But good material does not in itself guarantee good programs. Vaudeville needs some sort of framework to be exactly right for the intimacy of the home; and the framework chosen in 1949 is the one used in the last dying days of vaudeville at the old Palace Theatre some twenty years ago: the high-powered, quick-talking "personality" MC. It is of course easier to hire a personality than to invent a form appropriate to the medium; but television will not get very far on the false premise that Milton Berle is a better comedian than Lou Holtz.

It is to be expected that television would be derivative — every new form of popular art borrows from its predecessors; but it is surprising that mere inventiveness should have been so feeble. Nearly everything now on the air was tried or planned five years ago, and in several respects current programs lag behind those of the last days of the war.

News was visualized and animated in many ways and never dwindled into a sound-track for film shots. An art program worked out in conjunction with the Metropolitan Museum was foretelling an integrated combination of telecasting and museum techniques. Documentaries (one made with the coöperation of the Encyclopædia Britannica's film unit) were recognized as an accepted part of the program schedule. And with insufficient money, with cumbersome equipment, beset by labor shortages and Petrillo's veto on music, several studios still managed to feel their way toward basic forms which were television and nothing else. Unable to afford "personality" MC's and great acts, they concentrated on finding a proper framework for vaudeville. They discovered a style of acting suitable to their drama, and some startling devices within their electronic controls. Because they had virtually no audience, they were not compelled to look for universal appeal.

In one other respect, television has slipped below the standards of 1945. In its formative years, television wasn't rich enough to be dishonest. By 1949 the integrity of television as a reporter of news was already compromised. It hadn't yet given out false bulletins, but its capacity to falsify was apparent; and also apparent was the lack of standards and ethics which would make falsification impossible. During the political conventions John Crosby of the *Herald Tribune* caught the NBC-Life combination staging a dramatic scene (the seceding Southern Democrats flinging away their badges) and presenting it as a spontaneous gesture. "It was," wrote Mr. Crosby, "a very effective shot and also, like many things in television, just a little phony."

3

WE SEEM to be watching, for the hundredth time, the traditional development of an American art-enterprise: an incredible ingenuity in the mechanism, great skill in the production techniques — and stale, unrewarding, contrived, and imitative banality for the total result. It is almost as if the television industry had already abdicated its function as a creator of entertainment and were waiting for someone else to pump a blood stream through its arteries.

Two groups are already in action, outside of the studios, working on programs. Sponsors and their advertising agents are planning programs on paper. They have no studios, no cameras and monitors, to make experiments; and they have been hampered by a tradition of the studios: the final direction of a television show, the actual use of the cameras and the selection of shots to be transmitted, must be in the hands of an employee of the studio. No outsider can control the process which gives a television program the final stamp of quality and style.

Within a few years, studios for auditions and for recording programs will be available and this restrictive practice of the stations will be broken up. At the moment, it tends to deliver the sponsors into the hands of the second program group — the package merchants. Most of them work on film, several of them making series of dramatic shorts or novelties in Hollywood; and some are working in New York putting on programs similar to those produced by the networks. There are some good names announced: Robert Capa and John Steinbeck; John Kieran; Ilka Chase describing French cookery; Elsa Maxwell; Ronald Colman narrating and acting in twenty-six shorts by Charles Dickens. There are possibilities here; and if the end-product still looks and sounds a bit like travelogues and educational shorts, with a bit of dramatic art here and there, the great value lies in presenting competition for the radio-controlled studios.

Newspapers, manufacturers of television equipment, hotel owners, cattle and oil men in the West,

publishers, movie-theater owners, individuals, and *ad hoc* groups are either in the business or planning to come in. With no traditions of entertainment, these stations can undermine the others (and the movies, of course) by transmitting programs which appeal to the mind and to the emotions at the lowest possible levels. Here is a sample of a day's schedule on WPIX (owned by the powerful *Daily News* of New York): news, a children's program, comic strips, phonograph records, more news, jazz music, and a baseball game taking up as much time as all the other items put together.

A slight improvement in the quality of these items, the addition of a quiz or a huge giveaway program, careful attention to a host of local interests, could make this sort of schedule attractive enough to cut into the audiences of the stations presenting theater and music and documentary. Sponsors would shy away from the costs of these more impressive programs, and schedules would lean more and more heavily on the least desirable items. Television would then become a mass medium in the current meaning of the term.

The alternative is still possible: television is peculiarly adapted for appealing simultaneously to various levels of interest, to people in all their complex groupings, to the many minorities. It does not have to appeal exclusively to the mass. It can create a total program schedule which will be at the same time popular and democratic. (The terms are not synonymous, nor incompatible.) For television exists at several levels, and can combine the two great powers, *actuality* and *imagination*.

The fact that television can transmit actuality is of prime psychological importance. It invites us to "the contemplation of things as they are"; it sets us on the way to maturity. So far, actuality has consisted of sports and politics, but we have just begun. Here is the most challenging opportunity for the new medium (and inevitably, the natural field for chicane and deceit and the undue influence we call propaganda). The creation of new techniques for handling news, for documentaries, for visualization of commentary, is a problem for technicians. The essential thing is to determine that television will satisfy the deep human desire to look, at times, on the face of reality. Once that is done, the inane laugh for which our mass media compete will never entirely dominate television.

Between actuality and imagination lies an intermediate field in which television operates easily and successfully: the field of vaudeville and novelty shows and participations. It presents only problems of taste. The temptation to exploit people, to make them do foolish things for the gratification of others, is great. The good side is the heartening way in which people, when they aren't badgered, come over in television, the whole character shining, the truth about them palpably delivered to us.

In the third area, that of the imagination, tele-

vision is just beginning the essential process of self-exploration which every form of entertainment must go through, shedding its borrowed finery and learning to use its own best qualities. The movies, for instance, developed the old slapstick comedy and the gangster melodrama. Radio created both the poetic documentary and the daytime serial.

In its self-exploration, television may find a surprising answer to the problem of the dramatic production, taking us far from the double bastardy of a stage play masquerading as a movie and called a teledrama. Some of the current dramatic productions seem to be pushing forward a little, breaking through formal barriers. It is quite possible that the stage does not offer the most suitable material. Certainly the happiest field for trying out the techniques which make television unique will be the short story or the continued story.

Serials are as natural to television as to radio; soap opera, in radio's current version, is only a debased example of an excellent form which television can adapt to its own uses, getting hints from Charles Dickens, and *The Arabian Nights*, and the "family" series in the movies, and radio's cliff-hangers. The purist may shrink from the thought of small chopped installments of the classics, but the serial is better adapted to the actual conditions of listening than an hour-long condensation of a masterpiece originally intended to be read in a week.

Wherever he finds his material, the television director will have to give it specific form. The discovery of this form will be a turning point in the course of television as a popular art. (There were such turning points in the movies: "The Great Train Robbery" was the first, "The Birth of a Nation" the second, and probably "Broadway Melody" the third, when sound came in. In radio, the early rise of Amos 'n' Andy was a decisive moment because it was then that Americans became conscious of the fact that radio was important to them.) When the right form is found, public recognition of the imaginative side of television will be as heartfelt as the present satisfaction in sport.

For instance, the basic rhythm of an acted fiction (from the stage or the printed page) is complex. It consists of the movement of the actor in relation to others on the stage, and of all the actors in relation to the approach, withdrawal, and angling of the cameras; and these two movements are related to the cutting from one camera to another. The rhythm which appropriately combines these three beats will be totally different from that of the theater or the movies and it will give television a character of its own to which the audience will instantly, unconsciously respond. The moment

that happens, writers will create new materials because the new medium will have found itself.

I mention this aesthetic detail because ultimately the way television tells its story will have some effect on the stories it chooses to tell; the development of a cutting tempo different from the excessively short takes of the movies will also influence the choice of stories.

Assuming that the programs now current will set the types for several years to come, we can note the more promising developments. Even if the hour-long drama, taken from the theater, is not an ideal vehicle, the capacity to handle a large number of players, in several settings, over a considerable period of time, is essential, and both the Philco Theatre and Studio One have made steady progress here. Actors Studio has used short stories for its originals, and thus has broken with the theater, but continues to use stage directors, since they work well in the framework of television.

In the field of variety there is no question that the style set by Milton Berle will be copied, because it is successful; he has the brashness and the ease of a professional entertainer at a smoker. The competition given by Arthur Godfrey may have a good effect, for Godfrey is the country boy unaware that he has strayed in front of the camera — an illusion revealing as much natural skill as Berle's characterization. There is still room for the kind of variety show which does not depend on an MC.

The failure of television to create a successful quiz show is puzzling. The reason is that producers have worried about format and novelties and have forgotten that the television camera becomes passionately absorbed in human beings. Capitalizing on this quality, Helen Parkhurst's "Child's World," reworked from its radio original, is an important success; and so are discussion programs when the character of the disputants comes through.

It is possible that television will prosper because it handles sports better than any other medium can, brings puppets to the young and Westerns to the weary, and provides welcome cookery and shopping hints; and all these have a legitimate place in the program schedule. To hope for more is merely to indicate confidence in the medium — confidence that there is the capacity in television to fulfill a great variety of needs. The important thing is the orientation — away from the fallacy of the mass audience and toward a great communication and entertainment medium in a democratic society. The decision rests with management, but every worker in the field and every critic outside it can contribute something, by divining all the remarkable potentialities of this new instrument and by seeing that its powers are not wasted.

This discussion will be continued in the April Atlantic with our publication of "Television: The Inside View" by Charles C. Barry, Vice President in Charge of Television for the American Broadcasting Company.



An Atlantic Story



This is the second story the Atlantic has published by W. B. READY. In writing to us about his work, he said: "As for myself, I am thirty-four, a Cardiff Irishman who married a Canadian girl overseas. We have two sons, Patrick and Vincent. I am teaching History at the University of Minnesota and working for my Ph.D., and am also connected with the English department at the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul. I hope one day to write a novel on the Canadian West that will compare with The Big Sky."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE AFTERNOON

by W. B. READY

ALL for tripping a wing, Scrammy Ryan had to leave his native land and flee to Iowa, where he is as safe as he can be from the wrath of the men of Coonakilty. Scrammy is an old man now, a dignified, shy, retiring little bit of a man, and to look at him nobody would ever know that he is entering the legend of Ireland, where his fame will be as secure in West Cork as that of Finn MacCool or Sean Tracy. The children of his native township of Barryowen learn of his great exploit from the old people, as they sit wide-eyed around the glowing turf fire of an evening, listening as they hear tell of Cuchulain, the Hound of Ulster, of Red Hugh O'Donnell, who is buried in Spain, and of Grania of the shining bosom, the snowy-breasted pearl. Scrammy, still living, is talked of along with these long-dead creatures. In Coonakilty, too, his name is often mentioned, and is included in the curses of the old crones, along with the names of Oliver Cromwell and David Lloyd George, which is a high measure of fame indeed for a man who runs the elevator in the only hotel in a little Midwest town.

As the children who are hearing the story now will grow up and scatter, leaving their homely places, as most young Irish do, to seek fame and fortune in the green fields of America, they will bring the story with them, and their children's children will pass it on to a Western world, so that Scrammy's fame may even penetrate into Iowa in the years to come. The elevator which he pilots up and down, these days, may even have a panel inscribed to him in some future year: *Scrammy Ryan found a refuge here, after tripping the wing of Coona-*

kilty. He might even attain the distinction of having a brand of whiskey named after him, and the Dublin Players might even include a play about him in their repertoire, in blank verse, along with their plays of Cathleen ni Houlihan and the Croppy Boy.

Scrammy's fame is secure, but because the years may distort the story it is well to recount it now, before the Barryowen people glorify it too much or the Coonakilty folk, by their vituperation, turn it into a lampoon.

Until that day, that fateful day, March 17, 1903, Scrammy was just one of the lads of the village. He would never be noticed in a crowd of more than three. There was nothing about him to show the glory that was impending, the glory that was to be his before that day was done. The great day started quietly. The Coonakilty team, with their supporters, arrived about eleven in the morning, and while the supporters started to belt the bottle, the playing men swaggered down the main street, flexing their muscles, laughing scornfully with one another over the idea that these Barryowen jackeens could constitute a threat to their supremacy.

Every year the four townships of Barryowen, Coonakilty, Ballygunnion, and Slievduddy played one another at football. If any team managed to beat the other three teams, it was awarded the Triple Crown, a wonderful award that didn't exist in actuality, but was an imaginary trophy that was very rarely won. So keen was the competition that when Coonakilty had played Slievduddy on the previous Boxing Day, and the football had been torn to pieces, neither team paused at all, but went right on with the game with flying fists, until Con

Leary had time from his shouting to blow up another one.

The game between Coonakilty and Barryowen was the last of the series. Both teams had beaten the other two. The Triple Crown was to be won by one of them upon that St. Patrick's Day, and there was a deep undercurrent of excitement throughout West Cork as to which team was going to be victorious. So intense was the excitement that the *Skibbereen Eagle* had sent a special correspondent down to report upon the struggle, and had supplied him with carrier pigeons so that he could air-mail his dispatch to the waiting metropolis.

The game that these townships played bore a cursory and superficial resemblance to Rugby football. There were fifteen men on either side, and they could pick up the ball and run with it, but it was only the boldest of men that would venture to do so. The four townships had introduced variations of their own into the game. The only thing that was really frowned upon was to use some artificial implement, other than the boot or the heavy brass rings, with which to induce an opponent to give ground. The ball spent most of the ninety minutes of play in the midst of the thirty players who fought in close formation to get to one end of the field or the other, and when they had reached it they would fall exhausted on the ball until their supporters could intimidate the referee into admitting that they had crossed their opponents' line.

The football teams were the heroes of their parishes and townships. As might be expected, they were picked more for their battling quality in solid slugging than for their dexterity in handling a ball. Sometimes a team would include a foot-runner, who would shiver on the wing except for once or twice in a game, when a bullet-headed and scarred co-player would sneak out of the melee with the ball hidden under his jersey and pass it to the fleet one, who would then run for the opponents' line like the hammers of hell, with the whole fifteen of the opposition giving tongue and chasing him when they discovered how they had been deceived. The fury of his pursuers so unnerved Tommy Mulcahy a few years previously that he didn't stop when he got to the goal line, but ran straight on with the ball under his arm until he dropped panting in his mother's cabin in Loughnabreda, four miles away from the game.

The game had developed over the centuries and the Church had begun to make it Christian by dropping a ball amid the battling heroes. It was very rarely that men died as a result of the games, but there were always a few punchies around the district, who were treated with the consideration that is given to afflicted by a God-fearing people, especially when the affliction is the result of fighting the good fight.

Scrammy was strictly a supporter, and he was never too vociferous a one. One could never tell if

one were standing by friend or foe, and some of the other township supporters would as soon brain a rival with an empty bottle as look at him. Indeed, Scrammy's brother Jim had been a little queer ever since he shouted "Up Barryowen!" at the wrong time and in the wrong place five years previously. Not that there was really anything the matter with Jim, except that he shouted "Up Barryowen!" all the time since, and seemed to have forgotten all the other fine conversational phrases that he used to have. So Scrammy was always a wee bit cautious before he let loose with his encouragement. It seems that all the great heroic deeds come from men like Scrammy, who up to the very deed never seem to have nerve enough to say "Boo!" to a goose.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the town of Barryowen was filled to overflowing. The beer shops in O'Connell Street were jammed to the doors, and foaming pints of porter were passed out over the heads of people to the crowds standing in the streets. All the adjacent townships had come into Barryowen for the game, forsaking their own Paddy's Day celebrations in order to see the bloody murder that was due to start at half-past three on the Parish Field, behind Township School.

The old priest, Father Mullins, God rest his soul, would never let the game be played there, because it was hallowed ground, but the new priest, God bless him, never tried to stop them. He told the organizers to go right ahead, only they had to charge a shilling a head to cover the expenses, and pass the plate around at half-time for the Church Building Fund.

2

JUST before the game was due to start, there was a crowd of about ten thousand people gathered around the pitch. Parky Cleary had got a tent up, and had the concession to sell porter on the field. The Sons of Erin fife and drum band screamed away at one end of the field, while the Hibernian pipers marched up and down the pitch playing strictly impartial tunes like "Soul of My Saviour" and "The Canadian Boat Song." The bookmakers had their stands up, and were shouting the odds, which were seven to five on Barryowen, it being their home ground.

Behind the hedge there was a bit of cockfighting going on, and Owen Downey, with drink taken, was offering to fight any man in West Cork for a stake of five pounds, there and then. The local constabulary had decided to take in a convention at Cork for that day — it were better so; and the military had a flying squad sitting in the wagons at the barracks just in case the natural excitement of the day should start off an uprising. It was a lovely day, the weather was tailored for the occasion.

The two teams shouldered their way through the

crowd and onto the field. The Coonakilty team had used the Dolphin Hotel for their changing quarters, while Barryowen had changed in the humbler Mooney's Bar. While the home team wore their well-known saffron jerseys, with the green shamrocks over the hearts, Coonakilty had come out with a glorious new regalia of clean jerseys hooped in orange, white, and green. They even had numbers on the back of them. There was not much to choose between the teams as they stood glowering at one another while poor Mr. O'Neil, the referee, kept them waiting while he got back another large whiskey at the rear of Parky Cleary's tent to keep his courage up. The air was tense; silence had descended on the crowd as they waited for the whistle to blow.

Mr. O'Neil blew a faltering blast, and with a scream Spike Leahy kicked off for Coonakilty. A foolhardy Barryowen forward tried to gather the ball. Before he could get it away from himself the enemy was on him howling, and the issue was joined. The thud could be heard for acres as the two teams crashed into each other. The mothers praying in their cabins flinched, and the fathers licked their lips and swallowed dry. Both teams were locked in a flailing combat, except for a little foot-runner whom Coonakilty had brought with them in case there was a chance of a stealthy run.

The crowd was so packed that they were standing right upon the lines of the field of play. Scrammy himself, jammed among his own supporters—he had seen to that—was hovering on the touchline. Within a quarter of an hour it became evident to everyone that this game was to be the battle of the century.

The teams swayed back and fore across the field; up and down they fought their way, with the ball in the middle of them, never quite making either end of the field. The soft Irish turf became as churned up as a farmyard midden, and the teams were almost unrecognizable from one another, so covered were they with mud and blood and spittle, with their jerseys torn, their hair all matted, and their grunts and their staring eyes, their bruised faces, and their sagging bodies making them all appear alike except to the initiated.

When the first half of the game was over, and the battlers sucked their lemons and were wiped off by the bucket boys, the spectators looked at one another and shook their heads in silent delight. This was a game for the record. It was a memorable occasion and the crowd realized it, not even leaving their places at half-time to go to Cleary's, lest they miss one precious minute of the second half. While this Homeric struggle was proceeding their women-folk were shopping downtown, for this was strictly a man's spectacle, but the women cast many an uneasy glance up to Parish Field, for the great noise and the even greater silence told them that great things were portending.

3

THE second half began with a rush and a roar. The brief interval had worked wonders for the team, and the battle went on as ferociously as ever. Scrammy was sweating with excitement by this time, and had even essayed a timid howl when he knew that it would be smothered in an enveloping roar from the crowd. The little foot-runner from Coonakilty was so hopping with excitement that he had actually tried to get into the fray, only to come whizzing out of it like a cork from a bottle when he did try.

It seemed as if men could not keep up the pace so long, but the battle, now become silent and dour, went on and on, with no score, until only ten minutes were left for play. Then, when the Barryowen team were battling right on the enemy's goal line, Spike Leahy, the Coonakilty captain, staggered out of the scrum with the ball under his oxters and lobbed it to the little foot-runner, who hared up the field with it.

There was a stunned moment of silence before the crowd roared out a warning to the Barryowen team, who looked up from their pummeling to find that their fleet fresh enemy was nearly halfway up the field and going like a steam engine. With a bellow the Barryowen team started after him like a stamping herd, but it was hopeless from the start. So confident was the Coonakilty pedestrian that he slowed down to a gallop, and even took time off to look behind him, and therein was his undoing, for as he did so Scrammy Ryan put his foot out and tripped him.

Scrammy Ryan, the mouse of Barryowen, put his foot out and tripped the foot-runner, in full view of the field.

Mr. O'Neil blew a blast on his whistle, a silence descended, except for the gasping of the pedestrian, and the full magnitude of the occasion burst on Scrammy and on the Coonakilty men at the same time. With a terrified lunge Scrammy pushed back through the crowd as at the same moment seven of the Coonakilty forwards began to tear their way through the spectators to get him. They threw grown men over their shoulders, so eager were they to get their hands and feet on Scrammy. The crowd remained passive. The situation was too big for it. Then, as Scrammy broke clear of the crowd the Coonakilty pack gave tongue. They were clear too, and Scrammy was only about fifty yards nearer the gate than they were.

Fear gave Scrammy wings. Some say he went so quickly past them that the wind ruffled their clothes. Anyway, he was halfway down O'Connell Street before the seven Coonakilty avengers, all torn and bloodied in their football rig, came storming out of the gate behind him, leaving in their wake an awe-struck crowd, a depleted Coonakilty team all jibbering with rage, an apprehensive referee, and a cool and grinning team of Barryowen.

Fleur Driscoll, the Barryowen captain, was a crafty, foxy, red-haired man. He went up to the nonplused O'Neil, the referee, and insisted that the game go on. Dusk was falling, the protests of Spike Leahy and the remainder of the Coonakilty team were of no avail, and the game went on. Spike did nothing with his penalty kick, and Barryowen began to cross the Coonakilty line at will. They scored sixty points before the final whistle blew. Coonakilty staggered off the field broken men. They looked wildly around, hoping to God that their supporters would start something, but they seemed far away, straining, listening, with the rest of the silent crowd.

Players and spectators all stayed silent, listening. Then, from afar off, came a thin scream, from beyond O'Connell Street. It sounded something like the noise a rabbit makes when it is caught by a badger. But they all knew that this was no rabbit scream, but the voice of Scrammy Ryan in his agony as he turned at bay outside the Emporium window. Then there was a crash of glass, and silence. All the men slowly took off their hats, and the teams slowly wended their way to their changing quarters.

There was no celebration in Barryowen that night. The Coonakilty men and the men from the other townships went away, and left Barryowen to its grief. Barryowen had won the Triple Crown, but Scrammy was a bitter price to pay for it. "Holy God," said Driscoll, emotionally, as the team quaffed their porter mournfully in Mooney's. "Holy God, if it was one of us it wouldn't matter at all, but that poor wee mouse Scrammy. He must have loved Barryowen."

They dragged the river, but they couldn't find Scrammy's corpse, and Father Muldoon, despite their pleading, refused to have a funeral without one. The town felt cheated of these last rites, so they had a grand concert, with the proceeds of which they hoped to provide for poor Jim Ryan, who was left bereft, now that Scrammy had gone. Jim's "Up Barryowen!" had become more constant since Scrammy had passed away, and the mournful sound of it was like a knell to the people of Barryowen.

A special meeting of the Four Townships' Football Club was held, and a letter was read from the Bishop condemning the plays and forbidding

them in future. Actually the Bishop was delighted with the opportunity to put a ban on the pagan festival, but his letter included a prayer for poor Scrammy, and roundly castigated the Coonakilty men, to the open joy of the other three townships.

Then, when it seemed to be all over, and Barryowen was left as perpetual owner of the Triple Crown, a public subscription was opened in Barryowen, and an actual triple crown was bought, something like the Pope's hat, and on it was inscribed: *The Triple Crown, won by Barryowen in perpetuity, from all comers.* Coonakilty was in disgrace, and Barryowen was riding high. All their triumph was put in jeopardy, however, by a postcard that Fleur Driscoll got at the post office. It was a colored card of the City of Cork, and scrawled on it was "I'm here. S.R." Fleur Driscoll swore quietly, then grinned, and closing the post office went around to tell the rest of the town.

The news had to be kept quiet, because Coonakilty, to stop the Bishop's nattering, was on the point of putting up a stained-glass window to Scrammy in the procathedral hall. In spite of the pledges to secrecy that he obtained, all Barryowen had Fleur Driscoll's news before the day was out. Father Muldoon, a Barryowen boy himself, and the bank manager drew out Scrammy's savings from the bank and gave the whole £85 of it to Fleur with instructions to buy Scrammy a ticket, an £85 ticket, and told him to get Scrammy on the next boat sailing out of Cork, east or west, as long as it was going far. That's how Scrammy came to Iowa.

The Coonakilty men didn't get the news until the window was erected "by the sorrowing citizens of Coonakilty," and they couldn't convince the Bishop of the story. The people of Barryowen and Ballygunnion and Slievduddy just rocked with delight when they heard the story of Scrammy's scrambling out of the river, all cut with glass, and bruised and wet, and how he sneaked out of town in terror. It didn't make his feat any the less memorable, and it made even greater fools out of Coonakilty.

In Barryowen simple old Jim Ryan still calls out "Up Barryowen!" and the Coonakilty people wince when they hear it still; and in Iowa, in the Middle West, Scrammy pilots his purring craft up and down, and remembers his great day, the excitement, the impulse, the terror, and the glory of it.



Normal?

Sam at fourteen stood 5 feet 10 and Sam's father was worried. "Do you think he's grown too fast? Do you think he's all right physically — is he normal?" The answer comes from J. ROSWELL GALLAGHER, who took his M.D. from Yale and who, after his internship, began to devote himself to the study of adolescents. Since 1934 he has been the school doctor at Phillips Academy, Andover. Readers will remember his article "Can't Spell, Can't Read," in the Atlantic for June, 1943.

THERE IS NO AVERAGE BOY

by J. ROSWELL GALLAGHER, M.D.

1

SAM had only just passed his fourteenth birthday but he weighed 150 pounds, was 5 feet 10 inches tall, and might well have shaved every day. His ninth-grade teachers complained that he seemed listless and uninterested and did not show the maturity which they felt a boy as big and as apparently grown-up should have. "You'd think he'd be a leader, but he has no sense of responsibility and he's always doing childish, silly things."

Sam's father was exasperated and his mother confused. "Do you think he's grown too fast — is he average? He seems to be tired all the time; he'll sleep for fourteen hours on a stretch. He won't listen to us and he won't tell us anything — he's polite about it, he just won't talk. We can't let him go to parties fit for seventeen-year-olds and he won't go to parties his classmates give. You ought to see the walls of his room — just covered with Petty pictures — really, Doctor, for a boy of his age! It seems as though he resents every suggestion we make. I wish he either weren't so big or had more sense. Do you think he's all right physically — is he normal?"

Billy lived down the street from Sam. He had been brought up in a similar fashion — their parents had about the same interests, they had attended the same grammar school, had been fed about the same kind of food, belonged to the same church and the same Scout troop. But at sixteen Billy weighed only 115 pounds, was only 5 feet 4 inches tall, and although a little fuzz had recently begun to appear, had no real excuse for shaving. Until his third year in high school, he had been a model boy. His marks had been very good, his behavior faultless. And then in his third year his marks fell off, he seemed preoccupied, inattentive, less willing to participate. He quit the swimming squad — though swimming was a sport which he had always liked and in which he had excelled. At home he became very uncommunicative, was less willing to enter into family gatherings and to meet the family's friends. Parties he dodged.

Billy's mother didn't get much help from his teachers: "He's such a nice boy; there can't be much of anything wrong with him; maybe he needs a tonic." That thought at least had the virtue of getting him to the doctor; and after the inevitable "Do you think he's overdoing? Could it be his glands — you know I take thyroid? Do you think he gets enough sleep?" the doctor got mamma out, asked Billy to strip, and then settled back to wait until Billy's tears subsided. Billy was normal enough but his growth and development had proceeded at a less rapid rate than usual — a reasonable source of unhappiness and anxiety for a boy.

Sam and Billy aren't average, but they *are* normal. They are relatively common examples of the fact that adolescents vary tremendously in the rate and manner of their growth and development. Some at fourteen look like, and occasionally behave like, adults (usually in unacceptable ways). Others at sixteen have the scholastic capacity of their age group, the gonadal development of twelve-year-olds, and an accompanying fear that they are doomed to be abnormal. No one ever did adolescents a greater disservice than the person who initiated the idea that there is an average weight, or height, or grade level in school for any age; or that there is an average age at which boys should take responsibility, drive cars, stay out late, or shave.

The average weight of one group of schoolboys was found to be 127 pounds, but the range in weight of these boys from 80 to 199 pounds is the important fact. There were many who did not even approximate the average weight, yet there were none who were "abnormal." Height tables, weight tables, and growth graphs all have their place and uses, but to evaluate a youngster's growth or health on the basis of these devices, to regard a number on a chart or a dot on a graph as a diagnosis instead of a fact, is to develop anxiety both in boys already fearful lest they be "different" and in mothers who are always comparing their Tom with Cousin Kate's invariably perfect son.

A boy can be well and happy and turn out to be a very fine adult even though he weighs less than the average, has "grown six inches in the last year," or doesn't seem to be "in the groove" on the chart his teacher is keeping. This optimism isn't born of indifference; it is based on the fact that real abnormalities (that is, those which are not due to hereditary or dietary factors) of growth are very uncommon.

It is sensible to be interested in whether a boy is growing and gaining and maturing; but neither the rate of his growing nor whether he is "average" at that moment is of any significance: the most and best you can do about these matters is to give him food and affection. Don't worry or cause him to worry. If he is thin, feed him; if he is fat, hope that he will learn that he needs less food; if he seems too mature before thirteen or not to be maturing by sixteen, send him to your doctor.

Growth or malnutrition or obesity is not unimportant, but too much interest and faith in tables and graphs breeds oversolicitude and anxiety. It is better to upset the scales than to upset the home. At long last we seem to be learning that there is neither an ideal nor an average time for the baby to start eating his spinach or stop wetting his pants, that too much effort at routine and regimentation does more harm than good. Recently that wise pediatrician, Dr. Edith Jackson, by allowing mother and baby to "room-in" together in the hospital, recognized that affection is at least as important as immunizations, that man's emotions are as important as his body.

In adolescence as in infancy, it is family relationships which are the significant factor: these boys want to feel that security, affection, confidence in them, are there. Their apparent indifference and their awkward steps toward independence are deceptive indicators of their inner needs and feelings. There is no quicker way to rob them of security than through oversolicitude, nagging, constant critical appraisal, and too frequent comparison either with the chart or a neighbor's son.

Billy and Sam baffled their parents and teachers not because they were abnormal but because their parents and teachers wanted them to be *average* (which is too often confused with *normal*) and were judging and treating them in a manner they believed suitable and convenient in the management of "average boys." But Sam's height and weight and whiskers were three years ahead of his age, and unfortunately the hormones which produced this early growth had neither eliminated his childish love of horseplay nor instilled powers of leadership as awe-inspiring as his beard. Nor had Billy's hormones, whose inactivity kept him at fourteen although he had passed his sixteenth birthday, allowed an orderly, average development of his body, personality, and interests.

Lawrence Frank has aptly compared the rate

at which different children approach adulthood to various types of transportation all headed for the same destination: "some by airplane, some by Twentieth Century Limited, others by bus, some by water, some by hitch-hiking, and others trudging along on foot." They will *all* get there — that is the important fact. Their time of arrival, their condition on arrival, whether they go speedily or slowly — these are simply expressions of their environment and of their inherent differences. It is worth remembering, too, that a boy may change from one type of vehicle to another when one least suspects it: growth may lie dormant or take a tremendous spurt. There is a wide range within which physical and intellectual and personality attributes are normal, and each individual will proceed according to his own rate and within a pattern determined by his own constitution and heredity.

2

THE desire to know what the average is, to want your boy to be average (except, of course, in those fields where to excel is "good"), is understandable. It makes for fewer problems, less confusion in the home and in the classroom; "a good, average boy" is "no trouble." How a teacher beams when he has a boy who "catches on fast," is cooperative and responsible, who doesn't need to be "led out" — in short, hardly needs to be educated! Nature — genetics if you will — has been more farsighted and has furnished us with many people who, although varying from the statistical norms, have added joy and progress to the world of the "average" man. Many mothers will cautiously admit that "Eddie seems to be a little below average," but few have the wisdom and humor to add "but then, most people are."

Essential is the concept of constitution, the concept that differences in shape and size and rate of maturing are genetically determined. We all know families whose sons seem to be slow in growing up, and others whose sons mature early — or families in which the children are fat, while in others they are tall and thin. These are facts beyond the boys' control — are individual differences, one of which is neither better nor worse than the other.

To treat the mature boy in the same manner as the immature, to expose one to the same educational program, the same athletics, the same responsibilities as the other, is to ignore the effect which individual differences have upon achievement — is to neglect the universal need for a little praise, a little approbation, and a little success on the one hand and the benefits of a little censure and adversity on the other.

Along with the obvious differences in physique and level of maturity go differences in social and intellectual interests, control of emotions, quality

of judgment. If the stocky, heavy-bearded lad fails to smile and the narrow-shouldered lad in the next seat giggles, it is more natural than wise to approve one and condemn the other; neither behavior was either good or bad — both boys were behaving in a manner natural to their level of maturity, were perhaps trying in an awkward way *not* to reveal the level of their true maturity. It is easy to understand the teacher or parent who complains "I wish he'd grow up," but it is unfortunate that the lad is so frequently criticized for being his own real age. It is the rare boy who doesn't want to grow up — who doesn't want to behave in an adult fashion — but anything as sudden and as screamingly funny as his teacher about to fall flat on his face is too much for the thin veneer of adulthood he has striven so hard to achieve. A rowdy this month may next month view with disgust and alarm (lacking the still more adult perspective and sense of humor) his classmates' uproarious behavior at the movies.

Sam's mother asked if his height was average. It wasn't — and only a small percentage of boys at any age have the "average" height for that age. If one were to study large groups of boys of different nationalities, of differing economic status, of differing nutritional backgrounds, a variety of average figures for height and weight and other measurements would be found. Such factors are not pertinent to this discussion; it is sufficient for this purpose only to consider data applying to American boys who have had the advantage of good food and good care. It is the wide range of any of these characteristics in any group, and the fact that all these boys are *normal*, which I wish to emphasize. Those who are quick to see endocrine disorders where there are in reality only constitutional differences may only be fostering in the boy the idea that he is abnormal.

Only one per cent of a group of fourteen-year-old boys fell at the average height, 66.8 inches, for that group, and only 22 per cent of the group fell within one inch of that average. All were normal, healthy boys even though their heights did range from 58.8 to 73.6 inches. The boy who was 73 inches tall was healthy and normal, and so was the boy whose height was 59 inches. Undoubtedly their mothers and fathers worried about their retarded or too rapid growth; and certainly both were far from average. But the important fact is that each was growing in what was for him a normal fashion; that the manner was an unusual rather than a common one might be, for one reason or another, unfortunate. Standardization may be desirable for a chain-store product, but in people as in life, variety lends charm. The average is certainly no "better," no more desirable than the unusual.

Physical maturity can be assessed by the estimate of the "skeletal age." X-rays of the hand and wrist show considerable differences; it is upon

these changes that an estimation of the "skeletal age" is based. At the age of fourteen it is desirable to assess physiological or psychological behavior in terms of the lad's state of development rather than in terms of his chronological age. Carefully analyzed data have permitted the establishment of skeletal ages based upon characteristics observable in the hand-wrist X-ray; these skeletal ages closely parallel the level of the secondary sexual characteristics, but there may be wide differences between these boys' chronological and skeletal ages. Estimation of skeletal age is based upon such findings as the extent of closure of the epiphyseal lines — the area in a bone at which growth occurs.

Would it not be well to judge the fourteen-year-old boy in terms of his skeletal age instead of complaining that he has the sense of a twelve-year-old? And to realize that another fourteen-year-old with bearded chin might legitimately have the attitudes and interests proper to his skeletal age of sixteen?

Not only in their bones and their exteriors but also in their physiology and their chemistry boys vary. At fourteen some excrete little of those hormones which influence growth and development. Small wonder that Sam and Bill may have different interests, that Bill may not be the "problem" that Sam is, that Sam has a dreadful case of acne, that Bill's skin is clear as a baby's. What a boon to peace and to understanding would be a home testing set for the assay of Junior's hormone output! It might revolutionize our understanding of his sullen moods, his preoccupation, his size, his indifference to girls, his Petty pictures, his acne. All the admonitions to "scrub your face" and the prohibition of candy — desirable as these may be lest a bad situation be made worse — may only add more friction to home machinery already short on oil.

From month to month, there may be great variations in the amount of hormone an adolescent boy excretes. In some boys the amount steadily increases in adolescence and gradually reaches and maintains an adult level; in others it is as though they went from feast to famine, from oasis to desert, but they too will eventually settle down and fairly regularly excrete relatively average amounts. Adolescents have a right to expect even, tolerant, steady behavior of adults; it must be confessed that *they* do not have to adjust to such variations in their physiology.

3

RATE and state of physical growth are a source of concern to parent and boy, but the slow development of such attributes as a sense of responsibility and an interest in studies worries both parent and teacher, and although their emergence is not as inevitable as a beard, the time at which they may

become discernible is just as unpredictable. There may be an optimum time for their appearance, but whatever the average age may be, it is surely of little significance.

"When is Tom ever going to get interested in school? All he thinks about is the jam sessions at Jimmy Ryan's, girls, and why we don't need the car as much as he does. When do boys usually get serious about school? Won't you please talk to him?"

I had no idea of the average age for a boy to get interested in school, but I found Tom a delightful conversationalist and he vastly improved my own knowledge of swing. During the next two years Tom came in to see me frequently. What he talked about is irrelevant. School was rarely mentioned. Maybe the important thing is that *he* did the talking, that he had a listener who was slow to make suggestions or give advice. Those two years of school may have satisfied those who determine the fine line between "pass" and "fail," but little else could be said for them; he was truly, in so far as academic matters were concerned, lying fallow. His parents had long since given up, and had fortunately ceased their exhortations and their half-serious threats — and then what some, who forget they are dealing with youth, call a miracle happened. Tom was in his senior year: he hadn't been near me for a month when one day he burst in, waved a list of school grades under my nose, and let go comments about his ability as a scholar.

We'll never know what did it, but here he was in a moment of supreme joy and ecstasy over what he called some "filthy marks" — this lad who never before would stoop to spend more than a minute even in deprecation of studies. The elation was quickly spent — or sophistication took over — but the academic zeal has persisted, and it is not that of a "grind": it is that of a boy with real interest in studies, of a boy now attacking them with that great store of energy which he had been saving up all those years. It doesn't always happen, but I'm sure there is no "average" age at which it should appear. Oh yes, Tom did say something about 52nd Street not being as good as it used to be, and the little girl with eyes of blue seemed less glamorous, but his interest in father's car hadn't diminished much. You can't have everything.

There is no evidence that skeletal and emotional and intellectual growth proceed at an equal rate. One can be utterly confused, and frequently disappointed, unless there is a willingness to appraise an adolescent in terms of his apparent trend rather than his present state or age. It would be easier for everyone if this were not true — if there were definite states one could reasonably expect at various chronological ages. The sad fact is that many adults refuse to look for trends, refuse to estimate

the lad's potentialities, insist on comparing him with the average and on judging him as he is. That you can't tell for sure how the cat will jump makes it no less profitable and no less fun and no less important to try to guess: adolescents are not machines — new, shiny, repulsively similar, fresh off the assembly line. They are maddening as a lazy trout, unpredictable and surprising as a land breeze — and brimming with a capacity for change which we adults have lost.

Even after a long dissertation on the turbulence of adolescence and the great differences which may exist between adolescents, I am never surprised to hear a parent say, "That's terribly interesting; but now, about Ted — do you think *he* is normal?" So help me, *every* time!

Maybe the best answer is to finish the stories of Sam and Bill: they are both adults, now normal adults. They just got there at different rates. They both have whiskers, they're both responsible, respected citizens in their college communities. Sam is married, and Bill is serious about a Vassar girl. Their sullenness, their shyness have gone — mother's cookies and father's awful stories are no longer embarrassing. Everything has worked out all right — and in a few years Sam's wife will be worrying about Junior's reticence, and Grandmother will wisely refer to him as her favorite young man.

It is easy for the outsider to know and to remember these things: it is unforgivable in him to be smug, to be impatient with the parent whose love and hopes for the youngster make statistics beyond dispute and others' experience hard to accept. Ted might be the exception, and Ted is *their* boy. These questions which have to do with growth and development are not to be answered quickly, to be shut off with a superior air. But the fears which deviation from the average engenders must be allayed; they must not be transmitted to the youngster and added to his own stockpile of anxiety. The thought that he is abnormal, that he is failing to grow properly, must be eliminated. Remember that the sort of person he is, how he feels and behaves, his attitudes and principles, his emotional stability, are of much more importance than any number assigned to his height or intelligence or state of maturation.

Parents should attempt to hide anxiety and exhibit affection. When a real acceleration or retardation of growth seems to be present, treat it objectively; without hesitation or anxiety or discussion, have it investigated. To the teacher (each of whom expends a year's supply of patience in a day) and to the parent who is losing faith in the capacity of youth to change, I can only suggest that no one, no matter how slow he was in learning to walk, ever *entered* the Yale Bowl on his hands and knees.



A Southerner born in Jackson, Mississippi, and educated at the Mississippi State College for Women, the University of Wisconsin, and Columbia, EUDORA WELTY is one of the most versatile and talented of our short-story writers. The Atlantic has published some of her best work: her Negro stories, "A Worn Path" and "Livvie Is Back" (winner of the O. Henry Award in 1942); "Powerhouse," her unforgettable picture of a jazz band; "Hello and Good-bye," with its melting butter account of a Southern beauty contest. Beginning writers will measure their experiences with those which she recounted in the February Atlantic and continues here.

THE READING AND WRITING OF SHORT STORIES

by EUDORA WELTY

6

THE plot of a short story in many instances is quite openly a projection of character. In a highly specialized instance, but a good example, the whole series of ghostly events in *The Turn of the Screw* may obviously be taken as a vision — a set of hallucinations of the governess who tells us the story. The story is a manufactured evidence against the leading character, in effect.

Not always does plot project character, even primarily. William Sansom, a young English writer, might be mentioned as one new writer who pays his highest respect to pure idea. Virginia Woolf too was at least as interested in a beam of light as she was in a tantrum.

In outward semblance, many stories have plots in common — which is of no more account than that many people have blue eyes. Plots are, indeed, what we see with. What's seen is what we're interested in.

On some level all stories are stories of search — which isn't surprising at all. From the intense wild penetration of the hunter in "The Bear" by William Faulkner to the gentle Sunday excursion of Katherine Mansfield's "Miss Brill"; from the cruel errand of Nick's father to the Indian camp in Ernest Hemingway's story to the fantasy of soaring into the realm of the poetic imagination in E. M. Forster's "Celestial Omnibus"; from the fireman seeking the seat of the fire in William Sansom's "Fireman Flower" to the Henry James man in "The Jolly Corner" seeking, with infinite pains and wanderings, the image of himself and what he might have been, through the corridors of a haunted house — in any group of stories we might name as they occur to us, the plot is search. It is the ancient Odyssey and the thing that was ancient when first the Odyssey was sung. Joyce's *Ulysses* is the titan modern work on the specific subject,

but when Miss Brill sits in the park, we feel an old key try at an old lock again — she too is looking. Our most ancient dreams help to convince us that her timid Sunday afternoon is the adventure of her life, and measure for us her defeat.

Corresponding to the search involved is always the other side of the coin. On one side of James's coin is search, on the other side is blight. Faulkner is concerned with doom and history, Hemingway with career, ritual, and fate — and so on. Along with search go the rise and fall of life, pride and the dust. And Virginia Woolf sees errand and all alike dissolving in a surpassing mystery.

When plot, whatever it does or however it goes, becomes the outward manifestation of the very germ of the story, then it is purest — then the narrative thread is least objectionable, then it is not in the way. When it is identifiable in every motion and progression of its own with the and progression of simple revelation its highest use. Plot can be made to reveal character, reveal atmosphere, reveal the secrets of life, that its very unfolding is, "real") life, that its very unfolding is a subtle satisfaction — that comes. Probably it comes from a deep-seated we all carry in us of the beauty of of that less strictly definable thing.

Where does form come from — "get it"? My guess is that form is the residue, the thrown-off shape, of the of writing, as I look at it. It is the work of festation in addition to the characters, the sensory impressions — it is the result which comes to more than their mathematics. It is these plus something more. This so more springs from the whole. It pertains essence of the story. From the writer's point

view, we might say that form is somehow connected with the process of the story's work — that form *is* the work. From the reader's point of view, we might say that form is connected with recognition; it is what makes us know, in a story, what we are looking at, what unique thing we are for a length of time intensely contemplating. It does seem that the part of the mind which form speaks to and reaches is the memory.

7

IN stories today, form, however acutely and definitely it may be felt, does not necessarily imply a formal structure. It is not accounted for by structure, rather. A story with a "pattern," an exact kind of design, may lack a more compelling over-all quality which we call form. Edgar Allan Poe and other writers whose ultimate aim depended on pattern, on a perfect and dovetailing structure (note the relation to puzzles and to detection and mystery here), might have felt real horror at a story by D. H. Lawrence first of all because of the unmitigated shapelessness of Lawrence's narrative. Lawrence's world of action and conversation is as far from the frozen perfection, the marblelike situations, of Poe as we can imagine; Lawrence's story world is a shambles — a world just let go, like a sketchy housekeeper's un-straightened-up room. More things are important than this dust! Lawrence would say, and he would be as right as the crier of that cry always is.

And what about his characters? Are they real, recognizable, neat men and women? Would you know them if you saw them? Not even, I think, if they began to speak on the street as they speak in the stories, in the very words — they would only appear as deranged people. For the truth seems to be that Lawrence's characters don't really speak their words — not conversationally, not to one another; they are *not* speaking on the street, but are playing like fountains or radiating like the moon or storming like the sea, or their silence is the silence of wicked rocks. It is borne home to us that Lawrence is writing of our human relationships on earth in terms of eternity, and these terms set Lawrence's form.

The author himself appears in authorship in phases like the moon, and sometimes blesses us and sometimes smites us while we stand there under him. But we see that his plots and his characters are alike sacrificed to something; there is something which Lawrence considers as transcending them both. Others besides him have thought that something does. But Lawrence alone, that I have knowledge of now, thinks the transcending thing is found direct through the senses. It is the world of the senses that Lawrence writes in, works in, thinks in, takes as his medium — and if that is strange to us, isn't the loss ours? Through this

world he will send his story. It is the plot too; it is his story's reason for being, with sex the channel the senses most deeply, mysteriously, run through, cutting down through layers and centuries and country after country of hypocrisy.

Virginia Woolf presents an interesting variation of this conception; she was an intellectual. Extremely conscious of sex, she was intellectually or philosophically concerned with it. She could make a fantasy of her world, and her people could laugh. But the extreme beauty of her writing is due greatly to one fact, it seems to me: that the imprisonment of life in the word was as much a matter of the senses with her as it was a concern of the intellect. The scent, the gesture, the breath moving from the lips, the sound of the hour striking in the clock, the rippling texture of surface in running water and flowing air — all these things she sought with all her being to apprehend, for they were the palpable shadows and colored reflections of the abstract world of the spirit, the matter that mirrored the reality.

The impressionist dictum at one time that light is the most important actor in the picture can apply to the work of Virginia Woolf; here light does move frequently as a character and on business of its own, from scene to scene, and only itself remains unaffected by cruder and frailer human vision. In one story, "The Searchlight," light is literally the main character.

But it has to be observed that in Mrs. Woolf's stories the beam of light arises not out of the unconscious but out of the conscious being. It is manipulated, like a wand; it touches and discriminates, from here to there, with precise, rather haughty, almost ladylike purpose, to illuminate quite clearly the particular in the abstract world. So near can the sensory come to the philosophic in her stories that the words "breathing," "breath," and the other words which mean this, give us the feeling of a creator ever consciously breathing life into the creation.

While Virginia Woolf uses her senses intellectually, Lawrence uses his intellect sensuously. And while Chekov builds up character, Lawrence breaks down character. These opposites are perpetrated only in one interest, in getting at truth.

D. H. Lawrence is somewhat like the True Princess, who felt beneath forty mattresses that there was a pea under her. Lawrence is as sensitive to falsity as the True Princess was to the pea. And he is just as sure to proclaim the injury.

How can he be so quarrelsome with us while at the same time he is enrapturing us with his extraordinary powers to make us see and feel beauty? But my feeling toward his writing is my feeling toward greatness anywhere. Take it — take it all. It is no laughing matter. It is more pertinent to give in to that beauty of his and better to grit our teeth at his cruelty — for he is cruel — than to

laugh at or be annoyed by the shambles he makes of the everyday world.

We all use the everyday world in our stories, and some of us feel inclined or even bound to give it at least a cursory glance and treatment, but Lawrence does not care. He feels no responsibility there at all. He does not care if the mechanics and props of everyday life suffer in his stories from distortion unto absurdity, if his narrative thins and frays away into silliness. Those things aren't what he's concerned with. His plots might remind you of some kind of tropical birds — that are awkward in structure and really impossible-looking when they're on the ground, and then when they take wing and fly, a miracle happens. All that clumsiness and outrageousness is gone; the bird's body becomes astonishingly functional, and iridescent in flight.

8

WILLIAM FAULKNER carries on a plot of development of a kind which I have not yet discussed. The more we read and write, the more clearly we see how many ways there are of *using material*. Some compile meticulously, adding and subtracting and getting a sum which is a story, and which could be graphed if required; sometimes Henry James, who uses this method, seems to be plotting, all exquisitely, graph after graph of different kinds of blights. Other writers distill material, getting clearer and purer essences as though by some boiling down process — Lawrence, for example. Faulkner seems to set upon his material and divine his stories from it.

The furious speed of Faulkner's stories is one of the marks of a divining writer. His stories seem to race with time, race with the world. You remember — who could forget? — one sentence of 1600 words in "The Bear." How this skyscraper could race — like a dinosaur across the early fields of time — is something to teach us mainly that in the world of our story-making, wonders never cease. But that sentence runs along with a strange time-encompassing quality of seeming all to happen at once; while we are reading we are still hearing the part behind, and the part before is being anticipated by means of its present part. It makes us realize how true it is that prose is a structure, in its every part — the imagination, by instinct or otherwise, is engineered when we write. A sentence can be in as perfect control as a bridge or a church. Not too obviously or too exquisitely perhaps, or the reader might start testing as he goes, which would be fatal to the story.

But the reason Faulkner's unwieldy-looking sentences can race is of course their high organization — a musical organization. And Faulkner is highly organized and his evocation does seem to come out of the place where music comes from. Don't let his turbulence ever blind us; his structure is

there — daring structure. To me, above all other present-day storytellers he is the one ahead of his time — the most astonishingly powered and passionate writer we have. "The Bear" is an apocalyptic story of the end of the wilderness. It ends with the senseless clang on clang of a man idiotically pounding pieces of his broken gun together while, in the isolated gum tree over his head, forty or fifty squirrels are running frantically around. It signifies for one thing the arrival of the machine age and the squealing treadmill. The story encompasses past and future, all the past of the land from the Indian times on to this. It has towering heroic figures, wilderness figures, symbolic figures; and we get the knowledge in every happening of its happening again, over and over — and the marvelous whole world of the wilderness, the whole history of Mississippi.

For in "The Bear" the structure of time is constantly in danger of being ripped away, torn down by the author — the *whole* time bulges at the cracks to get in to the present-time of the story. This dilation in time sense and intractability in space sense, the whole blown-up surface of the story, has of itself a kind of looming quality, a portentousness. Like the skin of a balloon, time and space are stretched to hold more, while the story remains in form and function itself.

It is this, most of all, that makes "The Bear" a great deal more than a hunting story. It is a very long story, in five parts, and in Part IV the flimsy partition that keeps the story time apart from whole time flies away entirely. The entire history of the land and a people crowds into a chapter of an expansion, in sentence and paragraph, almost outrageous to the eye alone. Duration of time and extent of space, which always took the accusative case, and were disposed of that way, are let loose now — they are evoked, and tear through the story running backwards and forwards, up and down, into Indian times and the very future, like a pack of beasts from the world's wilderness itself. And this is the beauty of the story. Its self-destruction, self-immolation, is the way it transcends all it might have been had it stayed intact and properly nailed together. There is its wonder.

Sherwood Anderson, it could be said, used this power of expansion in quite another sense in the Winesburg stories — whereby the uneventful and imprisoned life he saw around him became moving and tragic as though another dimension had been added when it passed through his passionate survey — like the same river flowing between deeper walls. In the case of "The Bear," I feel that to Faulkner the escapement of wild time and place must have seemed one *attribute* of the thing he was describing, the lost attribute — just as to Anderson passion was the lost attribute of Winesburg — implicit in it and supplied now, in his stories.

Faulkner in letting time and place out of the

box was not being reckless and exhibiting his talents — though what a spectacle they make! — but being true, faithful to his conception of the story at hand. If this alarms many readers, even the very ones most alarmed will have to be the first ones to admit the strict propriety of it.

9

A STORY's major emphasis may fall on the things that make it up — on character, on plot, on its physical or moral world, in sensory or symbolic form. And perhaps the way this emphasis is let fall may determine the value of the story; may determine not how well it is written, but the worth of its being written.

Of course fashion and the habits of understanding stories at given periods in history may play their parts, unconsciously or willfully. But mainly, I venture to think, the way emphasis falls, the value of a story, is the thing nearest dependent upon the individual and personal factor involved, the writer behind the writing.

The fine story writers seem to be in a sense obstructionists. As if they hold back their own best interests. It's a strange illusion. For if we look to the source of the deepest pleasure we receive from a writer, how surprising it seems that this very source is the quondam obstruction. The fact is, in seeking our source of pleasure we have entered another world again. We are speaking of beauty.

And beauty is not a blatant or promiscuous or obvious quality; indeed at her finest she is somehow associated with obstruction — with reticence of a number of kinds. The beauty of "The Bear" seems tied up intimately with the reluctance to confine the story to its proper time sequence and space measurements; Faulkner makes fantastic difficulty about time and place both, and the result is beauty. Time after time Lawrence refuses to get his story told, to let his characters talk in any natural way; the story is held up forever, and through so delaying and through such refusal on the author's part, we enter the magical world of pure sense, of evocation — the shortest cut known through the woods.

Could it be that one who carps at difficulties in a writer ("Why didn't he write it like this? Why didn't he write another story?"), at infringements of the rules and lack of performance of duty, fails to take note of beauty? And fails to see straight off that beauty springs from deviation, from desire not to comply but to act inevitably, as long as truth is in sight, whatever that inevitability may mean?

Where does beauty come from, in the short story? Beauty comes from form, from development of idea, from after-effect. It often comes from carefulness, lack of confusion, elimination of waste

— and yes, those are the rules. But that can be on occasion a cold kind of beauty, when there are warm kinds. And beware of tidiness. Sometimes spontaneity is the most sparkling kind of beauty — Katherine Mansfield had it. It is a fortuitous circumstance attending the birth of some stories, like a fairy godmother that has — this time — accepted the standing invitation and come smiling in.

Beauty may be missed or forgotten sometimes by the analyzers because it is not a means, not a way of getting the story along, or furthering a thing in the world. For beauty is a result — as form is a result. It *comes*. We are lucky when beauty comes, for often we try, but then when the virtues of our story are counted, beauty is standing behind the door. I think it may be wrong to try for beauty; we should try for other things, and then hope.

Intensity and beauty are qualities that will come out of man's imagination and out of his passion — which use sensitivity for their finding and focusing power. (This can't beg the question quite so hopelessly as assigning the best stories to genius.) It seems to be true that for practical purposes, in writing a story, beauty is in greatest accord with sensitivity.

The two things that cannot be imitated, beauty and sensitivity, are or may be kin to each other. But there is only one of them we can strive for. Sensitivity in ourselves. It is our technique. In the end, our technique is sensitivity, and beauty may be our reward.

A short-story writer can try anything. He has tried anything — but presumably not everything. Variety is, has been, and no doubt will remain endless in possibilities, because the power and stirring of the mind never rests. It is what this power will try that will most pertinently define the short story. Not rules, not aesthetics, not problems and their solution. It is not rules as long as there is imagination; not aesthetics as long as there is passion; not success as long as there is intensity behind the effort that calls forth and communicates, that will try and try again.

And at the other end of the stories is the reader. There is no use really to fear "the reader." The surly old bugaboo who wants his money's worth out of a magazine — yes, he is there (or I suspect it is a she, still wanting her money's worth and having yet to be convinced she's got it); but there is another reader too, perhaps with more at stake.

Inescapably, this reader exists — the same as ourselves; the reader who is also a user of imagination and thought. This reader picks up a story, maybe our new story, and behold, sees it fresh, and meets it with a storehouse of hope and interest.

And, reader and writer, we can wish each other well. Don't we after all want the same thing? A story of beauty and passion and truth?



*A native of Chicago, DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE came East to study botany at Harvard in 1919. Following his graduation he worked for three years as Assistant Plant Introducer in the Department of Agriculture. Then he began the writing which was to make him one of the most widely read naturalists of our day. For the past year he has been working on his new book, *American Trees of the Northern States*, of which this is the fourth chapter to appear in preview in the *Atlantic*. For shaping this particular chapter Mr. Peattie is grateful for the collaboration of a born Vermonter, Thomas Emerson Ripley.*

THE SUGAR MAPLE

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

1

THE most magnificent display of color in all the kingdom of plants is the fall foliage of the trees of North America. Even the acid Mrs. Trollope, who found nothing good to say of the domestic manners of the Americans, broke down her British reserve in praise of our autumns. The hallelujah shouted then by our forests springs from a complex of scientific causes, many of them unique to our country. Dry weather, for one, is essential, nor can Europe's rainy autumns call out the reds like our Indian-summer sunshine. The acid granitic soils of New England especially bring forth display of glory, since nitrogen deficiency in the soil, as well as acid in the cell sap, is all but indispensable for it. Our dry uplands flame more brilliantly than the trees in low ground, since a reduced ground-water supply is a contribution to the color. Chief of all reasons for our autumn splendors is the fact that there is a greater variety of deciduous trees, shrubs, and vines in our country than in any other part of the temperate zone — to which, of course, fall as a biological season is confined.

Ruby and winy red glow the White Oaks. To the old gold of Beech are added the new-minted round coins of the Trembling Aspen. The Canoe Birch is a vision of white limbs in a shower of golden tresses. But over them all, over the clear light of the Lindens and Mountain Ash, over the leaping flames of Sumac and the hell-fire flickerings of poison ivy, over the war paint of the many Oaks, rise the colors of one tree — the Sugar Maple — in the shout of a great army. Clearest yellow, richest crimson, tumultuous scarlet, or brilliant orange — the yellow pigments shining through the overpainting of the red — the foliage of Sugar Maple at once outdoes and unifies the rest. It is like the mighty, marching melody that rides upon the crest of some symphonic weltering sea and, with its crying song, gives mean-

ing to all the calculated dissonance of the orchestra.

There is no properly planted New England village without its Sugar Maples. They march up the hill to the old white meetinghouse and down from the high school, where the youngsters troop home laughing in the golden dusk. The falling glory lights upon the shoulders of the postman, swirls after the children on roller skates, drifts through the windows of a passing bus to drop like largesse in the laps of the passengers. On a street where great Maples arch, letting down their shining benediction, people seem to walk as if they had already gone to glory.

Outside the town, where the cold pure ponds gaze skyward and the white crooked brooks run whispering their sesquipedalian Indian names, the Maple leaves slant drifting down to the water; there they will sink like galleons with painted sails, or spin away and away on voyages of chance that end on some little reef of feldspar and hornblende and winking mica schist. Up in the hills the hunter and his russet setter stride unharmed through these falling tongues of Maple fire that flicker in the tingling air and leap against the elemental blue of the sky where the wind is tearing crow calls to tatters.

As a street tree, Sugar Maple is surpassed in form adapted to traffic only by the White Elm; and it is far less demanding of water, less injured by disturbance to its roots when pipes and drains are laid. But it suffers from city smoke and industrial gases; that is what keeps it a village tree, a tree of old Colonial towns. On the lawn it develops, from its egg shape in youth, a benignant length of the lower limbs which is ideal for the play of children. The fine tracery of the tree in winter stands revealed in all its mingled strength and elegance. In spring the greenish yellow flowers appear at the same time

that the leaves begin to open like a baby's hand. The full spread of its foliage in summer gives what is perhaps the deepest, coolest shade granted by any of our Northern trees. Not until fall do the "keys," the winged fruits, mature. When they drop at last, they go spinning away, joined like Siamese twins, on their veiny, insect-like wings, with a gyroscope's motion.

Under forest conditions, Sugar Maple may grow to a hundred and twenty feet, with a three- or four-foot trunk clear of branches half the way — a cylinder of nearly knot-free wood almost unrivaled among our hardwoods. It is immensely strong and durable, especially the whitish sapwood called by the lumberman Hard Maple; a marble floor in a Philadelphia store wore out before a Hard Maple flooring laid there at the same time. Few are the standard commercial uses for lumber where Hard Maple does not figure, either at the top of the list or high on it. Tough and resistant to shock, it becomes smoother, not rougher, with much usage — as you will notice if you look at an old-fashioned rolling pin.

And Sugar Maple can produce some notable fancy grains. There was a day that might be called the Bird's-eye Maple Era. Some of us were young then, and may have believed it when we were told that the figure in the best bedroom set was made by woodpeckers. But woodpeckers work over a trunk in a straight line, and that is not how bird's-eye is found in Maple. It is due, say the botanists, to the presence of hundreds of bark-bound buds; when the saw passes through these, on a tangential plane, the dainty effect is made on the cut surface. Familiar to all is the figure displayed by curly Maple, for it is the wood used for the backs of fine fiddles. Produced by dips in the fibers, it gives a striped effect that the violin makers insist upon procuring, rare though the figure is. In the age when an American made his own gunstocks, curly Maple was his favorite.

But even the featureless straight-grain wood has been in demand for furniture since the earliest cabinetmakers of New England plied their tools. Today it is more popular than ever, in designs good, bad, or indifferent. The cut of Sugar Maple is probably in the neighborhood of 480 million board feet a year. In Vermont, where the New England hurricane of 1938 downed an estimated million Maples, only the increasing farm abandonment keeps the young sugar bush growth ahead of the saw, in the state that is, above all others, famous for its maple sugar production. For the pressure for Maple at the sawmills has forced up the price of logs, of recent years, as high as thirty dollars a thousand feet.

When that happens, even Vermont farmers stare hard at their grand old sugar trees, and begin to do a little figuring in their hard heads. Maple sugar extraction costs have been steadily rising. Why not

sell the trees for their stumpage value — five or six dollars when the market is high? The lumber companies will even come in and cut the trees for you, and hand you cash. So the last sweet sap oozes from the bleeding stump when spring comes vainly back.

2

PLANT physiologists tell us that the very glory of the Maple's autumnal leaves is due in part to the sweetness of this sap. The art of making sugar from it was the Indians'; Captain John Smith is merely the first of the many early writers who recorded it. The Reverend Samuel Hopkins, spiritual son of Jonathan Edwards, intellectual father of William Ellery Channing, wrote a careful description of the Indian methods and added his opinion that the sugar thus produced was "the most wholesome of any."

The wise in these matters say that certain Maples yield more and better sugar, precisely as Apple trees give each its own special apples. The nature of the soil, the age of the trees, the particular season, the general climatic conditions, play their part. That grove is best, some say, which stands on a slope with a south exposure, in sandy soil; heavy soils and north exposures make a cloudier syrup with a coarser flavor.

The Vermont farmer of today may make his own maple sugar into cakes and sell it on the roadside or by mail order direct to the customer. But cakes of maple sugar, which require the highest grade, are not the only demand. In addition there is the syrup form of this confection, whose destiny it sometimes is to be blended with corn syrup or even (*horribile dictu*) molasses. Sizable amounts of maple sugar have been absorbed by the tobacco business, for flavoring the Virginian weed.

The wholesale market scatters barrels in January at the country stores of Vermont; the farmer picks them up, fills them, is paid (none too well, he says) in cash at the store, and the filled drums are then retrieved by the wholesaler. Mechanical efficiency as well as efficiency in marketing has sometimes been introduced into the sugar bushes, banishing hand-emptied buckets and ox teams drawing sledges over the snow, introducing aluminum-painted lead pipes that run from the tree downhill to the evaporator.

But how can I, an "outsider," tell anything of the true flavor of sugar-making as your old-time Vermonter knows it? A Westerner, a mere botanist, a youngster of fifty, I have turned with gratitude to my old friend and neighbor here in California, Thomas Ripley, the best lumberman and Yale man (Class of 1888) I ever met, and author of the delectable volume *A Vermont Boyhood*. I present him to you with pride, and will let him, in words written here especially for this article, remember: —

"The spring snows begin to melt, leaving soft, wonderful-smelling bare patches about the Maple

trunks in the sugar bush. The Vermont farmer cocks his eye at the sun in its northwest passage, feels something stirring in his insides, and turns his thought to the sugar shanty and the sap buckets. A nippy frost at night freezes little blobs of ice at the ends of the Maple twigs. A prodigal sun melts them and warms the bare patches. 'Sap's runnin'!' The mysterious signal is sounded and the annual miracle is on. Every boy and girl in the village knows that sap's runnin'. Teacher knows it, too. For in the kinship with the Maples, human sap as well as vegetable is rising.

"A wonderful transformation takes place in the sugar bush; with a stroke of heaven's wand, the winter-bound grove becomes a fairyland of blue and gold, picked out with red and green sap buckets like Christmas tree ornaments. It was good to see and hear the drip of the sap. It seems to me that I can remember particular days when the sap ran in a trickling stream, so bounteous was the store. Sap drunk from the bucket was good but not half so good as that sucked through a straw from a hole bored in the root of the tree. No farmer would have permitted such vandalism in his bush, but we boys found a lone tree in the pasture and, with a bit and brace, bored into the very source of the stream a vertical hole which filled with sap as fast as we, lying on our bellies on the cold earth, could suck it out through straws. It would seem that any self-respecting tree would have died on us in protest against such indecorous tapping, but so generous is the Vermont Maple that some trees there grow which are entering upon their second century of tapping.

"The methods of sugar-making have undergone such changes that the old-timer, going back to the sugar bush of his youth, would hardly recognize his former stamping ground. And even the old-timer, by turning the leaves of a book, may go still further and learn that the 'Indians tap and make gourds to receive the Liquor, which operation is done . . . when it best yields the Juice, of which, when the Indians have gotten enough, they carry it home and boil it to a just consistence of Sugar, which grains of itself, and serves for the same uses as other Sugar does.'¹

"With the advent of our pioneer ancestors, the American passion for efficiency set in, and the newcomers proceeded to show those redskins a thing or two. It seems there were various ways of 'boiling down,' each succeeding way an improvement on the old. In my boyhood, I read of the 'good old times' when two long logs were laid parallel to each other ('side by each,' as undoubtedly it was described), between which the fire was lighted. And over the fire a row of kettles — a big one at the end, to receive the sap, a smaller one next, and then a still smaller one, down to the littlest of all. Dipping from kettle to kettle, one went down the row,

until the finished syrup was dipped from the little kettle. I can't vouch for this fascinating scene, for I never saw it; nor did I, except vicariously, spend a night in the lean-to, facing the fire, snuggling under blankets and surely hearing bears and suchlike things.

"Boys in books had such adventures, but I was born too late. *All* boys are born too late. Today's boys are born *'way* too late. I wonder what boy of them knows the joy of running about to examine the buckets, taking a surreptitious swig with no thought of sanitary precautions, and struggling with his pony who loved the sap with an ungovernable thirst. He would break his halter strap to dash to the nearest filled bucket, and no persuasion of whip or halter could stop him till he had finished it off. And I am sure that no boy of this day of weaklings has the stomach which can receive and hold a quart of sticky maple syrup.

"The long fire and the row of kettles had given way to the march of improvement before ever I came on the scene. I seem to remember a big flat receptacle over a fire — an evaporator, I think it was called — into which the sap was poured. It bubbled and threw off the most delightful smells while the fire was stoked underneath with the dry 'dead and down' wood that the bush yielded. Though it was watched and skimmed from time to time, a lot of smoke and cinders floated into the boiling, and the finished product emerged a bit gritty, coarse in texture when compared with the modern stuff. Is it because my memory is filtered through the mists of time that I aver that our maple sugar was better than the refined product that has made Vermont famous today? No. I stand to my guns. It *was* better. It had the tang of wood smoke in it, and it gave the teeth something to bite on before it melted and slipped down the throat.

"As the boiling down proceeded, the boys and girls crowded in for 'sugaring off' parties. Big dishpans and earthenware bowls were packed hard with snow on which the hot syrup, fresh from the boiling, was spooned. It coagulated into the most heavenly chew. Patterns were made, preferably hearts and arrows with initials of boy swain or girl flutterer. But I am touching on things eternal and unchanging.

"New methods inevitably have been adopted in the making and marketing of Vermont maple sugar. As bit and brace took the place of the barbarous old axe slash, metal spouts replaced those made by hand from the Sumac, and then the old wooden buckets gave way to galvanized pails with, of all things, *lids* to them. I am glad that my pony lived his pony span of life and went to his pony heaven innocent of that iconoclastic innovation. I don't suppose a boiling kettle could be found from Swanton to Brattleboro. The sugar shanty of yesterday has been transformed into a scientifically

¹Lawson's *History of North Carolina*.

managed sugar factory, with instruments the very names of which would have caused headshakings in the bush of a generation ago. Thermometers! Hydrometers! Color standards! And I hear rumblings which presage even more dreadful things. The spirit of Henry Ford has invaded the bush with something which suggests the assembly line to supplant even the lidded galvanized iron pails. 'Sap's runnin' — right from the tree to the sugar factory. Such is the penalty and the burden of Vermont's leadership!"

So speaks a Vermonter, to whom the Maple's colors are like the banner of his state, even of his country — for the heart of America, to each of us, is its most-loved corner. And one of our ways of loving this land is through its trees — Live Oak for the Southerner, the tall Conifers for the Westerner, and Maple for the man of Vermont. Indeed,

we are not distinguished from the rest of humanity by this love of trees. Tree worship is as old as forest fear.

The ancient Greeks and Romans believed that trees were inhabited by supernatural beings, generally women, dryads. The old Latin names for trees, like *Quercus* the Oak and *Fagus* the Beech, *Ulmus* the Elm and *Fraxinus* the Ash, though they have masculine endings are all feminine nouns and modified by adjectives in the feminine declension. The White Oak is *Quercus alba*, not *Quercus albus* as one would expect. Is it thus we have kept the dryad in the trunk, since Virgil's time? But in *Acer saccharum*, the Sugar Maple, is imprisoned, surely, nothing so delicate as a dryad — rather a spirit of flame, fiercely leaping at a touch of frost, crying to the hills his battle call against the forces of winter and darkness and death.



THREE TRIOLETS

by R. P. LISTER

1

THAT I should leave you now! Perchance
I'll see no more your lovely head.
It is with a despairing glance
That I should leave you now — perchance.
Yet you have led me such a dance
I did not tremble when you said
That I should leave you. Now, perchance,
I'll see no more your lovely head.

2

If I were with you still, I should
Not call you all the names I knew.
Or so I say; but what's the good?
If I were with you still, I should.
I always did the best I could,
And I should swear again at you
If I were with you. Still, I should
Not call you *all* the names I knew.

3

I said the word I should not say;
I said too much. But you were sure
I loved you, till that dreadful day
I said the word I should not say.
Not knowing, till you went away,
This was a wound I could not cure,
I said the word. I should not say
I said too much; but you were sure.



Enlisting in the British Army at the age of seventeen, HILARY ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS was probably the first British officer to enter Cologne with the British Army of Occupation in December, 1918. After the war he returned to Balliol College, Oxford. In 1920 he went to Geneva for a short vacation and stayed seventeen years doing secretarial and relief work for the League of Nations. Under various pen names Mr. Saunders has written many novels, and between 1941 and 1945 he wrote seven official war books for the British Ministry of Information. Since 1946 he has been librarian for the House of Commons.

CAN FRANCE COME BACK?

by HILARY ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS

1

SOME time ago Monsieur Schuman, French Foreign Minister, was taking an early morning walk in the gardens of his official residence on the Quai d'Orsay. In the course of it he met an elderly gardener at work upon a flower bed. "Be off with you," said the gardener, "the public are not allowed in these gardens." "But I am the Minister." The gardener gazed distastefully at Monsieur Schuman. "Oh well," he said at last, "if you're the Minister . . ." and turning his back, went on with his work.

Such an attitude may betoken republican indifference to the majesty of office, a contempt for men "drest in a little brief authority," or a general apathy towards government and all that it implies. For myself I think the gardener's state of mind was compounded of all three. That autumn morning he was unconsciously giving expression to the general malaise of France — a malaise with which our grandfathers would have been familiar but which, it is earnestly to be hoped, our children will regard as a phenomenon of the past; a feature of eight grim decades of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries when France was in grave danger of losing her soul.

If, as I trust and believe, France is to recover, it can be only through the help and sympathy and, above all, the understanding of Britain and America. Britain will be of help because she is France's immediate neighbor and can provide the nearest market; America because she has risen to the greatness of her post-war responsibilities and is beginning, against all previous habits and ways of thought, to grasp the significance of world power.

First, then, why is it that the cement which bound together the various elements of French life seems to have crumbled?

French history shows that whenever the French

people are oppressed, or imagine themselves to be so, they are capable of sinking their petty political squabbles and of uniting against the oppressor. They remain united while the oppression lasts and then sink back again into their former condition. Sometimes, as under Napoleon I, the oppression has taken the form of an enforced discipline; at other times it has been bigoted and reactionary, as in the attempt of Charles X to impose the *Charte*.

At the beginning of the eight grim decades French unity, produced by Prussian exaction, was so great that the crushing indemnity of five milliards of francs imposed by Bismarck, after the War of 1870, was paid, to his chagrined astonishment, within twelve months. But note what followed. The Third Republic came into being, and between 1870 and 1940 France had 142 governments — about one every six months. The cement of suffering disappeared like snow. It reappeared for a few years during and immediately after the First World War, vanished even more swiftly than before in the uneasy twenties, and did not return until 1941, when once again German oppression was able to bind Frenchmen of all classes and shades of opinion together in a common hatred of the Boche.

This time, however, two new factors influenced the situation. In 1942 France was entirely, not partially, occupied by her hereditary foe and she was cursed by two governments: the legally — or thought to be legally — constituted administration of Pétain inside her frontiers and the dissident government of de Gaulle outside.

A divided allegiance was in the circumstances inevitable. Many thousands, and indeed millions, of Frenchmen sincerely felt that they owed allegiance to Pétain as the rightful ruler of France called to this position in the turmoil of the summer of 1940. Among them were nine tenths of the armed

forces, whose members had sworn an oath of allegiance. Of these the majority certainly felt that it was in the best interests of their country to keep that oath, a sentiment which explains the difficulties Eisenhower met with in North Africa and his painful decision to support Darlan. The upholders of de Gaulle were just as convinced as the Pétainists that they were acting patriotically in helping the Allies to set France free.

2

As the sun of Pétain set and that of de Gaulle climbed the sky, the unity of Frenchmen held firm largely because the General had the good sense to include the French Communists in his administration. This union, however, gradually fell to pieces as memories of the occupation faded. It was followed by a witch hunt for so-called Collaborators in which the Communists took a leading part until, finally, they began to pose as the sole bona fide Resistants. An effort was made by de Gaulle to consolidate his position by the formation of the *Mouvement Républicain Populaire* (MRP). It obtained a notable success in the first general election, but when he saw this party gradually departing from its electoral program and making contact with the Socialists and even with the Communists, he formed the *Rassemblement du Peuple Français* (RPF), which has lately made striking gains in the by-elections and in the municipal and departmental elections.

In the political field today de Gaulle is the most enigmatic of all the leaders, or so-called leaders, of France. No one knows precisely how strong he is, and no one knows precisely what he would do if he came to power. "I would vote for him," said a middle-aged doctor of medicine to me at Caen last summer, "but I would never shake him by the hand." And this attitude is typical of that adopted by many of the middle classes towards this compound of Clemenceau, Jeanne d'Arc, and Tartuffe.

While few Frenchmen can be found who will not express a feeling of admiration and gratitude to the General for his attitude in 1940, this is tempered by many reservations. He was, say not a few, badly advised in taking the Communists into the government which he formed in North Africa. The Left say he will be a dictator and is an adventurer. They have, of course, General Boulanger in mind and, to a certain extent, Louis Napoleon. Frenchmen in general dislike and distrust politicians with military rank. The Right — especially the Radical-Socialists — fear de Gaulle's clerical tendencies, while the leaders of the MRP, though they would never confess as much, oppose him because many of them owe their present positions to him and dislike him in consequence.

On the other hand, many turn to him because they are convinced of his integrity and consider that his action in 1940 and during the period of the

Liberation qualifies him again to take the lead in a non-party government which will, for once in France, really govern. This, coupled with rising disgust at the recent unnecessary political crisis, is probably the cause of his party's success in the elections lately. It is curious to note that many look to him as a future General Monk — though what kind of royalty he is expected to restore, no one seems able to say.

In one important respect de Gaulle, if he attains to power, is likely to prove a great nuisance. He is chauvinistic to an extreme degree and has lately declared himself strongly opposed to the arrangements made for defense by the Western powers. The French Army is for him still potentially the finest in Europe if not the world, and no foreigner must be allowed to decide how best it should be used. Remembering its dismal record in 1940 it is easy to ridicule this view, especially as in equipment and general readiness for battle the French are still a long way behind their potential allies. On the other hand, to proclaim in season and out of season the might of French arms may well be, in the opinion of a not incapable general, the only sure means of inducing the French to fight if an unkind fate decrees war.

Here it is well to open our eyes wide. The French are sick and tired of war — so sick and so tired that I doubt whether any event short of an atomic bomb on Paris would induce them to spring to arms.

On one point all Frenchmen of every class and political creed are agreed. To help Germany to recover is madness and dangerous madness. Germany invaded France in 1870, in 1914, and in 1940. Each time she did so, she increased the scale of her brutalities and of the damage she caused. Beaten in 1918, she was allowed within ten years to develop the Ruhr to her heart's content and she did so, producing not the goods and products necessary to a European recovery but the weapons and panoply of Mars. Only the French sought by their single-handed occupation of the Ruhr to prevent this catastrophe. British pressure and American indifference were far too strong for them. They had to desist and World War II was the deplorable consequence.

Now once more these nations which do not have to live side by side with the Germans, as do the French, are demanding that Germany should be allowed to recover. Against this every Frenchman sets his face with flintlike obstinacy. The fact remains — and it is of vital importance for both the British and the Americans to understand it — that no French government dare acquiesce in the Anglo-American policy of turning the Ruhr industries over to the Germans even in the form of nationalization under a milk-and-water Allied control. If it did, it would not last twenty-four hours. The French will take no chances with Germany, and the sooner Britain and America face that fact with all

its implications, the sooner will conditions be created in which a genuine and permanent understanding with France will become possible.

3

IN the political sphere the general situation, though hard to remedy, is easy to diagnose, but in the economic sphere matters are more complicated. To an Englishman resignedly taxed to the limit, and to an American shouldering a heavy burden to provide the wherewithal for the European Recovery Program, the behavior of the average Frenchman, faced with the disagreeable duty of paying his taxes, seems altogether unintelligible.

Why does France again and again shrug off all programs of taxation, disregard or refuse to accept any system of controls such as that which Britain groans under but submits to, and fail to initiate reforms which to the outsider seem elementary to recovery? There is no glib answer to these questions, but the underlying reason for this unhappy state of affairs is to be found deeply embedded in the French character.

Individually the French are most economical in their private finances, but collectively they appear to have little thought for the public economy, and remain helpless in the face of the financial and moral corruption in the national administration. Scandal after scandal is discovered and announced in the public press. The smaller fry are arrested and the case then goes to a *juge d'instruction*; but he sits in private and the affair is thus consigned to oblivion without ever seeing the light of day, and a new scandal provides the proverbial red herring. One of the most notorious of these affairs was the "Wine Scandal" which forced a former Premier to bring a libel action against a former Food Minister.

It is the constant recurrence of these unsavory affairs that has developed the distrust which the average Frenchman feels towards taxation. "Why does not the state undertake severe and drastic economies," said a black-coated worker to me in a café in Périgueux a short time ago, "before squeezing the last sou out of the unfortunate taxpayer who is now in the paradoxical position of seeing the state giving itself over to the wildest prodigality while he himself is obliged to observe the most rigid economy?"

"Why," he continued, warming to his subject, "does the state make such a show of prosecuting black marketeers and traffickers of every kind and, when they are convicted, merely impose fines which are so small as to be out of all proportion to the harm that these people have done to the national economy and moral welfare of the country? Why does the state remain stagnant and buried in administrative routine at a moment when a modern taxation system and simplified fiscal regime is needed to bring in money? Why is such a lot of fuss being made about

fiscal reform when administrative, technical, and, more especially, moral reforms are needed?" In other words, why not attack the cause and not the effects?

In talking thus my café acquaintance showed himself to be suffering from a malady almost universal in France: inability to realize that the state is merely the sum total of the nation's individuals. The French are singularly lacking in team spirit. It is as individuals that they excel.

It must be remembered that the Frenchman has a fundamental objection to direct taxation because it attacks his earnings and through them his savings. He has always been accustomed to indirect taxation, which he considers is much more equitable because it touches only his spending and leaves his savings intact. He is apt to regard direct taxation, with the consequent divulging of his income, as a breach of the Rights of Man. Moreover, he is still smarting under the blow inflicted on him by the recent withdrawal of the 5000-franc bank notes which forced him to divulge his real income in order to state how he had acquired the notes.

His aversion to controls is far easier to understand when the circumstances of his life from 1940 to 1944 are remembered. For those four years he was either under the direct occupation of the enemy or subject to a government under the dominion of Germany. Controls in both cases meant oppression, and to evade them was a patriotic duty. Their continuation long after the departure of the oppressor is very irksome, especially as they are accompanied by administrative complications of the most exasperating kind.

4

REFORMS, which all Frenchmen will agree in theory are a necessity long overdue, are the thorniest problem of all. Constitutions — France has had ten since 1791 — have not the sanctity they possess in America, nor are they taken for granted as in Britain. Indeed, were it possible to dispense with a constitution altogether, the French would, I think, be secretly delighted. As it is, they realize that their present system is at least as faulty as its nine predecessors, but they are much divided on the extent and direction of its amendment. Most would, I think, agree that some change in the electoral system is essential.

In the first general election after the Liberation, proportional representation was used. The voters were given a list of candidates arranged according to their political parties and were not allowed to strike out an individual's name, but only to indicate the party which they wished to see elected. The surplus votes in each constituency were disposed of by a complicated system of computation understood by only a few electors. Its net result, however, was to favor the Communists. While the Communists

naturally desire the continuation of this system, other parties, especially those of the Center and the Right, desire the restoration of the nominative list system which prevailed in the Third Republic, and the extreme Right prefers the British system with a single vote.

Almost every Frenchman feels that the real cause of the present stagnation and corruption in politics is due to the multiplicity of political parties. He would like to see them reduced to two, or at the most to three, as in Britain. The political parties, he thinks, should be limited to pro-Communist and anti-Communist since these are the main divisions of opinion. How this is to be achieved, however, he finds it very hard to say, and many content themselves by crying out for a leader, *un type comme Roosevelt ou Churchill*, but not, save among his most fanatical supporters, *un type comme de Gaulle*.

Strange though it may seem to Americans, there is an undoubted tendency, especially in the French middle classes, to sigh for a constitutional monarchy; for this, they maintain, is the only way to achieve stability and continuity in political life. Every ministerial crisis — there have been eleven since the Liberation — sends more and more voters into that camp; but their difficulty — and it is a very formidable one — is to find a suitable monarch. The present constitution goes only a little way towards reducing the number of ministerial crises, and it stops short of giving the Premier the power to recommend a dissolution of the Chamber if his government be overthrown.

This analysis of French ills makes somber reading, but it is useless to blink facts. France is sick; the disease is not hard to diagnose but the remedy is illusive. Certainly the European Recovery Plan has given the French new heart and has prevented, at least for the moment, the complete collapse of the franc. These, however, are not very positive achievements.

The French certainly possess something against the Communist promises, but prosperity, even a

reasonable standard of living, seems as far away as ever. For example, the cause of the recent French coal strike was economic, not political; and until all children in French towns can be assured of even a modest allowance of milk, a commodity which is to be found in abundance throughout the countryside, the benefits of outside help are more apparent than real.

There are Frenchmen who with true Gallic logic express astonishment at the behavior of America in giving aid at all. Why give credit, they say, to a customer who is on the verge of bankruptcy through his own fault? Why not insist on internal reforms, a balanced budget, a reasonably honest administration? It may be that a threat of this kind would administer the necessary "protein shock" and restore to the patient faculties which his own excesses have temporarily paralyzed. But it is a drastic cure, for the French are as proud as well as an intelligent people, and they know well enough that even we in Britain, on short commons though we are and depending for so much on the generous understanding of America, would go to great lengths to preserve France from disintegration. *A fortiori*, America will do so.

And would it, taking the long view, be a poor investment? I do not think so. The present state of France may be bad, but her fundamental state is good. She may be suffering from divided counsels, from corrupt politicians, from warring factions; but she still has a countryside unequaled in fertility in Europe and a population at heart farmers. Her crisis is one of distribution rather than of production. She has a larger number of cattle in 1949 than she had in 1939; the farm laborer is better off now than he was then, and the farm hand's labor is the basis of both recovery and prosperity. A very small adjustment will turn the scale.

France has been in as bad a plight before and has survived to become strong and powerful again. She has done so because of the love of thrift and the will to work inherent in the tillers of her soil.





THESE IMAGES REMAIN

by MAY SARTON

1

THESE images remain, these classic landscapes
That lie immense and quiet behind eyes
Enlarged by love to think only in shapes
That compass time and frame the changing skies,
Triumph of arch, of spire, triumph of trees,
The pure perspective, the poignant classic scene.
Pursued by time, still we were given these.
Even the flames of spring were frozen green,
Fountains suspended crystal in the air
And every open square could make us glad.
Where we stood once, once free to stand and stare
Now the imagination wanders like a god.
These images exist. They have not changed
Though we are caught by time, by time estranged.

2

HERE are the peaceful days we never knew.
Here are the leaves. Here are the silent flowers
And you are reading poems while I sew.
The hours are light. We do not count the hours.
There is no need of words. Our lives will do,
Long long enough to learn all of our love
While time, the river, flows gently below
Having no false eternities to prove.
The night is full of unspent tenderness
And in its silences we rest apart.
There is no need of words with which to bless
The daily bread, the wine of the full heart.
Here are the peaceful days we cannot share.
Here is our peace at last, and we not there.

3

BUT parting is return, the coming home,
Parting in space and yet the dearest meeting,
Where we most seem to go, there most do come
And give each other an eternal greeting.
Love is restored to nobleness and peace,
Rooted in reason as abstract and pure
As the equation where all questions cease,
Love with its deepest meaning to endure,

Endure and grow through all anxiety
Until when standing on the very quicksand
Passion itself finds roots again in pity;
We take each other gently by the hand,
In deeper need demanding deeper union,
Parting become arrival and communion.

4

WHAT angel can I leave, gentle and stern,
What healing presence to be to you at last
The end of every journey, the absolute return,
The future bringing gifts out of the past?
What angel can I take, gentle and pure,
To make of absence an open place of joy,
Now the perspective grows in depth, mature
Untroubled love no parting can destroy,
As a great formal square where centuries
Only enrich the earlier design,
And cast a deeper shadow from the frieze
Of later leaves and clarify the line.
The angel of these spaces as we part
Opens the sleeping city of the heart.

5

HERE let me lie, quiet upon your shoulder,
Not child, nor lover, but in meditation
Close to your heart, and as our love grows older
Union and absence are set in relation.
Now I am really lost, empty and still,
Having gone further than the last caress
And deeper with you than desire or will
To come into this strangest nothingness
Pure and detached like sleep itself or prayer
When all the asking fervor has been spent,
The self all given and all taken there,
The noisy little self at last is silent
And ready to receive the healing kiss,
Not God, nor love, but each contained in this.



An American philosopher who writes as skillfully as he talks, IRWIN EDMAN has been teaching at Columbia University for thirty years. To his books (Philosopher's Holiday and Philosopher's Quest), as to his lectures and table talk, he brings the wise detachment of a bachelor, the urbanity of a sensitive New Yorker, and the penetration of a disciple of George Santayana and John Dewey.

A REASONABLE LIFE IN A MAD WORLD

by IRWIN EDMAN

1

THAT the world is mad has been the judgment of self-denominated sane philosophers from the Greeks to the present day. It is not a discovery of our own age that both the public and private lives of human beings are dominated by folly and stupidity. Philosophers pressing the point have brought such charges not against human nature only — that is, the world of human relations — but against that larger universe in which the world of human relations is set. As far back as the Book of Job and probably much further back, for there must have been at least gruntingly articulate Jobs in prehistory, it is not only men who have been declared mad: by any standards of rationality the universe itself has been called irrational, pointless, meaningless, with incidental, unintended overtones of cruelty and injustice.

With the provincialism of each generation, ours imagines that the causes of cynicism and despair are new in our time. There have, of course, been modern improvements and refinements of stupidity and folly. No previous generation has been by way of organizing itself with insane efficiency for blowing the whole race to smithereens. It does not take a particularly logical mind at the present moment to discover that the world is quite mad, though a great many critics apparently think that the cruel absurdity of technical efficiency combined with moral bankruptcy is a discovery that it took great wit on their part to turn up.

Reputations are being made by reiterating, to the extent of four or five hundred pages, that collective modern man is a technical genius merged with a moral imbecile.

The first encouragement I can bring is the reminder that the kind of madness which we all realize to be the present state of the world is not something new. It is, just like everything else in the modern world, bigger and more streamlined, if not better. It is a pity some of the great satirists are

dead; Swift and Voltaire would have given their eyeteeth for the present situation. And Aristophanes would scarcely have believed it. But the essential charges they would bring against the present time and the essential absurdities they would show up are not different in essence now from what they were.

Neither nature nor man appears reasonable by reasonable human standards. So acutely does this seem to many people to be true that in almost exuberant desperation they decide to march crazily in the insane procession. Existentialists make a cult of anxiety and despair and find a kind of wry comfort in saying, Since the world is absurd, let absurdity and irony be our standards. There are others who say — and the currency of an ersatz theological literature shows how epidemic they are — that since the world and mankind at present seem so palpably absurd it simply can't be true, and history, as Toynbee now assures us, moves delightfully and progressively to fulfillment in the Church of God — a kind of quiet, English Church incorporating the best features of Islam, Buddhism, Confucianism, and a little, even, of the Hebrew prophets and the secular sciences.

The excitements and confused urgencies of the present time may seem to make hysteria or mystical narcosis or hedonistic excitement tantamount to a philosophy. But the still, small voice of rationality persists. And the question still remains the same as that propounded by the Greeks long ago: How, in a world certainly not at first acquaintance rational-appearing, is it possible to lead a rational life?

It seems mad now to say that anyone could believe, as the Fabians did (including such unsentimental people as George Bernard Shaw and Sidney and Beatrice Webb and Graham Wallas and later H. G. Wells), that the world could be transformed into a livable, beautiful, reasonable place by the coöperation of reasonable men. It is not simply

that the violent external events of the past generation have revealed to us how precarious were security and comfort, and for how few it obtained at all.

But the psychological sciences have revealed to us the deep sources of violence, confusion, hysteria, and madness in ourselves. What perhaps a generation ago seemed a melodramatic aphorism when Santayana uttered it seems now to be a hitting of the nail on the head: "The normal man holds a lunatic in leash." The definition needs to be amended. In the light of the past twenty-five years, the normal man no longer *does* hold a lunatic in leash. The fact that even talk about a third world war has become standard has practically made lunacy respectable. It is now become a stamp of madness to talk as if one seriously believed that a peaceful and just world were possible.

And yet the sentiment of rationality persists and the hope persists also that it is not impossible, at least in imagination, to dream and in organized effort to work for what seems, though almost ridiculously familiar to common sense, "an ordered, coherent world society." The most ardent workers for such a world, however, realize that there is plenty of madness left, out of which a third world war may come.

2

THE persistence of power politics, the greed for privilege, the insane clutching of wealth, the pathological tribalisms of nations, of class, and of race; it is this world in which we are actually living, and the human problem for anyone in it is to discover what is a reasonable life in such a world.

Is it to forget as far as possible and to live only in the moment and to make that moment as brief and bright as possible? Is it to surrender any hope for pleasure or happiness now and give one's dedicated and ruthless devotion to work for a more reasonable world? Is it to seek Nirvana or to seek some salvation in another world? There seems to be some sense in each answer, but which answer one chooses will depend ultimately on how one answers a basic question: Is the world always and necessarily mad? Is it completely mad now, and is it possible even now to understand the madness and, through understanding, to endure or change it?

Let us try as simply as possible to deal with some of these questions. First, is the world always and necessarily mad? By "the world," of course, one means both the processes of nature and the activities of human beings. For "world" in the first sense one had perhaps better use the word "universe." A thoroughly rational universe would be one which was achieving a purpose set down in advance, a purpose which in human terms made sense and which by human standards made moral sense. A rational universe might be one such as the Deists

conceived in the eighteenth century, in which nature was simply reason incarnate or reason embodied in the vast machinery of things.

In one respect at least the advance of knowledge of the physical world has not made the world seem more irrational. It has made it seem orderly and regular. But in another respect an understanding of the causes and consequences of nature by conventional standards made nature seem wholly irrational. "I am what I am," said Jehovah in the Old Testament, as if that announcement were sufficient explanation of his wrathful ways. "It is what it is and it does what it does" may be said to be the conclusions of empirical physical science. It is maddening to rational creatures to discover they were born into a world which is not particularly interested in human purposes, which perhaps permits and sustains these purposes but is innocent of any solicitude concerning them. The rain notoriously falls on the just and the unjust, and the just feel highly put upon. Death is no respecter of persons; plagues fell the virtuous. The most generous and devoted enterprises are washed away by floods along with the conspiracies of the sinister and hateful.

Theologians have spent a good deal of time trying to gloss away the irrationalities of the universe, explaining that God moves in a mysterious or at least salutary way, his morally therapeutic wonders to perform. Job was not greatly impressed by his comforters, and neither are we. But if exasperated humans have criticized the world in general, they have been especially critical of the madness of their fellow men. Voltaire found his greatest weapon of satire in treating cruelty, barbarism, and superstition not as evil but as absurd.

The most serious and damaging charge we can bring against civilization is that by the very standards of civilization it is a ridiculous failure. It takes a high degree of sophistication and technical resources to make such an international shambles as we seem fated to do. It takes something like genius in folly to have millions starving in the midst of plenty, to have technological magic whose fruits are poverty, squalor, anarchy, and death; it takes a refinement of absurdity to use the most generous aphorism of the highest religions to justify or rationalize intolerance, violence, and our established international disorder.

Now about the first irrationality: that of the universe itself. Perhaps the only reasonable attitude is that of resignation and endurance of it. Perhaps it is only the persistence of our childhood wishes and expectations that has led us to an assumption that the universe must conform to human purposes and that it is shockingly unreasonable of it not so to conform. We can, within the limits of a world not made for us, make it conform to ideals and values which flower out of nature itself. Part of the life of reason is a contemplation of the unchanging and unchangeable elements in the world of nature;

part of it is a sedulous attempt to discover the ways of changing the world in the interest of human values.

With respect to the world of human activities there has been an accelerated desperation at the present time. In the old days when humor could still flourish in Central Europe it used to be said that the difference between the temper of Berlin and Vienna could be stated as follows: In Berlin when things went wrong it was remarked: "The situation is serious but not hopeless"; in Vienna with smiling deprecation the Viennese used to say: "The situation is hopeless but not serious." The Berlin version seems of late more greatly to have impressed the world.

Though Existentialism may be said to describe the world as being both hopeless and trivial, if one so conceives the realm of human affairs the Epicurean prescription for a reasonable life is perhaps the best that one can find. However clouded and uncertain the future, there is at least possible for the lucky and the prudent a brief, bright interval in which they may find luster and to which their refined sensibilities may give luster. In a world without meaning they may find exquisite nuances of meaning in the arts, in friendship, in love.

The trouble with the Epicurean solution and abdication is that it is always haunted by a scruple of conscience and the shadow of despair. There is something already tarnished in a brightness that declares itself both ultimately meaningless and transient. Sorrow and inhibition and regret dog the footsteps of the Epicurean in a world where folly is no longer a joke but a terrifying threat to all mankind.

There are those, therefore, in our own age who jump to the other extreme. One insists that one *must* give up any hope for present happiness and give one's dedicated and ruthless devotion to work for a better world. I have friends, especially in social or government work or in the social sciences, who regard humor, irony, urbanity, or relaxation with something of the same moral impatience with which a missionary might watch the natives of the Fiji Islands dance or lounge in the sun. There is so little time; it is later than you think; there is no time for comedy. Urbanity is a form of evasion, and laughter is a form of bourgeois or decadent callousness. Let us gird our loins and work together rapidly for the common good or we shall all in common be destroyed. The psychiatric departments of hospitals number among their patients a good many people who in their earnest haste to save the world from destruction ended up by destroying their equilibrium and almost themselves. The tension of moral earnestness, the refusal to permit the enjoyment of even such goods as are possible in a chaotic world, is one of the diseases of our civilization, not a sign of its health. If Epicureanism leads to dismay, unrelieved moral dedication leads to fanaticism.

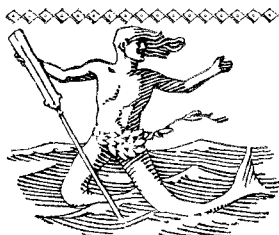
Neither the playboy nor the zealot is a true or adequate incarnation of the life of reason.

Those who recognize the disillusion of a pleasure philosophy or the destructiveness of a moral fanaticism have begun in our age, as they have in other ages, to turn to otherworldly philosophies. They have tried to seek an inward light unquenchable by external circumstances. They have tried in spirit to follow the Indian saint into the wilderness or the monk into his cell or the mystic into his remote meditation. They have sought Nirvana, or a Oneness with the One, or an Aloneness with the Alone. The follies of society are not cured by the incantations of pure mysticism, and the search for oblivion is really a pathological attempt simply to become oblivious to the actual and remediable conflicts and disorders in society.

There are still others than the pleasure-lovers, the Nirvana-seekers, the devotees of such mystics, who have sought to make a prescription for a reasonable life. Among those others now epidemic are followers of historians and zoologists who with the theological wave of a wand discover that a palpably absurd world is somehow moving toward a cozy fulfillment where, as I heard Mr. Toynbee say, "God is Love." It would seem a strange moment to detect the course of history as the operations of universal love when the world is being filled with universal hate.

No, I do not think any of these ersatz solutions will do. The pressure of events simply confirms again what the life of reason does consist in: a brave contemplation of what things are discoverably like and a resolute attempt to improve the lot of man in the conditions into which he finds himself born. The life of reason must always have a stoic element because there is no sign that either the follies of humanity or the uncaring order of nature will ever be magically transformed.

The life of reason must also contain an element of hope, for it is quite clear, as the history of every improvement in man's estate has shown us, that human intelligence accompanied by human goodwill may profoundly improve the life of mankind. The life of reason must include the pleasure principle also, for what else gives life meaning if not joy and delight of life, and what a folly it would be not to cherish and embrace, not to nourish then, even in a sick society, that which yields the fruit of a quickened, multiplied awareness, the substance of vision and of joy. The universe may be pointless, but there are many good points in it. Our urgencies may be intense, but the world does not end with us or even with our own civilization; nor, if we do not quench intelligence and generosity in ourselves, is it a foregone conclusion that our civilization must end. And the best insurance, perhaps, of maintaining both is to reaffirm the quality of life itself, of its possibility of beauty and its intimations of order and of justice.



The Atlantic Serial



THE BRAVE BULLS

by TOM LEA

Luis Bello, a Mexican matador, known at the height of his fame as "the Swordsman of Guerreras," is a tired man; he is still in his early thirties; he has won the reputation of great courage in the kill; now he feels the premonition of the young veteran. For years he has supported a large lazy clan of relatives, paying for their fat with his own flesh; he can find no rest at home and not enough reassurance in his adoring young brother, Pepe, who wishes to fight with him in the ring. Then comes a long-distance call from Raul de Fuentes, his manager, offering him the chance to fight in the Plaza Mexico on Sunday; despite the old wound in his thigh which still frets him, Luis leaves at once. In the plane to the Capital his thoughts are on Linda de Calderon who he believes will comfort him before the fight. He is right.

Meanwhile Raul is negotiating for another fight, one which will have both Luis and Pepe on the card at the plaza in Cuenca. Luis has agreed to appear there on the feast day of Santa Barbara, on the one condition that Eladio Gomez, the impresario, will provide bulls of the first class from Las Astas, the ranch of Don Tiburcio Balbuena.

The fight in Plaza Mexico does not go well. Luis is off his timing, he chops at the horns without undue risk, the crowd boos. It is only when the other matador, Juan Salazar, is fatally gored that Luis, aroused, takes revenge on the bull with his deadly accuracy.

The Atlantic's abridgment of Mr. Lea's forthcoming novel will appear in four installments, of which this is the second.

9

IT WAS like an island in a black ocean made of air. Just the dark air all around and in the middle the island where it was completely warm and easy not to move or see or try but only feel how soft and smooth and still it was being alive and tired, so tired, and easy now upon the island without eyes.

And then the black ocean shaped away from nothingness. Waves and tides and currents grew within it, moving across the deep to find the hidden place, to wash at its blindness, to melt its mindless shore, to cast it finally adrift, no steadfast island after all, upon the voyaging sea.

"Are you asleep?"

"Not asleep."

"Content?"

"Ai Linda! Linda in the dark without seeing you, Linda."

"I'm glad."

He lifted his head and rested his chin on the heel of his hand, looking down, trying to see her in the darkness. Then he turned, sliding his arm under her neck so that her head rested on his shoulder. Lying on their backs they both looked up into the black ocean.

"Just so you don't think I'm as bad as I was Sunday."

"Luis. Why do you keep talking about Sunday? I don't want to remember that man and the bull."

"The part you saw probably finished you with the bulls. I thought it finished you with me too. It was all bad."

"Why are we talking about it? But why do you do it, Luis? How can you go on doing that? The scars—I'm glad I can't see! Why do you do it?"

"It's what I do. You know that. Luis Bello without bulls? Nothing going back to nothing. Linda. You saw only the bad. There is something to it, something great sometimes about it. I wish you could see it then. I would like to show you when it's good. I mean sincerely in my heart some afternoons there is something. I haven't felt it for a long time; I don't know why. I try, and I wish I could. But I didn't show you. Will you go to a plaza again, so I can show you? . . . In the plaza! Devil!"

"It's important, isn't it, Luis?"

"It's what I do."

"I'll go."

"Look, my next one here is three weeks from Sunday, on the eighteenth. We'll have a real one, God granting. One for Linda. And look, we'll celebrate, if it's good. Christmas week. What do you say? Maybe go somewhere."

"We'll see. Tell me what you do till then. Torero."

"Day after tomorrow to Guadalajara."

"How do you go, Luis? The train?"

"Often in my car, but this time the train. Raul wants a car this week-end and I told him to take mine. He's going on some kind of party. Big lawyer business."

"Will the corrida in Guadalajara be prominent?"

"It's a kind of a competition, with a fellow named Carlos Rojo. I don't like him and he don't like me. The public makes us rivals. We fight on the same cartel a lot because we contrast. I don't work the way he does, jumping around swishing a cloth and grinning. It's a competition. It will be fairly prominent."

"And then?"

"And then not so prominent. On December Fourth a queer one. One I don't want except for my kid brother Pepe. We go to the great metropolis of Cuenca. Just Pepe and me on a four-bull card. Raul signed for it day before yesterday. It was funny. You know how small bullrings are. I said I wouldn't show in Cuenca unless Pepe fought with me and unless we had real bulls to fight. I didn't think it would happen. But I thought if it did happen I would make Pepe a chance to advance his campaign as matador by fighting serious bulls."

"God! Aren't they all serious?"

"The brave bulls with the breed in them are serious. Without them, the whole thing's a pity. You got to have them or there's no chance for the thing I was telling you about, what I want to show you."

"Well, like I said, I got surprised about Cuenca. I didn't expect the man to get the bulls, but he fooled me. So Pepe and I are going. It's something for the kid."

"Tell me more. About bulls, Senor Bello!"

"Talk, talk, talk."

"More yet."

"About Cuenca? All right. What a subject! Yesterday a friend of mine from Spain showed up at the house in San Angel. A torero without contracts. Shall we say it, maybe not very good in the plazas, but a good boy. From Seville. I got well from a goring — this one, right here — at his mother's house in the barrio of San Bernardo. She took me like my own mother when I got out of hospital. She made paella I still remember like a dream; you should taste it, the way she made it! The boy's name is Paco. Paco Saya. I'm taking him to Cuenca with the Bello cuadrillas. He's going as the sobresaliente, the substitute like they always have when there are only two matadors on the card. I can't get him anything else now, but he's a good boy and at least he can swing his cape on a few quites with us and get his name on a Mexican cartel. So the queer corrida has got a Spaniard for a substitute matador because of some paella in Seville. Is that enough

about Cuenca? Is that enough talk, talk, talk, Linda Castillo de Calderon?"

It was.

10

THEY lit cigarettes. In the flare of the match she smiled at him. Propped on the pillows with an ash tray between them, they each held little round points of fire that glowed orange in the dark.

"Linda, you think the bulls are bad but I thank them very much. Without the bulls it never — you know I was kind of scared of you at first, kid."

"I'm still scared of you."

"Ha! The faithful ox named Bello?"

"Luis! But tell me. How long do you go on with those bulls? That business Sunday. Really! Don't you plan to retire? Why don't you?"

"Not yet, Linda. Raul and I have been talking it over. We're making a program. We figure two more seasons. That ought to fix it. I want a ranch. All toreros want a ranch sometime and I guess I'm no different. They say the money you make belongs to the bulls. It's the bulls' money. They give it to you and they can take it away, anytime. It don't actually belong to you until you retire. That's why I spent so much, before the bulls could take it back. I know that. It's not yours until you can walk away telling the bulls good-by forever. Then if you got anything, it's yours. Manolete had forty million pesetas of the bulls' money and they took it back before he could walk away. But you know — there is something about the bulls. And the crowd. And feeling what you can do, and the big afternoon. Most bullfighters don't know nothing else. I'm going to quit someday, Linda. Still —"

"Still you are proud, Luis Bello. They say pride is a sin and I suppose that it is. But oh, Luis, I wish I could be proud like you! I'm not proud of anything for so long, long. I was taught to be proud of myself. I remember my grandfather's house where I lived in Toluca."

"It wasn't anything like my uncle's in Guerrerars."

"Don't be like that, Luis. It makes you very proud. And foolish. Not all the difficulties in the world are yours!"

"Thanks to God. I got enough. We all have. But no difficulties with Linda. None. Tell me about when you were a little girl, in Toluca."

"The most fun was the family picnics in the summertime up to the lake of the Nevada de Toluca. We'd stay overnight. The servants would pitch tents and make barbecues, and the musicians would play at night around big fires. We'd have games, all the cousins. Once we had fireworks. We could look down, down into the whole valley in the morning and point out Cruces, my grandfather's hacienda in the tiny trees and the whole city of Toluca not big enough to be a toy. I had a chestnut mare and we cousins would ride along the slopes in

the flowers. At night we could reach up and touch all the stars from the beautiful high Nevada. The musicians would still be playing when we children were put to bed in the tents, and we could hear the grown men singing by the fires, and laughing."

"I wish I had seen you when you were a little girl — ah Linda! The other day, the day it rained so hard, I had me some hot chili because I was thinking about things. About being a kid. About the Agua-bendita where I was born, about climbing in the bell tower and getting the squabs and the pigeon eggs and stealing the bell ropes from the priest. In Guerreras my uncle took care of horses for the Pedrazos and I was a helper. The thing I liked was in the early morning when the sun was just coming up and we rode the race horses to the edge of town. There was a five hundred vara track out there. I got to exercise the horses on the track with the soft dirt and I remember how it used to be, flat against the bareback, holding to the mane, running so the wind made my eyes water, going fast, fast, whistling, leaving dust in the shadows. That's the fastest I ever went in my life. Coming back through town, the sun would be on the streets warm and you could smell the cook smoke from the houses. The kids would look up at me on a horse blanket and run along beside the horses and I felt big enough to run my hand along the roofs."

"Can you remember anything in the Revolution, Luis?"

"Sure I can remember. When they burned the big house at the Aguabendita. I can remember when my father came back. He was a soldier with Villa."

"They killed my father. I never saw him. He never saw me. My mother used to tell about the Revolution. She carried me on a refugee train. I'm glad I can't remember anything about it."

"I think we remember plenty, Lindita. Lindisima. Remember the good things. I can remember everything, exactly, about you."

"Luis! *Ai Luis* — Bello!"

11

THE Bello cuadrilla was not a team when it drove back to the hotel from the bullring in Guadalajara. It had fallen apart into single morbid pieces.

"Tacho," Luis Bello said, "find out if the train is late enough so we can catch the damn thing. The sooner we get out of here the better."

The train was over an hour late, and they made it, hurrying. Surrounded by his cheerless cuadrilla and by the bags of gear and tinsel belonging to their trade, Luis Bello sat silent in the hard yellow light of the chair car. The miserable night passed slowly until the conductor led Luis to a vacated upper berth in the Pullman car where the matador managed to sleep, restless, aching in his bones, with his leg bruised and hurting, for a couple of hours before dawn.

Luis Bello was worried about himself. Genuinely, deeply worried. The bulls had been good, and so had Carlos Rojo. Even El Panadero, the low man on the cartel, was all right. But Luis Bello was not. The Swordsman of Guerreras was less than "regular" — as the kinder critics might say — all afternoon. He kept away from the horns and killed his bulls with caution, finally, using only half the sword blade, and at the end depending upon the services of the puntillero's dagger.

A terrible thing had happened to Luis Bello during the afternoon. He felt fear. He despised a torero who felt fear, and he felt it. Every torero was worried just before a corrida, naturally, and sometimes afraid in the ring; but a good one surmounted his dread with his will. He smothered the fear inside himself so it didn't show. Luis Bello was afraid he had shown his fear, and he despised himself, helpless and angry. He had never been afraid like that, feeling the fear eat at him like a tumor, squeezing his heart pale. But now he had.

Two ears for Carlos Rojo, a circuit of the ring with applause for El Panadero. Nothing for Luis Bello. Except the discovery that he was afraid. Afraid of the horns. Afraid of what horns do.

He cursed the moment of silence at the beginning of it, with the big silly sign UN MOMENTO DE SILENCIO and everybody standing voiceless and still in the Guadalajara ring, with hats off. The moment of silence to the memory of Juan Salazar, like they had for every dead one, at every ring in the Republic, the first corrida after a fatal goring. It upset the tempo and the pace of a corrida from the very start.

When the train finally came into the station at the Capital, Luis Bello was so worried with himself that he thought nothing strange at seeing Pepe and his pal Jank Delgado standing waiting for him. Luis gave his brother the abrazo and shook hands with Delgado, not accounting for Pepe's white lips or the Jank's constraint. In his preoccupation with himself he interpreted their manners as solemn sympathy for the failure that had grown inside himself on the way home from Guadalajara. Pepe hurried him through the station, motioning to Tacho, while Delgado helped quickly with the bags.

"Let's get to San Angel," Pepe said. "Come on, Tacho! Goyo, you boys take another cab to your houses. We'll see you later." With his face turned away from Luis, Pepe made a furtive grimace to the cuadrilla. There was anguish in it, and they saw it. The Bellos, with Tacho and the Jank, got in a cab.

The ride to San Angel seemed endless to Pepe Bello. Luis was so deep in his moodiness he was only gradually aware of his brother's unnaturalness, of Delgado's silence, of Tacho's puzzled, silent concentration on the younger Bello's obvious strain.

"What's the matter with you?" Tacho finally asked aloud.

"Nothing," Pepe said, shooting a look at the swordhandler.

Luis caught it.

"What's eating you, Pepe?"

"N-nothing."

"Christ's sake!" the older Bello said, scowling. "Like somebody rammed a sausage down your throat. The corrida wasn't that bad yesterday! But I got enough worries."

They got the bags out and were paying the fare when the watchman opened the gate, looking hard at Luis and then at Pepe. Saying nothing, he carried the pigskin traveling case initialed LB, and the swords. The cook Pomposa was red-eyed at the door of the house.

"A hell of a home-coming after a fine corrida. Beautiful all over! What in the Name of God, Pepe?"

"I wanted to get you home, Luis! I just wanted to get you home!" He motioned everyone else out of the room.

"Huh?"

"Luis." The tears Pepe Bello had been holding back, holding back tight, finally glassed his eyes and rolled out, two big round drops, down his brown cheeks. "I got to tell you something. It's Raul. Raul got killed."

Luis Bello stood perfectly still. He did not move, with his hands down at his sides. He stood still as a stone.

"Raul?"

"He got killed. In the car. Coming down from Cuernavaca. On the mountain. Last night."

"Raul?" Luis did not move. "Dead? Pepe! Listen, Pepe! How do you know that?" His fists clenched, still at his sides.

"Everything. The police chief on the phone. Then everybody. It's in the paper this morning, and I was afraid, afraid you'd see it! Before I could tell you, before I could get you home!"

Luis Bello sat down in a chair. He sat very straight.

"Raul. My right arm." He felt his right arm. "My right arm gone." It maimed his mind and his mind backed away from it, numb. It would have to come back. But not now, not now!

"Huh." He looked at Pepe. "In the car? Wrecked my car?"

"It's junk. Nothing. Forty meters off the road."

"Huh." The clock on the mantel ticked in the silence. "Raul and the car." The clock ticked on. "Anybody else in the car?"

"Yes."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Just one, one besides Raul."

"Who? What was his name?"

"It was a girl. O God, Luis my brother — and I got to tell you! The girl was Linda de Calderon."

Luis stood up.

"With Raul? Killed with Raul?"

Pepe put his hand on his brother's shoulder. Slowly Luis pushed him aside, with his eyes coming wide open; Luis looking up seeing himself standing there clear and plain in the parlor mirror. His hand found the back of the straight chair. He took hold of the smooth round wood slowly, firmly. Then sent it hurtling. It smashed the mirror, shattering pieces into the air. The crash brought Tacho and Jank Delgado running through the door. Luis stopped them, wordless, motionless, looking at them as if he held a sword in his hand. He looked past them then, trembling; he spoke very calmly, in a low voice, almost whispering.

"Now. Get out, please. Go away. Get out. GET OUT! And close the doors."

12

Luis stood at the window alone, with the clock ticking.

His mind approached it, then backed away. The sweat came cold on his forehead. Slowly, slowly then, Luis Bello walked up to the horns, unarmed. He walked up to them numb, and let them come, let them touch and slide sick into him, and twist him, and when they got there inside of him, he cried.

One of the horns was Raul dead and one of the horns was Linda dead and there was still another horn and that was Raul and Linda together alive. That was a horn too many for anything real, O God. It was a horn he had never seen and how it cut and tore!

One horn at a time, O Father Jesus, one horn is all I can bear. Old Raul my right arm. Raul that took care of everything. Raul that put me up there and taught me and kept it all going in the green times and the ripe ones. Old Raul, my sword arm, and I lost him.

And Linda. The flower and cream not like it sounds but truly, and it's gone. Gone. Linda that had troubles, I never knew what. I'll never know now at all. Nor help. Linda that was beautiful, by God, with the real casta in her.

Linda and Raul. Did you really do it? To me? I won't ever know. Maybe you didn't. I hope I never find out. But I'll think, O God, I'll think. Raul doing it to me. Maybe he didn't, going in the car. Taking my blue car and making everything a pile of junk.

I was always going to be the one, the pile of junk they worried about. I was going to be the one that got it all the time, the dead one, and here I am.

The clock ticked, measuring off the silence with the horns in him. He heard the phone ringing in the hall, and the footsteps going and the voices around him in his house, the strands and colors he had woven in wrappings around the central strange shape the days beat out upon their anvil forming him, the wrappings that padded Luis Bello and hid him from himself. Now these integuments of

vanity and ornament, of necessity, of service, of faith and affection, were torn away suddenly: he had smashed the mirror that showed him the shape of himself without them.

Nothing is yours until you walk away telling the horns good-by forever, Luis Bello. But you got nothing worth carrying away then, have you? Are you afraid?

What is it you fear, Luis? Is it the horn that rips so fast, and turns you twisting dizzy in the air, and comes out red and sticky? Is that it? Is it the smell of ether when things go gray in the infirmary? Or is it the bed with the pus, the thirst, the fever at night? What is it now, looking at yourself, Luis? What else did you see in the mirror?

There's something that hasn't happened yet, Luis Bello, and horns or no horns it finds you. It found the old uncle the week before last, and last week it found Juan Salazar. This week it came to Raul and Linda. Now it's headed for you.

And this week you'll have to go again to the hushed place and look down into the box. Not one box but two, O God. With the smell of the wax and the sickly flowers in the candlelight you'll hear it again, the Mass with the voices on the rim, the terrible high mysterious rim that crumbles away forever from the sun and the color and the crowd and falls away, into dust, into —

Luis Bello could name it. He knew what it was, and he looked at it there in himself, all alone. When he had seen it and named it there was something finished about it, and because he was alive, he turned away from it.

He turned away from it the only way he knew how. Standing by the broken mirror he blew his nose and put on his sunglasses, and he walked out.

"I'm going," he said to Pepe. The whole cuadrilla was standing there.

"Where?" said Pepe. "How?"

"I'm leaving for a while. I'm making a circuit."

"I'll go with you," his brother said.

"Nobody's going with me. Understand? You understand that? You leave me alone."

"Luis, for God, take it easy!"

He walked out the front door bareheaded, across the garden, unlatched the gate and went through, pulling it closed after him. Pepe and all the cuadrillas watched him go.

"I'm going after Luis!" said Tacho.

"Wait a minute!" Pepe said. "You want to get him real crazy? Raul used to handle him, but we got to do it now. And do it right. We got to let him go wherever he thinks he's going. But maybe we can tail him till he cools off. And bring him back."

"I know him. He ain't going to cool," Tacho moaned.

"I seen the bull's ear twitch, and boy, the horns are here. They're on top of us now!" Goyo Salinas said. He spit.

"Goyo, you and the boys handle things at the house," Pepe said. He started down the lane with Tacho, and the Jank.

Luis saw them when he turned around to look. A hundred yards behind him, helpless, silly, devoted. It made him angry. He stopped and made the sign he made in the plazas, motioning his peons to get away, get behind the barrera. Then he walked on, faster.

They saw him step into a taxi by the convent square, and they were too far away, too far.

"Get off the boulevard," Luis ordered the driver. "This is worth your while."

Leave it, thought Luis Bello. Get out of this week. This whole week. I got to. I don't want to see it. I can't look at it. I can't see them, and smell the flowers and hear the Mass and go to the graves. Leave it. Leave it.

Leave everything. Leave the bulls, everything about the bulls, the people, the places that know bulls. Know Raul, know me — know Linda. Leave it.

The cabman drove a long time. Luis sat alone with himself. Leaving, leaving all of it. Then he wished he had a cigar to leave with. He didn't have one. Not even a match. He didn't have a drink either. And he didn't have a place to go, leaving everything.

They even wrecked my car. I can't go no place. I got no place, except with the bulls. Because I never made another kind of a place and I never thought about it before. The damned bulls and I'm through with them. I'm through with anybody that knows anything about the bulls. And where's that? Where's that around here, where they won't find me? Never find me. Where I can get a cigar and have a drink away from the bulls.

"Driver. You know the Tenocotle? That little three-sided dump of a plaza, Tenocotle? You know it? Well, take me there."

He paid, and let the taxi go away, around the corner out of sight, before he moved from the curb. Then he crossed the street and hurried a block and knocked at a door painted green.

He stood there waiting a long time for an answer. When it came, the door opened only an inch or two. He had to lift his sunglasses and show his face before they let him in and he was angry, with his red eyes.

"Senor Bello! Truly it *is*! Don Luis of the bulls! And so long since we've seen you, since we had the honor. O mother mine! And at such an hour? Monday morning? Ai, the girls —"

"Get this, Mamacita. This is important," Luis Bello said. His voice grated. "No Senor Don Luis of anything. Understand? None of your damned dash and scratch. Understand? I came here. That's all. It's a place."

He pulled his wallet from his hip pocket and handed it to the old lady.

"Here — you keep this for me. Take what you need to pay for what I want. I'll tell you what that is, when I want it, and to hell with your beauties! Understand? I want to sit under the grape arbor in the back. See? I want to sit at a table with some cigars and a drink. I want you to keep bringing me cigars and tequila until I quit asking for them, or until I ask for something else. I want to sit. See? Quiet. Goddamned quiet, you old hag. Get it?"

I'm proud, eh, Linda?

13

CALLERS came to the house in San Angel, and the telephone rang. There were questions Luis could answer, situations Luis could resolve, and Luis was gone. Tacho had no luck all day, trying to trace the taxi Luis had taken.

Pepe went searching in Goyo's car. He went to the morgue, to the undertakers', asking if Luis had been there. He called at Raul's mother's. After inquiry, with embarrassment and hesitation, he even took flowers and presented himself to Linda's relatives, looking hopefully for Luis and not finding him.

When evening came the cuadrilla became a search party making the rounds of the cafes and bars where the bull crowd collected. They asked for Luis at the desk in the Ritz, the Reforma, the Regis, and went down the line, while those in the house at San Angel waited and wrangled.

At a quarter to ten that night Don Felix Aldemas Leon, his round face very sober, walked into Luis Bello's parlor.

"Pepe. Where's Luis?" There was authority in his voice and in his question. It was too heavy for Pepe.

"Don Felix, we don't know."

"I thought it was queer. Nobody seeing him all day. Where did he go?"

"We don't know. He just walked out of the house after I told him this morning. After he got home from Guadalajara."

"Pepe, I came out here to San Angel after dinner because I felt some worry. Luis is an artist — one of the great artists of our country — and artists have temperaments. They also have curious attitudes about the money they make and throw away.

"I came out here to speak to Luis. Until I can speak to him I will mention a few words to you. I was a friend of Raul Fuentes, and a friend of Raul's father. God have them both now in His glory. As lawyer for Raul's family it is my duty to attend Raul's tangled affairs after the tragedy of last night. His financial affairs are greatly involved with your brother Luis.

"As you know, I have been a friend and admirer of Luis Bello for years. I feel deeply the aficion for the bulls. I intend to see your brother's affairs properly straightened out, along with Raul's,

though God alone knows the difficulties of justice.

"I wish to say this. And impress it upon Luis, and upon you too, at the beginning of your career. It is criminal to throw away the money you make in the plazas at the risk of your lives. Unless Luis changes, he will end with nothing. Like Salazar, like a hundred more anyone can name. It is time Luis changed. And this sad day is a good day to determine that change. I have only affection for the memory of Raul Fuentes, and understanding for irresponsibilities and ill judgments of young men with hot blood. But I do not wish to see your brother make any more mistakes.

"I offer Luis my services now in handling the increment of the remainder of his career, and guarding it for his benefit, for his family, for his old age — if God grants him old age. He must do it. And you must do it too, young man.

"In my position at this sad time, and in future if you so desire, I can manage the Bello money affairs. I cannot of course manage the Bello affairs in the plazas and box offices and journals, up to carrying a sword case — as Raul did. That is for some manager within the professional atmosphere of the bulls. But! I see my duty. I intend to speak to Luis Bello clearly. You tell him I am acting on the presumption that he will fulfill all contracts and agreements just as his now deceased manager arranged them. And that I will help him in any way."

Don Felix put on his gray fedora hat and his topcoat. "I hope Luis is all right, Pepe. It has been a blow. A hard blow. With the woman and all that, too. Good night."

"Yai!" said the Jank when Don Felix had gone. "He wears the whiskers. That's what this encierro of artists needs around here. A man wearing the whiskers!"

Goyo Salinas phoned after midnight.

"We been everywhere. Nobody's seen him —"

"Get some rest, Goyo. Tell all the boys to get some rest. Come on out in the morning."

Pepe and Tacho were up with the first light, drinking coffee in the kitchen.

"He must have left town," Tacho said. "I thought about it all night. You know, he blew once before. In Lima, when he got word his wife was dead. Just blew. Missed a corrida when he needed corridas. Showed up looking like a picador's nag with the saddle gone. Ten years ago. It's where he got the medal of Santa Barbara, now I remember. Mother mine! No torero ever wore Santa Barbara in the ring, that I ever heard. She's for storms and earthquakes."

"His wife was named Barbara. That's why he got it. That's why he wears it."

"I know that. But she is the saint of storms. Not so bad for a torero. Eh? Storms and earthquakes. God, but Luis has been bad since you saw him in Guerreras! I never seen him afraid before. I never seen him so bad. Now this thing. Washing him

up!" Tacho knocked on wood, shaking his head.

"Listen, Tacho. He'll be all right. He's got to be all right. Next Sunday. It's my chance. Las Astas bulls at Cuenca. Luis has got to be all right. So we can go."

"We don't even know where he is! No telling what's happened to him — " There were tears in Tacho's eyes.

"Fix yourself, swordhandler." Pepe walked out of the kitchen angry.

14

THE cuadrillas came, dressed in their dark suits, for a funeral. Paco Saya, the torero from Seville, showed up in a beret, and a scarf knotted around his neck. The crowd grew.

The phone rang and Pepe picked up the receiver.

"Who speaks?" asked a female voice on the wire.

"Pepe Bello speaking."

"You Luis Bello's brother?"

"What do you want? I'm his brother."

"Listen, Bello boy. Come and get him!"

"Huh? What's that?"

"Your brother. Just about wrecked my place, sonny boy."

"Where?" Pepe Bello yelled into the phone.

"Where is he?"

"You come and get him."

"Where, goddammit?"

"Tenocotle. Tenocotle 6 and be quiet about it. No policia! You hear that?"

"You just hold him. Hold him. I'm coming from San Angel!"

He slammed down the phone and turned to Tacho and the Jank.

"Get Goyo and let's go!"

Goyo's car worked hard, going fast, going toward town. The four of them sat in it, trying to help it go faster, sitting on the edge of the seats, not going fast enough.

"Tenocotle, Tenocotle, where's that? I never heard of it," Pepe said.

"I know where it is all right," Goyo said. "I wasn't born in this town for nothing. No wonder we couldn't find him. Tenocotle."

"The mama says he was wrecking the place," Pepe grinned.

"Oh, he's a peril when he's drunk," Tacho said. "I know him."

The green door opened immediately. All four of them went in.

"Well!" Pepe recognized the voice on the phone. It came from between all the lipstick, on the old lady. Three of her girls in very short dresses were standing in the patio with her. "You get your torero out of here! What's the matter with him, anyway? He used to be a nice man."

"Where is he?"

"He's in a room."

The old lady unlocked a door and they all walked into a dim place lighted only by the light from the opened door. Luis had been sick. He was lying across a broken bed with his head down. His shirt was torn. They could see the immense scar in his left armpit. There was a long red scratch across his cheek and his knuckles were bloody.

A leg of the bed was broken and so were a chair and a crockery washbowl and a pitcher smashed on the bare floor in a corner. The room was a dirty wreck and so was Luis Bello.

They knelt down and felt him and listened to him breathe. Pepe wiped his brother's mouth and chin with a handkerchief.

Luis Bello groaned.

"O God," Tacho said. He looked up from where he knelt by his matador. "What happened?"

"What happened? O what happened!" the old lady said. "Thank God there wasn't a sword in the house last night. He thought we were bulls."

"How long was he here? Did he drink much?"

"Did he drink much! Pig! He came about noon yesterday. There was something wrong." She pointed to her right temple and rolled her watery eyes. "Crazy. He just sat. And drank. Too quiet. Until last night. Ai! He made me lock the door to the street! We had to turn a quantity of respectables away unhappy from our door. This torero here said the plaza was closed, the encierro was his. Then he said he wanted a band of music and all services of plaza, complete. He tied ribbons on the girls for divisas and he used my good shawl for a cape. O the scandal! Listen, boys, get that god-damned bullfighter out of my house! He got rough when he began calling for a horse and a pic! Never again! Crazy, that's what he is. I had to hit him over the head."

They found the knot on his skull. Goyo could hardly lift for laughing. "O Luis! Que tio! Que tio mio!" They pulled on his pants and coat.

"Did he pay?" Pepe asked. They carried him across the patio.

"He paid all right," said the mama. "I'll say he paid." She pulled the wallet from her bosom and handed it to Pepe. "Here. I kept the money. The damages are terrible. I run a nice place here, boys. Come back sometime. But for God you better not come like bullfighters!"

The green door went shut and they loaded Luis into the back seat of the car. He was violently sick on the Insurgentes.

"Eleven-thirty," Tacho said, seeing the clock on a barbecue drive-in. "We'll get him a bath and soak him good while Pomposa is making him menudo. A bath and some good strong tripe gruel, that's what he needs."

"We'll get the barber to the house too," Pepe said, "right away. Luis needs him, and he needs the back of his neck rubbed with that hot stuff, like a barber can do it. That will fix him."

The crowd at the house in San Angel all watched Luis being carried upstairs. Everybody followed, jamming into his room.

"Plastered," Goyo said, explaining. "Just plastered."

"Poor Luis," they said. "All emotionated."

Two hours later Luis could hardly feel at all, except feel sick and feel shame. In a silk dressing robe he sat up in a chair, trying to eat menudo, after the bath. Luis Bello was weak and silent.

Long distance from Guerreras was calling Luis Bello. "I'll take it," Pepe said. He went downstairs to the phone in the hall.

It was Carmela Bello asking for Luis.

"You can't speak to him," Pepe said. "Haven't you heard? We got tragedy."

"Tragedy? Help us God, what is it?"

"Raul Fuentes has been killed."

"Oh. But you and Luis?"

"Luis is emotionated. I'm fair, but very busy."

"Thanks to God you are safe. I called because we have trouble in Guerreras."

"What now?"

"Alfredo's in jail. We can't make his bail."

"Good," Pepe said.

"You sound like Luis! Don't you make me mad! The disgrace —"

"What's he in for?"

"Bad checks. In Monterrey."

"We got enough worries, Carmela. Leave him in."

"Pepe! I want to speak to Luis! This instant!"

"You ain't speaking to any Luis."

"Oh Pepe!" He could hear her crying.

"Pepe. Aguilar has cut off our credit at the store. You remember the bill? The forty-seven hundred pesos Luis got so mad about? It hasn't been paid. Aguilar won't charge any more. What will we do?"

"Name of God, we got enough to worry about without a grocery bill! Why don't you get somebody in that house to go to work and *earn* some groceries? Huh?"

"Beast! I'm telling you, little man! I've had enough! I'm going into a convent! There!" She slammed the receiver in Pepe's ear.

"The happy day! The good life!" Pepe said, going upstairs. He spit on the floor. "I'd like to get plastered too."

Luis was drooping in his chair, holding his head. "What was it?" he asked.

"Carmela. The usual. The difficulties in Guerreras. Alfredo's in jail. The grocery bill not paid. Carmela taking the veil — so she says."

Luis Bello did not answer.

"Luis," Pepe said, after a long silence. "In about an hour there's the funeral. Will you go with us? You know —"

"The hell with it."

"I know how you feel but —"

"Which one, Pepe?"

It took him a moment to understand. "Oh! Raul's — it's Raul's."

"The other?"

"That was this morning. It's over. Yesterday I took flowers and went there. For you. Would you go with me now, Mano? The public expects —"

"The hell with it. I can't."

The Jank came into the room.

"The damned phone again downstairs. It's long distance from Cuenca now. Wants to speak to Luis Bello."

"I'll take it," said Pepe, fast.

"And listen, Jose Antonio Bello, you go tell Cuenca to keep those bulls," Luis said. "I'm through. The hell with the bulls."

Going out the door, with his face turned from Luis, Pepe winked solemnly at the Jank.

Eladio Gomez was on the wire.

"Bueno? Luis?"

"No, Senor Gomez, this is Pepe. Pepe Bello. Luis can't come to the phone today. He sent me."

"Pepe. I feel deeply the tragedy of Fuentes. Accept my sympathies. I called about the *corrida* Sunday. I want to make sure of my contract —" The worry was in Gomez's voice.

"Naturally, Senor Gomez. Naturally," Pepe delayed. "I will tell you. We are upset. Very bad. Luis, he — he's sick. But I will tell you. I think he will be all right. I think he will be there —"

"Listen. You're saying he might not come! Breach of contract! You are responsible, you are liable. Are you *both* coming?"

"You go ahead please, Senor Gomez. I will be there and Luis, Luis is coming too —"

"That's your word! Five days only. I'm counting on it. I want a telegram from Luis saying it. You hear? In writing!"

Pepe was sweating all over when he came back upstairs to Luis.

"Did you tell Gomez?" Luis asked, scowling.

"I told him." Pepe sat down. The barber was rubbing Luis's neck. "Luis," Pepe said.

He had to ask him again about things. He had to. One thing at a time.

"Luis, you going to the funeral with us?"

When the barber quit rubbing, Luis looked up. The color was gone from his face and his eyes were sunk in their sockets. They looked too dark and unnaturally wet. The long red scratch marked the pallor of his cheek.

"I feel terrible. I'm sick. But old Raul. I guess I ought to. I ought to go."

15

THURSDAY morning Eladio Gomez was dulled with gloom when he walked into his bullring. Looking up at the forlorn empty seats of his lifeless plaza in the harsh morning light, he perfunctorily told Sanchez to hurry and get done with the red paint on

the barrera. Then he went through the toril on his way to the shack by the corrals to find Chon Munoz.

Chon was as familiar at the bullring of Cuenca as the sign over the main gate. He was an old banderillero. In his prime he had spent two seasons in the cuadrilla of young Gaona; those were the days of his glory and he liked to talk of them, and of his friendship with Ojitos. Living now in poverty with his big family in the shack by the plaza corrals, he still devoted himself to the golden illusion of his life, to the bulls. He took care of the bull corrals, and the bulls before they died, and the toril door during the corridas. He handled the livestock for his employer, Eladio Gomez.

"You got to clean up those chiqueros soon, Chon," Gomez told him, talking about the small, dark, manure-caked pens he had passed by, under the plaza, where each bull spent his last hours in solitude before his exit to glory through the toril door. "The Las Astas are coming today. Are the corrals and the feed ready? What about that leaking water trough in the big corral? And Chon, what about horses? What about those two nags Landeros wants to sell? How cheap will he go? Will you see about that?"

"I think we need them," Chon said. "Number One bulls will be a pity to our Rosinantes here. Look at the four bone-bags we got in the patio for Sunday! They need help."

"Not if it's expensive," Gomez said. "You see about it."

Walking alone across town to his office on Hidalgo Street, Gomez was in a bitter mood. He was like a sign artist, he thought, without any paint on the brush. He was writing dry, in the empty air, lacking the paint. Luis Bello was the paint. And Luis Bello had not yet said he would be in Cuenca.

Today, if no word came, Gomez would have to act. He would have to scramble for a substitute for Luis Bello. And lose money. Along the street, window cards peered at him like reproaches, with that name in red at the top, Luis Bello.

The office of the Empresa de Toros of Cuenca was cold on winter mornings. The yellowish light over the box office window where old Lara sat, and the light over Eladio Gomez's desk behind the railing, spread no cheer in the dim place where the impresario of Cuenca promoted his sunlit spectacles. Before he sat down at his desk, he ripped the November sheet off the calendar on the wall and December looked at him. Then he noticed the unopened telegram Lara had put on his desk.

Gomez saw it with foreboding. It was bad. He could feel its badness staring up at him. Bello won't come. He tore it open and read it.

LUIS AND PEPE BELLO WITH CUADRILLAS AND SOBRESALIENTE SAYA ARRIVE CUENCA BY TRAIN SATURDAY FOR CORRIDA AS CONTRACTED.

FELIX ALDEMAS L.

Gomez's mind settled to details with relish, now that he might make some money, now that Luis Bello was coming. He wrote memos to himself about a discount on ice for the beer vendors' buckets; about the hundred newly covered cushions for renting at the ring; about a bass drummer that would stay sober enough, at least, to hit the drum when the band played "La Macarena"; about a new head usher — since the trouble with the colonel last time who took eight seats without tickets and threw the head usher in jail for protesting, Gomez had to be careful about ushers.

Still feeling expansive, Gomez decided to go ahead and get the pretty blue neon light repaired over the altar of his bullring chapel. He even decided to buy the two nags from Landeros, now that Luis Bello was coming.

16

THE afternoon was wearing away, carrying with it some of Eladio Gomez's enthusiasm, when one of Chon Munoz's kids came breathing hard in the office, with word from the bullring. The boy was excited.

"Don Eladio!" he said. "The bulls! They're here. The truck from Las Astas!"

"Ha!" said Gomez. "I'm going to the ring, Lara. Take care of the office. If anyone wants to see us disembox, tell them to hurry!"

Gomez recognized, by the horse patio gate, the familiar dusty truck with the brand of Tiburcio Balbuena painted on the door of the cab. He saw the four big bull boxes lashed to the truck bed; he saw Policarpo Cana squatting in the shade by the gate talking to old Chon.

"Policarpo!"

"Senor Gomez, at your orders!" They shook hands smiling.

"You got them here."

"Yes, senor! All in shape, well arranged." He reached into his jacket and unbuttoned a shirt pocket. "The papers. From Don Tiburcio, who sends salutes and respects."

A crowd had collected around the truck.

Gomez read aloud: "*Tramillero* 74, *Bandolero* 107, *Regalon* 37, and — for God, Balbuena named him wizard! *Brujo* 23! Well, we'll see."

Don Alberto Iriarte, the Engineer Vilar, and a whole Packard sedan full of aficionados from the Plaza Club drew up by the patio gate smiling, and got out to watch.

The disemboxing was dramatic and fascinating for everyone who loved the bulls. It was better than setting off dangerous fireworks, standing close, lighting them with a short fuse. The crowd took up silent stations on the platform built atop one of the high walls on the far side of the plaza corrals. The truck drove to the mouth of the unloading chute so that the head gate of the first bull box fitted against

it squarely. Chon Munoz and his helper Miguel, who wanted to be a torero, entered the corrals; Gomez climbed with Policarpo to stand atop the bull boxes.

The very wood of those boxes seemed alive, squeaking and shaking queerly with the power confined within them. Gomez could feel the impressiveness of that dark invisible power so close under him. The least movement and shifting of his weight brought violence. Horns struck the planking so hard they stung his feet through the soles of his shoes.

Chon Munoz, standing at the end of the runway directly facing the mouth of the chute, signaled he was ready.

"Let the amo, the master, out first!" he shouted.

Policarpo reached down and pulled up the head gate. They heard the bull grunt. They waited in silence. Then the great beast, with a snort that whistled, plunged out of the box, pounded with its cramped uncertain legs as it charged snuffing down the runway, ravening to get Chon Munoz on its horns. The old banderillero calmly lured the bull past the gate into the corral, then dodged behind a burladero in the corner.

It was the bobtailed bull with the whiskers; it lunged against the burladero after Chon, its black-tipped horns thudding into the wood, tearing again and again, throwing chunks and splinters of the planking into the air.

Gomez felt a moment of panic: the horns might be broken and ruined for the corrida.

"Miguel!" Gomez bawled, with the fear clutching at him. "Fool! Get him away! Ai! Start him!"

Miguel ran out where the bull could see him. He ran waving his arms, shouting, "Huh huh huh! Toro! Huh!" and the bull spun around and charged him, across the corral. Miguel disappeared through a narrow slot in the adobe wall. The bull skidded to a stop at the opening, hooking at it, then turned fast and stood still, surveying the empty, silent corral. Hot and furious, with its neck muscle swollen high, head up, alert for killing, the bull challenged the emptiness, the silence, ready. The challenge went unanswered in the quietness.

The truck made a noise adjusting the next box to the mouth of the chute and the head gate screeched as Policarpo pulled it up the grooves. Chon Munoz stayed hidden behind the burladero. The second

bull advanced down the runway uncertainly on its numb legs, head down, snorting, breathing the smell of the strange new hateful place. Trotting, it passed beyond the gate. Then cautiously it entered the big corral, lured by the sight and smell of its encierro mate. The two bulls squared off for a moment in the silence as if they must fight, then lost interest in each other and looked around, their ears cocked, hearing the sound of the truck from over the walls as it started to move again along the mouth of the chute. The third bull came fast, grunting, into the big corral. The fourth was slow leaving the box; Chon showed himself as a lure again, and the bull bellowed as it went through the gate. Chon came around and swung it shut, grinning as he dropped the bolt into place.

Gomez drove with Policarpo around the outside of the corrals and they parked the truck behind the walls of the horse patio. The dueno of the plaza was very anxious to join the aficionados on the platform who stood peering down at his bulls.

"Well! What do you think?" he asked, sweating, coming up the steps.

"Excellent," said the Engineer Vilar, puffing his cigar.

"Really Number Ones," said Zeferino Ramos.

"Too bad about that 23," said fat Rufino Vega.

"A damned buffalo."

"Ugly, it is true. Not aesthetic," judged Don Alberto Iriarte. "But you don't know anything, Rufino. Didn't you watch the way that bull came? The way he went after Miguel? The way he held the head, the way he turned — and no lingering? Ho! He has got something behind those whiskers!"

"Casta, that's what he's got!" Eladio Gomez said, proudly. "From the best cow at Las Astas."

They all stayed an hour, until the bulls had cooled, until the bulls were chewing quietly, in the blue shadows under the high curved wall. They liked to stand and just look at the bulls.

Eladio Gomez walked alone to his office at dusk. It was in his mind to ask his Physicians of Plaza, please, to check again the condition, the equipment, of the infirmary. He could still feel those horns through the planking. Oh, there was something about the horns! There was something about the dark bulls in the shadows at night. There was something about the bulls in the sunlight with the gold and the music.

(To be continued)



Books and Men



Columnist and Assistant Editor of the
Bergen Evening Record, Hackensack,

New Jersey, WILLIAM A. CALDWELL thinks too many erudite mid-twentieth-century practitioners of psychological fiction put into their novels everything but a point. An art without a morality, he suggests, is — no matter what its other virtues — no art at all; it is just an autopsy report. At the present time Mr. Caldwell is writing a book about gambling games and their accompanying social atmosphere.

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD

by WILLIAM A. CALDWELL

I

I HAVE just finished reading a rather prim little story about a solvent urbane 42-year-old citizen who so loved his wife — who just so loved her — and who so poignantly realized that she had made him what he was that in the last paragraph

he went to her door and there in the hall took off his clothes. She was lying on her back, her lips parted: he could hear her snoring. In the dark he tiptoed across the hall to the bathroom — *his* bathroom, mannish every inch of it, she would say, explaining what was mannish about it — and he set the cold water to running gently in the bowl so that, when he came out, he would remember to wash up. Now he was ready. In his left hand was the bright brass knob of her door. In his right was the thin long saw-toothed knife with which he had so many years ago — before she decided it was a downright *uneconomical* sport — gutted so many a fat trout. He began to wonder if she would flop and twist, but only began; that was all. Silently he opened the door and went in, and then closed it carefully behind him. This had better be done in the dark . . .

That is to say, in an ecstasy of shy acknowledgment of all she had been and done to him, the guy was about to chop her head off. That much is clear. I did not exactly like the story, but I respected it. It was architecturally sound, it was written with a kind of sordid minimal competence, and because it recommended a just solution for say ten or twelve million American marriage problems it was wonderfully improving.

I have just stuffed it in my wastebasket: much too late I have discovered that all I omitted from my manuscript was a point. Otherwise it was fine. I had followed Breck and his marvelous, unspeakable Fran around Upper Montclair with a microscope, taking down what they did and how they acted, showing how he had become the captive slave of her aspirations and dreams, indicating how he found that to win his honor and his salvation and the right to dreams of his own he must kill her. It was toler-

ably accurate, being mainly an abridgment of some notes on my friends, but it was not in any honest sense of the word a story, it was far from art, and it was too true to be good.

I could rewrite Breck and Fran into a detective story but this, I think, would be cheating. Detective stories are written in an austere moral atmosphere which does not exist in life: the central idea, that crime does not pay, is forced on the mystery writer. He has no real work to do.

I could, having brought these people to the breaking point over some triviality, manage to effect a reconciliation by discovering that the misunderstanding was all a mistake, a semantic problem, a sort of pun. I should have to dress him decently, but there would be quite a tender bedside scene, and they would laugh and cry and the author would choke back the lump in his throat and deposit the check. But it seems to me that this kind of writing has about the same relationship to literature that putting a nickel in a pneumatic piano has to symphonic composition.

What I still wanted to do was to show some of my fellow men how the manner in which they run their marriages, the minutiae of their indifferent daily bliss, can and should be an overpowering provocation to murder. I still wanted to tell my moral little story.

Well, perhaps we could make the point in some sanitary symbolic way. Perhaps, a day or so after Fran has gone downtown to get a hat and see about this swelling under her armpit, the doctor calls Breck to his office and tells him gently that the biopsy has turned out most unfavorably. Breck doesn't get it. "I didn't know Fran had a biopsy, and she tells me everything," Breck mumbles. "What is it, sir?" "I've seen you kids grow up together till I can't think of you except as one," says old Doc Truman, blinking back the sudden brightness on his eyes. "But I got to tell you in plain layman's language, Breck Truesdale, that the test

shows your wife has a cancer. An inoperable cancer." Now what does Breck Truesdale do? Faint? Cry? Commit suicide? The hell he does. He goes over to Fifty-second Street and gets barrel-house drunk. He does not know why, and we shall not say outright why, but the perspicacious reader, having encountered the phenomenon before, quite understands. Breck is saying hurray — see? It is a symbolic act of murder. He hates her. He wants her dead. He is glad. End of story.

It is, of course, no good. Besides being ham, it is less elevating than candid gristly butchery. Yet this interlude was productive in its own perverse way. It presented me eventually with the fact that my Fran and Breck were not characters in a story, were not the living people of any kind of created art, but were the dramatis personae of a tank-town specialist's clinical report. What is this man of mine: a heel, a hero, a poor passionate fool, an idiot, a villain? Indeed none of these; the crux of the matter is that you and I agree that the doctor's announcement broke a barrier in the superego and Breck, being released, behaved quite naturally. It is not the writer's point of view. It is the psychiatrist's. Breck is not a man moving through intricate trouble to crisis. He is the Mr. F of any case history in the *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*.

And so, although I had some modest ambitions for him and his lady, I have stuffed them in the basket. I can have no faith in them and, now that I know them for what they are — two poker-faced little nonentities in a waiting room on Central Park West — no interest in them. I could write a book about them and make you believe it; but Mr. Pickwick is more real to me and truer, and so are Hotspur and Jurgen and Huck Finn's paw. For the writers of these people had what I think I and the rest of the writers of my moral habitat and generation never had or have lost: they had a point of view. They not only examined people; they saw people.

2

PLEASE let me tell you about Breck and Fran. They had been married when very young. She was a Macomb, and the Macombs just about owned Upper Montclair, N.J., and he was nobody to speak of. But across the chasm between them cell yoo-hooed to cell, and she didn't mind telling you that she proposed to him. The wedding took place the following June. He often told her he had never regretted it. She often asked.

For a few years after that he studied law nights and put in time in a real-estate office days, earning enough to get by on, and each evening after he had closed his books she would drift over to his desk in the corner of the living room and put him through a severely cozy little examination on his homework. She'd trip him up once in a while, and he'd lean back and say, "I'm glad you brought that up,

counselor," and she'd twinkle out and get beer and sandwiches, and they'd go over the whole problem of contracts right then and there, and they'd get to bed at one or maybe two o'clock, and she'd come over and sit on the edge of his bed and murmur, "Love me, Presh?" He'd have to be up by 6 A.M. to catch his train, and he'd make his own breakfast and wash the beery-smelling glasses, and he'd find the socks he needed there in her workbasket where she'd be getting at them any month now if the Community Chest and the Milk Fund and the Theatre Guild subscription would ever let her.

When he got his law degree he wanted to get a mortgage on the house and go into practice for himself; but when he saw the look on her face and the way she was biting her lip to keep it from trembling, he took a good safe job with an insurance company. She had steered him straight. The depression came along right after that, and country lawyers went under by the dozen, but his \$87.50 kept rolling in week after week.

"Breck, you'd be one of the biggest men in New York if you had any guts," his boss told him once after a rather complicated little out-of-court settlement; but Breck replied, "Mr. Fowler, I'll never swap the bigness I might have had for the happiness I have had." They had had three abortions and no children, security and no serenity, danger without adventure, love without friendship, a roaring drunk every Saturday night for no excuse they could clap a name to, drudgery without work, years without days. They had traveled, and knew not the streets of their suburb. They had read, and could remember only the names and prices of the books. They had succeeded, but the sentence had to end there. They had never tried to define the success.

They hated Roosevelt, bought and as promptly as possible cashed war bonds, read Pegler and Sokolsky and sometimes suspected that what this country needs is a leadership commanding the respect of the superior and the obedience of the rabble, and — and went through all the other knee-jerks of the timid, ignorant, and insecure.

One night another hoarse old man had said on the radio that — this time for certain — the Third World War was upon us. Something had stirred in Breck, and he had turned his attention inward and attempted to identify what the stirring was.

He was interested to find after a little while that it was a small, sweaty, frantic joy. Breck wanted the war. He put down his *World-Telegram* and got up uneasily. "Here's a bathroom for you," Fran had said; and then, glancing at him over her *House Beautiful* and seeing the look on his face, she had rearranged matters. "If you're going to make a highball, one for me too, please," she said.

"I'm not going to make a highball. I'm going for a walk." He didn't look at her. "Alone."

By the time he got back he knew three reasons which were an interlocked single reason why, despite

whatever his mind argued, the prospect of war gladdened his inwards. War would be adventure, it would be living; war might very possibly this time kill him; there was even a remote chance — since the Russians are notoriously casual artilleryists — that some atomic bomb aimed from Franz Josef Land for Manhattan might drift into Montclair and bag Fran. That was about as close as a man could get to it: he hated his existence, he hated himself, he hated his wife. Looking back as he returned to the house, walking fast, Breck had realized with a sudden flush of bitterness what a hell of a life it had been. He had not even really lived: he could not remember one day of the last fifteen years from any other day; he had stopped consisting as a separate entity. Step by step, coolly and clinically, she had enslaved him, castrated him, sucked out his soul with her lips, reduced him finally to existing only as a quaint biological appendage of herself. He would just as soon die; but, dying, he would have to face God and answer what use he had made of the talents lent him. He could not answer; and so he could not die; and so, leaving the water running to remind him to wash up afterward, he went into her room and, I suppose, killed her.

I shall not acknowledge that as an argument this theme is decidedly inferior to the stuff of which great writing consists. But between me and, say, Shakespeare or Arthur Machen there is a difference with which our relative craftsmanship has nothing to do. The difference is that — lucky devil! — Shakespeare did not understand his characters as we moderns understand ours.

Consider a single example of how things would have turned out if he had grasped the whole problem — social, economic, semantic, genetic, environmental — as competently as any mid-twentieth-century plug grasps it. “Ah, well,” Hamlet would have said (taking another seconal capsule and pouring a double slug of bourbon), “poor old Ma, she posts to th’ incestuous sheets with Uncle because she is a pathological dependent, and moreover sees in him the image of my dear father. After all, it is a subtle and moving compliment to Dad. It would please him. Emotionally immature, perhaps — but who isn’t? I hear there are some strolling players in town. Let’s see what’s playing, Horace!”

Shakespeare’s drama, like Dickens’s and Milton’s and Homer’s and Balzac’s, consists in collision between moral forces whose validity they believed and we concede. But this concession is a feat only of intellectual gymnastics. We actually believe in nothing. We only know.

Shakespeare would have made of my Breck a man cruelly and systematically emasculated, his valor sapped, his dreams nibbled away between highballs in mere gluttony, his whole being a betrayal of life and love, of mankind and God. Such a Breck would have knocked off Fran with gusto. And the audience would have cheered.

But no man now writing could do it, because there is so much to be said in defense of this Frances! What! Is not her every action a mute pitiful appeal for our compassion? Why did she insist on marriage when obviously it was the most disastrous thing that could have happened to her man? Explore her family background with couch and notebook, and you will find her no villainess at all but the lonely heroine of a struggle for survival, beautiful and ferocious in her integrity. Her father was a domineering old lecher, her mother an emotional cretin. As a child (unwanted) she was rejected by the group; all her life she had hungered for reassurance; what she asked from Breck was only that he let her walk with him and suffer with him, and with him discover her soul and weep and be great. And he had failed her. Why did she stick her little snoot into his law studies? Because the big clown didn’t realize that they threatened her position as top dog; it was his fault. Why did she insist on his becoming a wage slave? Because, much as she loves money, she loves better to be able to tell the girls that she is Breck’s career. He could have solved that problem if he tried. He didn’t try, the bounder! All that’s the matter with Fran is that she is infected with a rigid compulsion to dominate.

It is not an incurable ailment. It is not uncommon. It is not noble. It is far from tragic. You can take it around to any half-dozen tinkers in any city in the United States with a population of over 20,000 and get it repaired in six weeks or so at \$25 a session. There is nothing on earth but conditioning: no good, no evil, no love, no hate, nothing worth your passion and nothing fit for woe. Othello is a commonplace product of suppressed resentment against a recognized latent race prejudice; cure: wholesome outgoing activities with boys of his own age, environment, and color. Shylock’s sadism, while indicating deep-seated personality readjustment, bespeaks the need mainly of frank consultation with a rabbi trained in the Adlerian techniques. Organization of a municipal interracial committee is warmly recommended. Romeo and Juliet? A shocking case of parental neglect; no wonder they are juvenile delinquents! No one is good. No one is bad. No one is fine. No one is hopeless.

Breck and Fran seemed to me a good story. But it is dead now, and I shall never write another, unless I need the money badly enough to overlook the tawdrier aspects of what actually happens when boy meets girl. You know about that, of course. She sees in him her (perhaps prenatal) father image, and thus embarks on the romance in a sweet miasma of incestuous fornication. What he sees in her is the same old thing. Soon they are in the garden, gently perspiring against each other. Little do they know that, one of these fine decades, for reasons perfectly plain then and there, he will stand at her bedroom door with a long thin saw-toothed blade in his hand. . . .



Books and Men



A graduate of Princeton in the class of 1929, DATUS C. SMITH, JR., has

been Director of the Princeton University Press since 1942. Editor and businessman, Mr. Smith believes that the important job of the university presses is to get the results of scholarship into the hands of the general reader. Under his direction the Princeton University Press has published H. D. Smyth's *Atomic Energy for Military Purposes*, Erwin Panofsky's *Albrecht Dürer*, Foster Rhea Dulles's *Road to Teheran*, and the works of Kierkegaard, and will bring out Julian P. Boyd's fifty-volume edition of Thomas Jefferson's papers.

PUTTING KNOWLEDGE TO WORK

by DATUS C. SMITH, JR.

1

WITHOUT being facetious it may be said that the greatest achievement of university presses during the last decade is that they have survived. Ten years ago it was by no means certain that they would do this in any number, and at the start of American participation in the war it was rather generally assumed that they would have to close their doors. Contrary to these expectations, the war made possible a demonstration of social usefulness more impressive than anything in the past, and today the number of active university presses with a long life-expectancy is higher than it has ever been.

Others besides demagogues are likely to confuse their own interest with the good of humanity, and I am aware of that possible disqualification of my judgment. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the vigor of university presses is of some importance, especially at present when our brothers in commercial publishing — caught between fantastically high "break-even points" on the one hand and consumer resistance to high prices on the other — find it even more difficult than before to include in their territory the commercially bleak domain of scholarship.

It must be said that scholarship is not always as sluggish a commodity as many people, including publishers, sometimes believe; and that publication in editions of moderate size need not produce the financial loss that a rule of thumb from more flamboyant publishing operations might suggest. But scholarly publishing does constantly demand editions below any commercial "break-even point," and almost always frustrates attempts at assembly-line treatment.

No commercial publisher would be so cavalier toward his stockholders as to take on monumental projects such as the Columbia Milton, the Johns Hopkins Spenser, the Yale edition of Walpole's letters, the New Mexico series on Coronado, the

California and North Carolina studies of Spanish-America, Chicago's *Dictionary of American English*, or the forthcoming Pennsylvania volumes on the Crusades. These are big, eye-filling projects, but the thousands of lesser works of specialized scholarship are not, when taken together, any less important or, for the general publisher, any less forbidding. I have not read the North Carolina book on gasteromycetes or the Duke treatise on judicial folklore or Michigan's work on the tax rolls of Karanis, but I do know that for various scholars throughout the world books like these "impossible" publishing projects, large and small, are as necessary as a trowel is for a mason.

Someone may point out that, with development of microfilm and other techniques, it is questionable whether conventional book manufacture is as necessary in all cases as we once thought; and that even with books in the normal sense, greater economy is possible for works of limited circulation. This is quite so, and the university presses are aware of it. The King's Crown Press, a division of Columbia University Press, made considerable progress along this line; and some years ago, even before short-cut methods were as easy or as attractive as they are today, Chicago brought out the Manly edition of the *Canterbury Tales* in an offset edition that I understand was fully serviceable to scholars.

Much of this less costly type of manufacture has been going on in the last decade, and more will be done in the future. It will be a boon to scholars and will make the job of university presses easier, but it will not change the attitude of commercial publishers toward scholarly books in general. Even supposing the most generous and public-spirited impulse on the part of the profit-making publishers — and some of them have shown again and again that they can be both generous and public-spirited — they are not equipped to do the specialized job that needs doing.

So I think it is good that university presses are in a strong position. And I believe they have got there primarily because of the development of techniques of manufacture, of particularized promotion, and of sales distribution that are especially well adapted to scholarly books of an anticipated moderate sale, yet do not hobble the possibilities of the volume that outruns expectations and sells 10,000 or 25,000 copies, or once in a while 50,000 or more.

Examples of these better-selling books will come readily to mind: Harvard's *General Education in a Free Society*, Minnesota's *Land of the Dakotas*, Yale's books on Russia by Dallin, Stanford's *Ancient Maya*. It should be noted, incidentally, that these were not merely promising manuscripts that happened to come to those presses: each is part of a general publishing program that is integrated with other scholarly work at the university concerned. *Plowman's Folly*, of which there are now 340,000 copies in print, including reprints by others, started out life modestly at Oklahoma as one especially interesting item in a program of publishing books on land use.

2

TO MY mind the biggest change in university-press publishing in the last decade is precisely in discovering how to follow up promising titles and realize their full potentialities, and yet to do this without cutting down the careful attention that must always be given to the highly specialized books known in my profession as "saleless wonders."

No benefit would have been conferred upon society if the university presses had been afflicted with their own kind of best-sellerism. Not only would they have failed to discharge their main function, but in my judgment they would have found themselves, after a period of years, in a financial pickle. Best-sellerism is a disease like myopia, in that the sufferer cannot see things very far away. The publisher of scholarly books who demands sensationalism today and reckons not how substantial his "backlist" is going to be tomorrow will find time dealing unkindly with him. Judging from my own observations and from what people at other presses have told me, something like 60 to 70 per cent of current sales income for presses that have been established any length of time comes from the backlist — from books published in earlier years. In short, the scholarly vigor of the whole backlist is of far greater importance to the financial well-being of a press than the pyrotechnics, however beautiful, of a few current titles.

And the wonderful thing about this is that financial interest and scholarly interest are here observed, astonishingly, walking happily down the road together, hand in hand. This does not mean

that the job is easy or is done as well as it might be or that university presses always know the long-term answers to the perplexing problems they face. But it does mean that there tend to be rewards for the presses that keep the faith, and punishments for those following false gods. Keeping the faith means doing your best to serve society in the way that is your own forte, and avoiding any temptation to become a second-rate Little, Brown or Alfred Knopf or Simon and Schuster.

The business of publishing is communication, and the special business of university presses is to communicate the results of scholarship. A case might be made that, because of the constantly expanding circles of influence from a scholar's work, this is fundamentally the most important kind of communication in the world. The scholar's work is basic. This is not to claim that university-press people are any better than other publishers, but it is to recognize that without the publication of scholarship (by all agencies, not merely by university presses) none of the communication passing through such mass media as best-selling books, newspapers, magazines, radio, would have the meaning, and the rational guidance toward objectives, that in some degree are possible now.

Scholars make discoveries — factual, conceptual, interpretive — and when the discoveries have become known to the rest of us there is at least the possibility that we may act in the light of reason. The findings of scholarship reach the citizen in two ways: directly through the writings of the men and women making the discoveries, and indirectly through the influence of scholars upon other scholars and upon teachers, popular writers, columnists, commentators, editors. The customary way is surely the second, the indirect route of scholar to popularizer to layman.

A list of university-press books that have profoundly affected American thinking would be a long one. For instance, recall the turn that was given to our thought in the mid-1930's when Yale published *Sweden: the Middle Way*, by Marquis Childs; or the long influence of John Dewey's *School and Society*, which Chicago published in 1899 and which is still going strong; or the deep effect, on scholar and layman alike, of Oklahoma's pioneering land-use books, starting with *Deserts on the March*. And it is probably not excessive to say that the Harvard report on general education is still, four years after publication, the most influential single factor in determining the curriculum of American schools and colleges. Or think of the service to every kind of reader which has been given by the *Columbia Encyclopedia*, or of the way in which Columbia's distribution of the documents of the League of Nations and now of the United Nations and related organizations has energized scholarship in many fields.

Regional books have a special influence of their

own, and their usefulness is not limited to the locality. Much nonsense has been written about regional publishing. Some people talk as if there were some special mystical value in regionalism per se, whereas the regional mind at its worst represents nothing except a kind of small-time chauvinism. But the presses have played a large part in elevating regional scholarship above provincialism. In history, for instance, they have rescued their own chapter of the national story from the clutches of the genealogists and the Washington-slept-here historians, giving it a meaning and a kind of spiritual unity with the life of the country as a whole.

This has happened in a variety of fields: material of originally local interest has been raised to national significance by its rigorous and intelligent handling by able scholars. The function of the presses in these cases has been to give these writers a mature audience which will both inspire and justify the best work of which they are capable. Oklahoma's magnificent series on the American Indian is an obvious example. But regional publishing is not restricted to historical and cultural matters. Some of the most interesting university-press books in economics and in science and technology have had this kind of origin but have subsequently been of both practical and scholarly use around the world: as North Carolina's volumes on tobacco and the whole range of its books on the economic problems of the South, California's on citrus fruits, the bird books of Rutgers and Minnesota, Nebraska's on Western industry, Stanford's on Pacific problems, and the distinguished studies in agricultural science at Rutgers and Iowa State.

3

FOR all of these different kinds of books the university presses have far better means of distribution than they had ten years ago. Improvement in reaching the layman by the indirect route, via the popularizers, has been especially striking. The popularizers have found scholarly books indispensable tools of their trade, and the presses have made a big advance in the thoroughness with which their books have been brought to the attention of these people. The Walter Lippmanns, let us say, have always made it their business to ferret out the scholarly books that will be useful to them, but the Walter Lippmanns make up only a very small fraction of the whole list of the country's popularizers — of the people who take to a large lay public some part of the knowledge and the understanding contained in the primary writings of scholarship.

These popularizers may be found in every community and in nearly every walk of life. They may be authors of market newsletters, leaders of League of Women Voters discussion groups, clergymen who include allusions to secular knowledge in their

sermons, research directors for labor unions, Congressmen's secretaries, news-magazine researchers, editors of trade association journals, teachers in schools of all levels, or merely articulate commuters who like to hold forth each morning on the 7.40. Sometimes these people explicitly say that they are communicating the results of scholarship, but more often they merely reveal a scholarly influence of which they themselves are not fully aware.

Though the total number of non-scholars reading university-press books has grown enormously, it must be admitted that the number of completely disinterested laymen in the group is still comparatively small. For the most readable books — for instance Fairbank's *United States and China* (Harvard) or Wedgwood's *William the Silent* (Yale) — there is undoubtedly an audience of out-and-out laymen, of people who are not only removed from academic life but have no concern aside from that of an intelligent citizen with the content of the books. It is my impression, however, that for most university-press books most of the non-academic readers have some connection with the material — an oil executive wants a book on the Near East, a Yugoslav-American wants to learn about his homeland, a Wisconsin farmer is curious about a tomahawk found on his place after the Black Hawk War.

Lay interest in scholarly books is not necessarily utilitarian — much of it, in fact, is a reflection of that finest evidence of a liberal education, the development of serious amateurs in various intellectual fields — but I believe we are still some distance from the place where very many laymen merely looking for good non-fiction books to read will think naturally of scholarly books as among the possibilities. This is stated frankly to reveal part of the challenge still facing university presses and their authors. But this acknowledgment should not seem to diminish the impressive achievement of the past decade in enlarging the distribution of scholars' books to the general public: a decade ago that Wisconsin farmer might never have known that there was a book on the Black Hawk War that he could read with interest.

To return to the happy conjunction of financial and scholarly considerations I mentioned earlier in this article, the expansion of the audience has served both to increase sales income, and thus to enlarge the capacity of university presses to do their job, and also to improve their ability to make the results of scholarship usefully known to a large segment of the population. If American university presses should be able to achieve in the next ten years an advance in any way comparable to what they have done in the last ten, that would be an important contribution toward closing the most dangerous gap in our national structure — the gap between knowledge potentially useful and knowledge put to work.

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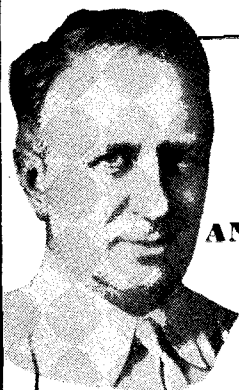
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BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

THERE are as many ways of reading as of writing. You may, for instance, have the misfortune in your youth to be a slow reader or a Left Reader. I surely was one of the slowest in my class both in school and college. In the hot, depleted atmosphere of Widener Library, I often timed myself and almost never hit a faster pace than thirty-five pages an hour. This of course was "required reading": the label did not add to one's appetite for the books, and the books themselves were solid. Now, twenty-five years later, with the speed I have acquired as an editor, I could go through those same books, retaining the chief details and the more conclusive passages, at the rate of eighty pages an hour. Anyone can learn to read faster; it is simply a matter of discipline, memory, and practice.

An editor does not keep a stop watch on himself when he is reading manuscripts, for the quality of the manuscripts determines his speed. When I am reading the manuscript of a novel which I know we shall want to publish — but which I also know is in need of revision — I read with a pad at my right hand on which I jot down critical and appreciative notes, perhaps one for every second page. This is constructive reading, and it goes almost as slowly as the reading for memory which used to exhaust my time in college.

When I was the first reader for the *Atlantic*, I used to average sixty manuscripts a day — sixty envelopes of manuscripts, that is, for the poems came in clusters. Of course if, in the morning, I ran into three or four acceptable papers, each one of which had to be read to the last comma, my average dropped. On the other hand, my tally — for I kept actual count — sometimes ran as high as eighty-five or ninety. This is aggressive reading, best done when your mind is decisive and resistant to anything but the best.

But you don't read Jane Austen or Henry James

or Katherine Mansfield or Virginia Woolf or Thornton Wilder aggressively. At least I don't. You read them savoringly; you read them with your imagination tuned to style.

To read imaginatively is the most difficult of all reading requirements. We all know what it is to read breathlessly — to gulp a book down in the quiet of the night, reading with what Coleridge called "that willing suspension of disbelief," until somehow it is 3 A.M. when we turn the last page.

Emotion sustains this pace and emotion is fundamental in any absorbing book, as it is in those that last. But the really great novel calls for more than emotion. It calls for the imagination of the reader — the imagination to enjoy the surface movement and the sensuous effect and at the same time to penetrate beneath the surface to find the inner design and those truths wrung from experience which have driven the novelist to write.

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In *The Big Fisherman* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75) — who is, of course, Simon Peter, the most appealing of the twelve Apostles — Mr. Douglas has mounted a story, somewhat earlier in time, against the background and research which provided the setting of his most successful book, *The Robe*.

The story makes a circuitous approach, for it is more than a hundred pages before we catch our first glimpse of the strong-armed fisherman bossing his trawlers. In the meantime, we have followed the conspiracies and feud between Arab and Jew; we have watched the indolence and corruption of Antipas in his sumptuous villa in Galilee; we have had our nostrils twitched by the sensuous presence of Salome and have heard, as if from the fringe of the crowd, a prophetic sermon by John the Baptist.



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Much of this comes to us in a blend of simplified history, Maxfield Parrish scenery, and twentieth-century slang. At a Roman banquet, where Antipas is shamefully neglecting his Arabian wife, the conversation runs like this: —

Mark Varus [the host], flushed and lusty, approached to say — in Greek, “So — at last — we have the lovely Princess of Arabia with us!”

Arnon smiled, only half understanding.

“Her Greek isn’t very nimble yet, Mark,” said Philip. “Know any Aramaic?”

And then after a pause, the wife makes another try: —

“And I won’t be a success — unless I’m a little bit drunk?” inquired Arnon.

“Well —” drawled Philip, with a chuckle, “that’s one way of saying it. . . .”

Romans, Jews, and Arabs all drop into this old-shoe colloquialism. In a moment of pride in one of the Arabian elders, “Happy days for good old Mishma,” remarks the Queen, and a few pages later when the boys at the camp get to quarreling with the young Prince, “You’ll pay for that,” squeaked Deran.

That is undistinguished writing, but it obviously does not deter the many readers who thirst for the morality revealed in these scenes. There is a difference in method involved. Thornton Wilder in *The Ides of March*, his novel of great imaginative power, seeks to show us by conversation, letters, secret papers, and poems the distinguishing and bitter differences which were shaking Rome in the last year of Caesar’s life, and he succeeds in giving us the corruption of the great Empire; whereas, in *The Big Fisherman*, Mr. Douglas is recasting the New Testament in modern dress, writing as if it might all have happened to a Portuguese named Simon in Gloucester Harbor or to a member of the Stern Gang in Galilee only yesterday.

As might be expected Mr. Douglas achieves more success in his characterization of Simon Peter than he does in his delineation of Jesus. Here, as in his rationalization of the miracles, the striving for reality has a minimizing effect. And it should be added that there is not a spark of humor in the book from beginning to end, as there certainly is in the novels by Bruce Marshall, C. S. Lewis, and Charles Williams, to mention three who have similarly dedicated themselves to religious subjects. Mr. Douglas would probably reply that sincerity, and not humor, is what fills his congregation.

“Banking is an Art”

Point of No Return, the new novel by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown, \$3.50), I have read twice in manuscript, and in large part a third time in print. I know my way about in it and can only speak as a partisan, for I admire the writing, and

have been regaled by its satire of New York bankers. In Charles Gray, the hero, Mr. Marquand has given us a most sympathetic delineation of what a middle-aged man feels like a year after his return from war.

Before he went into the Navy he had been in line for the vice-presidency of a conservative Fifth Avenue bank. Charles had come a long way since his early days in Clyde, Massachusetts, and his moderately successful record at Dartmouth; he had gained the confidence of his elders in the bank and, what was equally important, the trust of some of the large depositors; he had gained in subtlety without losing his quizzical streak of candor; he had climbed the rungs of suburbia to the better country club and the better house under the ceaseless, affectionate prodding of his wife Nancy. He didn’t have to step out of line when the war came, Nancy didn’t want him to, and there were those in the bank who were sure he was surrendering his lead to his closest competitor, Roger Blakesley. But the war years gave Charles, as they gave others, a fresh hold on himself and a fresh, disquieting slant on the old values he had lived by.

When he comes back Charles is more detached — a mood which drives Nancy wild — more restless in the bank, more quizzical. His dealings with wealthy Mrs. Whitaker, the talk he has with the night club operator whose account must be turned down — somehow for Charles these incidents are outlined in an irony he would not have felt before the war. His competition with Roger and his understudying to the President, Tony Burton, assume a half-questioning reality; he is in there, but he isn’t sure he wants to be, he isn’t sure he wants the vice-presidency now that it is open, and it is this self-doubt, so infuriating to his wife, which gives the story both its depth and its unexpectedness.

A statement one sometimes hears to the effect that *The Late George Apley* is Mr. Marquand’s best book seems to me a very unfair disparagement. This criticism overlooks the fact that it is always easier to write satirically of one’s grandparents than of one’s contemporaries; it overlooks the growth which I think is undeniable in Mr. Marquand’s more recent novels: *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* is a better novel than *Wickford Point*, and for my money, *B. F.’s Daughter* comes nearer to our time and interest than *Pulham* did; it overlooks the problem which besets every writer of satire, a problem of how to develop a central figure who will himself be part of the ironical situation and yet at the same time be admirable and so recognizable as to be almost a man we know. This I think Mr. Marquand has done in his characterization of Charles Gray.

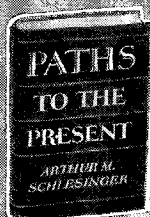
The unbelievable marriage

I have been expecting big things of R. C. Hutchinson, the English novelist — not to be confused with the author of *If Winter Comes* — ever since I

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read his *Shining Scabbard*, a macabre, unforgettable story of a French military family at the time of the Dreyfus case. There wasn't a word of French in his dialogue and description, and yet these people in what they said and did were French and alive to the core.

Elephant and Castle (Rinehart, \$3.75) is a big book — big in its capacity, big in its accommodation of many people — an honest, often laughable, sometimes deeply touching cross section of London from the middle class to the Toynbee Hall district to the poorest slum — big in its actual length, which amounts to somewhat more than 280,000 words. Don't run at it and don't be abashed by the large cast of characters which you will turn back to for convenience in the early chapters. This book exerts a slowly possessive power if you will give it a quiet chance.

It is a story of London, 1920-1939; it takes its title from a famous tavern in one of the poorer districts, and in its essentials is the story of a marriage that shouldn't have been but was. Armored's family, as one of her uncles says, "do make rather unexpected alliances now and again." Her father had made a mess of his marriage before he lost his life in the battle of the Somme, and now Armored, whose lovely figure is curiously at odds with her London School of Economics zeal and her tenderer-than-thou compassion, sets out first to reform and then to marry a tough mug who has just served time for beating up a bobby. She was a witness to the fight which put him behind bars; she pulled every string possible to get him out on parole but he wouldn't come, and then with that stubbornness so beautifully developed in her Botticellian make-up she tracks him down through the Hollysian House Boys' Club, knocking over the Warden, who of course falls in love with her on the way. Armored has great courage, moral earnestness; she is ambitious and she is sure that she can bring out the man which she sees in her Gian. What she minimizes is his uncouth but nonetheless real resourcefulness and his need for her love quite as much as the precept — and thereby hangs the tale.

It is the tale of people so diverse but so real that they must be believed in; of a wedding so appalling and yet of such utter comedy that I laughed aloud; of a honeymoon in a bleak, windswept boarding-house where Gian has the most endearing conversation with an old spinster, and where Armored misses the very wisdom she might have perceived; it is a book of high comedy; it is the picture of a young couple's struggle in that oldest of truths, "to bear and forbear," a struggle which, as it opens up their characters and inequalities, reveals to us at the same time the sprawling character and still greater inequalities, the comedy and the pathos, of a great city. It seems to me the most encompassing and sympathetic novel of London which I have read since *The Forsyte Saga*.



Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

MORE novels than I care to remember have revolved around the question, Is the hero going to write *that book*? This is treated, in the customary formula, as a momentous conflict between virtue and vice. The fictional would-be writer is guilty of mundane cravings, which lead to a modern version of the compact with the Devil: he "sells out" to a cynical magazine or advertising agency. A mouse-like Faust, he drifts guiltily into worldly indulgence — joyless wenching and exhausting tippling. In the end he achieves salvation — simply by sitting down to write a novel. The reader, more often than not, emerges with the feeling that the redemptive outcome to the hero's conflict would have been suppression of the urge to play the novelist, a realization that to confect indifferent fiction is not synonymous with virtue or self-fulfillment.

The trouble with the theme of salvation via novel-writing (or painting, or composing music) is that the hero must be convincingly portrayed as an artist, a hard thing to do — even Thomas Wolfe did not bring it off too happily. If you are not convinced the author's would-be novelist has real talent, all his heaving and straining novelward is merely embarrassing. This weakness crops up in the last section of a novel with considerable qualities: *The Fires of Spring* (Random House, \$3.50) by James A. Michener, whose *Tales of the South Pacific* won the Pulitzer Prize in 1947.

David, write that book!

The Fires of Spring is an old-fashioned *Bildungsroman*, which traces the development of David Harper from childhood in a Pennsylvania poorhouse to early manhood in New York during the Depression. David grows into his teens, quite happily, in the poorhouse: the old men lavish kindness on him and stir his imagination with tall tales of their fine adventurous pasts. He does well at school, and is befriended by a rich Quaker family whose young daughter takes a lasting fancy to him. As an adolescent, he gets a summer job in an amusement park near Philadelphia: Mr. Michener, who also once worked in an amusement park, re-creates this raffish world in striking detail and original colors. Here David becomes an artist at short-changing customers, falls obsessively in love with a prostitute, and meets an ambitious singer who later enlarges his experience

of human bondage. An unknown benefactor pays David's way through college; then, after an adventurous summer with the Chautauqua (which the author tramped with, himself) David lands in New York. He works for a spell on a sex-and-murder magazine, and is put through the wringer by poverty, unrequited love, and the torment of trying to write a novel.

Mr. Michener makes of this a warm-hearted, readable story, crammed with lively incident and a remarkably diversified array of characters. But sterner intelligence was required to infuse his vision with genuine meaning. *The Fires of Spring* is flawed by sentimentality and naïveté. David's portentous discoveries on the journey toward manhood — the "meaning" of love, art, maturity, and so on — are made explicit in banalities. David's conviction, "There's no reason why I couldn't write as well as Balzac," remained, as far as I was concerned, one of many indications of his intellectual innocence, not an earnest of his mission. Consequently, the final conflict — novel-writing versus the wicked job — has a histrionic ring and is a rickety symbol of Michener's theme: the struggle to keep alive the adventurous spirit and fierce ideals of youth, the "fires of Spring." As for the denouement, Pollyanna takes command.

Waugh in Neutralia

Evelyn Waugh's new novelette — "the story of a summer holiday, a light tale" — made me wish, on two different counts, that it were twice as long. In the first place, eighty-nine pages are too little of a good thing. Waugh has devised a situation perfectly suited to his temper and his genius for picaresque comedy — a seedy English schoolmaster is inveigled into attending, as British delegate, a phony cultural jamboree in a totalitarian state on the Mediterranean.

My more serious regret about the story's brevity was that it does not allow room for Waugh's subject — the germ of another *Scoop* or *Black Mischief* — to be properly exploited: one is left with a sense of unrealized possibilities. One is also left, however, with a thoroughly diverting burlesque. Totalitarian pseudo-culture and mores ("It is not what you do that counts, but who informs against you") and the bureaucratic apparatus of a modern dictatorship furnish superb ma-



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terial to a satirist whose forte is handling nightmares in terms of farce. Scott-King's *Modern Europe* (Little, Brown, \$2.00) should not be missed by readers with a taste for Evelyn Waugh.

Scott-King has been classical master at Granchester for two decades. The epithet for him is "dim," and it was blood-brotherhood in dimness which first drew him to study the long-forgotten poet Bellorius. The fruit of fifteen years' devoted labor is a modest essay published in a learned journal. Surprisingly there follows an invitation to attend the Bellorius Tercentenary Celebration in the so-called Republic of Neutralia.

Along with a dim compatriot, a famous American woman correspondent, and a comely Scandinavian giant-ess (who has strayed from the Physical Training Congress), Scott-King is whirled through the horrors of totalitarian hospitality and cultural ceremonial — warm, sugary champagne and long, unintelligible speeches. Waugh's story — rich in comic touches of Latin rascality and told with a sardonic zest — is climaxed by a scoundrelly hoax emanating from the Ministry of Popular Enlightenment, and by equal baseness, more harrowing in its consequences, on the part of the Ministry of Rest and Culture.

Mr. Waugh has made no secret of his distaste for contemporary society and his veneration of the *ancien régime*, so one knows what parting maxims to expect of him. His latest runs true to form. Scott-King's experience of "modern Europe" sends him back to Granchester determined never to teach anything but the classics: "It would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world."

Dreadful freedom

Within the past year, six books by Jean-Paul Sartre have been published in America, and three plays of his have been on display in New York — all of which adds up to some sort of record.

Nausea (New Directions, \$3.00), Sartre's first novel, was published in France in the middle thirties. It deals with a mysterious inner crisis in the life of Antoine Roquentin, who, after some years of travel, has buried himself in the dismal provincial town of Bouville. Roquentin has lately been subject to shattering attacks of "nausea" — a species of d.t.'s without al-

coholic cause — and he starts to keep a journal in the hope it will lead him to their source.

Nausea, in the existentialist lexicon, is the metaphysical anguish that accompanies man's awareness of the human condition. According to Sartre (the quotations that follow are from his philosophical writings), man finds himself "thrust into a world" in which there is no God or material necessity which accounts for his existence. There is therefore no such thing as "human nature," no pre-established code of values to serve as a moral compass. Man is totally free — "he is what he wills himself to be"; and he is totally responsible — he "defines himself" by his actions and he has "no excuses."

If man lets his freedom lie fallow, Sartre argues, he ceases to be a man: it is freedom which differentiates him from "objects." Freedom becomes real and concrete only to the degree it is committed to a comprehensive course of action — "There is no reality except in action. . . . What counts is total involvement." Most of us, however, recoil from this awesome responsibility. We hide from awareness of our freedom by immersing ourselves in the trivia and self-deceptions of daily routine, and by invoking codes, conventions, or conditioning to justify our behavior.

Sartre calls this "bad faith." What the hero of *Nausea* sets down in his journal — as he studies himself, the patrons in the café, the Self-Improver who is reading his way alphabetically through the public library — is an encyclopedia of "bad faith," of human subterfuges and absurdities.

The novel is prefaced by a quotation from Céline, which is appropriate, for this is Sartre's own "journey to the end of the night." It reaches a desolate "happy ending." Roquentin has so purged himself of self-deception that he finds life with his nausea — he has discovered it is self-awareness — not intolerable. A cracked record of "Some of These Days," by which he has long been enchanted, suggests to him that man can perhaps justify his existence; he can act, create something.

Within the limits of his subject, Sartre has not neglected the creative task. His ideas are brought to life with great intensity in the texture of Roquentin's experience, and there is a good deal of small incident which is gruesomely amusing. *Nausea* seems

to me the best-written and most interesting of Sartre's novels.

The Wall (New Directions, \$7.50) — translated by Lloyd Alexander, who also did *Nausea* — is published in a luxurious limited edition. The book is a collection of five stories, three of them marked by extreme sensationalism. The title story details with brilliance (and a surprising climax) the night-before-execution of three Spanish Republicans. "The Childhood of a Leader" is also first-rate: it shows with great exactitude and penetration the development of a spoiled rich boy into an obsessive anti-Semite. Though Sartre's fiction tends to have what many readers might consider a perverse flavor, it also has a singularity and intellectual vigor which are rare; whatever his merits or failings as a philosopher, Sartre is usually an extremely penetrating psychologist.

Between *The Wall* and *Anti-Semite and Jew* (Schocken, \$2.75) came Sartre's experience in the Resistance, which intensified his social interests and gave a decidedly more positive complexion to his writings. Sartre sums up the anti-Semite as "a man who is afraid . . . of himself, of his liberty, of his responsibilities, of change — of everything except the Jews. . . . If the Jew did not exist, the anti-Semite would invent him." Anti-Semitism, then, is "a comprehensive attitude . . . fear of the human condition." The anti-Semite has elected to be a pitiless Thing — "anything except a man."

Sartre's analysis of the dilemma of the Jew created a tremendous stir in France. Looking at the French Jew in the existing situation, Sartre notes that he has chosen to be either a Frenchman or a Jew. But though the Jew, Sartre argues, is "perfectly assimilable," anti-Semitism does not allow him to choose *not* to be a Jew. The Jew who attempts assimilation is condemned (by anti-Semitism) to become "inauthentic," a haunted man "continually in flight from others and from himself." Thus the liberal, who insists that there is no such thing as Jew or Christian but merely Man, denies the Jew the only reality open to him, which is to "make himself a Jew" — and so become "authentic," free from bad faith.

This does not solve his social problem. Indeed he cannot solve it, because "it is society that has brought the Jewish problem into being . . . it is we who force [the Jew] into the

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dilemma of authenticity or inauthenticity."

Anti-Semitism, Sartre concludes — and here the analysis, which brashly rejects Freud, becomes shallower — is the product of the class tensions of bourgeois society, and can only be eliminated by "the socialist revolution." This revolutionary outlook was one of the later developments in Existentialism, which remains completely at odds with dialectical materialism. Sartre and the Communists are continually firing broadsides at each other.

Death of a legend

During the night of January 29, 1889, Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria shot his mistress and then himself in the royal hunting lodge at Mayerling, near Vienna. The lovers' suicide pact and its prologue quickly became one of history's legendary "true romances," now irresistibly associated with Charles Boyer and the fragile beauty of Danielle Darrieux. The legend is demolished with impressive authority by Count Carl Lonyay in *Rudolph: The Tragedy of Mayerling* (Scribner's, \$5.00). The author, whose uncle married Rudolph's widow, has had access to a great many unpublished family documents, and to the secret state papers concerning Rudolph. Despite aristocratic descent, Count Lonyay writes of the Habsburgs with searing contempt, and documents the vices of the imperial regime with democratic fervor (and sometimes sententiousness). His biography, which makes lavish reference to original sources, is a thoroughly effective job — a fascinating chronicle and a spirited if minor addition to history.

In Count Lonyay's post-mortem, Rudolph's suicide emerges as the predestined and sordid climax to a life-long case of psychoneurosis. Rudolph's family tree showed "on his father's side . . . a strain of imbecility, and on his mother's one of paranoia."

A sickly, nervous child, who was criminally neglected by his parents, Rudolph was brought up by brutal tutors who stuffed him with learning and thwarted his interests — first science, then soldiering, then art and government. In order to distract him from public affairs — he showed a genuine sympathy for liberal reform — he was deliberately led into every sort of excess. He was spied on, at the

Emperor's order, twenty-four hours a day. He was pushed into marrying a Belgian princess described by contemporaries as "an obelisk of tactlessness" with "the daintiness of a dragoon."

By his early twenties, Rudolph had — almost inevitably — become a physical and mental casualty. He drank heavily, took morphine, and suffered from "a venereal complaint." Along with increasing moroseness came a reversion to Habsburg arrogance and a trace of the Habsburg bureaucratic mania. He had a member of Parliament savagely whipped for a disrespectful speech. He kept a "Register of Conquests," each lady's reward for enrollment being a silver cigarette case bearing one of five emblems, depending on her rank.

But even as a lover, Rudolph was not the man of the legend: he was not — his "conquests" gossiped — much of a man. Nor was he in love with Mary Vetsera, whom the legend has romanticized beyond recognition. The plump young Baroness was a notorious trollop, crazy with snobbery: what made her welcome the suicide pact, according to Lonyay, was the enthralling idea of being found dead in the bed of a prince. It is a weird matter of record that she was only Rudolph's fourth choice as a dying companion. The honor had already been declined by two army officers and by another mistress (with whom Rudolph spent the night before driving to Mayerling).

Count Lonyay's portrait of Franz Joseph and of life in the imperial court is a sharp corrective to the many sentimental accounts of the period. The "kind" old Emperor has left damning evidence he was an unfeeling hypocrite; his reaction to Rudolph's suicide was, "My son died like a tailor," his only concern was over possible scandal. As a ruler he was, in Lonyay's phrase, a "petty quill driver," who fiddled with his precious files while the empire tottered toward dissolution. A privileged adviser once wrote: "I cannot get the All-highest gentleman out of the habit of telling lies." The All-highest's consuming passion was designing new buttons for the army uniforms.

As for his court, a forgotten detail rudely challenges the nostalgic image. In Vienna's Imperial Palace there was not a single bathroom; in fact, there was no plumbing of any description.

UNIVERSITY BOOKSHELF

by WILLIAM BARRETT

THE place of scholarship in a democratic society is one of the important problems of democracy. The increasing sales and expanding lists of the university presses show that the public no longer thinks the mere presence of footnotes is enough to condemn a book as uninteresting. The public is thus discovering, through the help of the presses, that scholarship, if it is competent and relevant, can remain in character and be exciting. That a work is scholarly may mean that its subject is special, but must mean that its treatment is thorough. We cannot forget this distinction without relegating scholarship to an altogether ineffectual corner in our democracy. The university presses are not letting us forget it, and recently their most particularly effective means, it seems to me, of broadening their area of impact upon public opinion has been the publishing of many more books on current affairs and contemporary history.

In his *Liberty Against Government* (Louisiana State University Press, \$3.00), Professor Edward S. Corwin has produced a really first-rate piece of illuminating scholarship. This little book might serve as a model to admonish some of our popularizers that a large subject does not demand inflated treatment. Professor Corwin is interpreting, he tells us, the "due process" clause in the Constitution — the clause stating that no person may be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; but behind the legal history that he records move the great social processes that are still shaking the modern world.

With careful legal neutrality, Professor Corwin defines liberty as "the absence of restraints imposed upon our own freedom of choice and action." The Founders of the Constitution, with less neutrality and more reverence for John Locke, thought that the restraints to be avoided were those that came from government, and that liberty must inevitably be infringed if the rights of private property were not absolute. As industrialism developed in the United States, this legal tradition became a weapon against workingmen to prevent them from concerted action on their own behalf to "restrain" the "liberty" of their employers. The

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legal apparatus thus came into conflict with the forces in society that were making for *equality*.

In the Fourteenth Amendment government took the momentous step of intervening to protect the equality of its citizens, thus recognizing that other forces besides government may encroach upon individual liberty. Finally, in certain decisions of the Court under the New Deal, the law acknowledged that we are now living in an industrial democracy and not in the society of hereditary proprietors and private capitalism for which John Locke had written.

Where law had previously been conceived as a weapon to protect liberty (and property) against government, under the New Deal the aid of government was invoked to ensure the security of the "common man." In the American colonial mind the ideas of liberty and equality were naturally joined; the modern mind associates the idea of equality—or security—more closely with the extension of benign and protective governmental power than with individual liberty from governmental restraint.

Such is the legal state of affairs as the United States moves deeper into "the Century of the Common Man." The ideas of liberty and equality have not yet found their final and stable balance; the history of this century may decide, Professor Corwin concludes, whether equality will become as abused a concept as liberty once was, and whether mankind, led by its desire for security, will choose to relinquish its liberty.

The title of Eric Fischer's *Passing of the European Age* (Harvard University Press, \$3.50) provides a neat label for the crisis in world affairs. Mr. Fischer does not deal only, or even primarily, with the catastrophically desperate situation of European civilization after the Second World War. The passing of Europe has been a much more continuous process, beginning centuries ago with the flow of peoples, wealth, and culture from the European center to its peripheries in America, Australia, Africa, Eastern Russia, Siberia, and the Orient.

Not being catastrophic in vision, Mr. Fischer does not indulge in pseudo-Spenglerian gloom. He views the passing of European civilization with a kind of stoic calm, almost cheerfulness: the death of civiliza-

tions, after all, is a fact, like the death of human beings, with which we must come to terms. The passage of civilization to new centers has often permitted new forms of human progress; and if mankind survives, it may come to possess, in place of the old European center, a new and more comprehensive culture embracing a much greater surface of the globe.

Even apart from its solid documentation, this book would be valuable just for its tone of historical stoicism and sobriety.

Swiss paradox

Democracy has a great deal to learn from the political miracle of Switzerland, and I know of no book from which the reader can learn it more pleasantly and easily than from *The Swiss Without Halos* by J. Christopher Herold (Columbia University Press, \$3.75). Not that Mr. Herold has given us here an abstract book about political theory or Swiss culture; though himself not Swiss, he knows the Swiss too well to treat them in abstraction.

The Swiss, the most visited of peoples, are probably the least known by foreigners. Visitors who intend to travel there for the snow and mountains will find out from this book that there are other things to enjoy in that country, and that the people of the Alps are almost as interesting as their landscape.

The Swiss and their history teem with paradoxes, but paradoxes that possess a central core of instruction. Traditional neutrals, the Swiss gave their name as a synonym for the mercenary soldier; the model of political liberty for other Europeans during the eighteenth century, Switzerland possessed its liberties by being less "progressive" and more "primitive" than the other nations; known, or unknown, as a people of hard-headed hotelkeepers and watchmakers, the Swiss have a strong streak of mysticism, and a rich, complex, and rather introverted culture that includes figures like Calvin, Zwingli, Rousseau, Voltaire (at a certain period), Pestalozzi, Ramuz, and a good many others.

Geography may hold together this motley amalgam, but geography does not wholly explain why, in contrast to the history of the rest of Europe, people who spoke French, German, Italian, and Romansh overrode their linguistic barriers to form a federation

of liberty. Mr. Herold's answer — simply that it was *profitable* for the Swiss to do this — goes a long way to explain the other characteristics of this people and their history.

It explains (though, again, there is geography) the famous Swiss neutrality, which has been the country's most profitable financial asset in this century. That self-interest can be the motive for both liberty and peace ought to be more, not less, reason for recommending the Swiss example to other nations, whose idealism is sometimes only exceeded by their belligerence.

Practicality and tenacity have enabled the Swiss to wring from one of the most barren soils one of the highest standards of living among modern nations. And though this economy, delicately balanced and finely geared as a Swiss watch, is now threatened by new disturbances in the world market, Mr. Herold suggests that the Swiss can be counted on to meet these problems with the same tenacious resourcefulness shown in their past.

Observant, witty, learned, Mr. Herold is that rare combination of the right traveler in the right place, but even his urbanity cannot prevent him — so apocalyptic are the times — from ending with a note to startle the imagination. In the event of an atomic war, he tells us, Switzerland will probably once again maintain its tough-minded neutrality until at war's end, with the peoples of Europe decimated and their cities shattered, the Swiss come out of their mountain fastness to take over the rest of the Continent.

Switzerland and imperialism taking over Europe! Fantastic! And yet the history and character of the Swiss would seem to justify them, as much as any other nation, for this dubious mission.

Lives and legends

It has not yet been decided whether North and South America are sister or cousin continents; but whatever the degree of kinship, the relation is often strained, as happens in the best of families, by the one's taking the other too much for granted. North Americans have not been unaware of the existence of Simon Bolivar, the great South American "Liberator," but it would not be true to say they have thought seriously about the lessons of his life, or estimated him at his proper worth as a world figure.

This deficiency in our appreciation ought to be remedied by a new biography, *Simon Bolivar* by **Gerhard Masur** (University of New Mexico Press, \$6.50), which presents Bolivar's life with a thoroughness (Professor Masur is a refugee German scholar) that will very likely make it stand as authoritative, for North Americans at least, for some time to come.

In judging Bolivar provincial, we North Americans only submit our own provinciality for judgment. By any standards of measurement, Bolivar was a man comparable in stature with our great colonial revolutionaries, deserving, like them, a place on the stage of world history. And unlike their Anglo-Saxon sobriety and solidity, Bolivar's temperament had all the color, verve, and agility of the Latin.

An intellectual and a man of action, lover, soldier and poet, Bolivar resembled either Lord Byron in life or a Stendhal character in fiction. The excitement of his life glows even through Professor Masur's competent and plodding prose, which, however, is adequate to its purpose, since any attempt to dramatize or "fictionalize" Bolivar's life would be adding unnecessary spice to a very gamy meat.

True, Bolivar brought his revolution to countries less advanced than the North American colonies. But, by a paradox not at all uncommon in history, this backward condition of the South American countries enabled Bolivar to see further, in one direction at least, than the North American revolutionaries: where their vision was restricted by local self-sufficiency, he prophesied that the nations of South America could not live except in union, and his was the first voice raised for the idea of Pan-America.

And if, viewing the present political condition in some South American countries, we are tempted to raise a questioning eyebrow at the value of the work which consumed Bolivar's life, we are answered by his prophetic words: "The destiny of America is deep and sublime, but before it is realized America will experience every stage of the medieval nations." The modern form of medievalism, Fascism, through which some of these countries may now be passing, ought not to obscure for us the fact that the South American continent is still in

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the process of the revolution initiated by Bolivar.

By comparison with somebody like Bolivar the life of Civil War General George H. Thomas would seem to be so colorless as to provide only variations on the theme that they also serve who only stand and wait; and it is significant that the climax of this life came at the Battle of Chickamauga, where General Thomas covered himself with glory by — holding the line. In *Rock of Chickamauga* (University of Oklahoma Press, \$3.75), Freeman Cleaves seems to have done the best that could be expected to make interesting the life of this estimable general, whose whole career might be summed up in the single word "solidity," and whose legend, if there could possibly be any, would become simply the statue of the man on the horse now in a Washington park. Students of the military aspect of the Civil War (I am not one myself) will probably find interesting Mr. Cleaves's account of Thomas's differences with Sherman over questions of strategy.

Where a life is as legendary as that of Abraham Lincoln, the detection of any hoax, the separation of any legend from fact, no matter how trivial, can be important for the historians. In *The Mystery of "A Public Man"* (University of Minnesota Press, \$3.75), Frank Maloy Anderson sets out to discover the mysterious author of an item well known to Lincoln scholars, "The Diary of a Public Man," which was published in 1879 by the *North American Review* and purported to be an actual diary kept during the Secession Winter of 1860-1861 in Washington.

Professor Anderson attacks the problem with the rigor of a systematic detective, amasses from internal and external evidence a list of eighteen clues, and then proceeds to canvass suspects with the thoroughness of a police sergeant making a roundup. A first-rate piece of literary detection is accomplished, the crime is solved — though I must not spoil the reader's fun by giving away the secret. But it is not indiscreet to cite the book's incidental, rather paradoxical, conclusion: though the "Diary" is a fake, it remains a *genuine* document for historians, revealing convincingly the atmosphere and drama of its period. Fiction, it would seem, may be as "true" as Truth.

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Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

These columns offered, three months ago, some advice to the engaged girl on the uses of the test tantrum in setting up a line of authority over her fiancé. Jack shall have Jill, so it went, only if he is ideally suited to her — that is, can be made to do whatever she wants. Once this basis is established, Jill can proceed to further controls.

Questions of food and cookery are important. They should be approached cautiously by the girl, and all clues as to how the man stands in that general field should be watched for. There are four kinds of men when it comes to food: —

1. The one-dish man who is obsessed by some single specialty — steak, baked beans, spaghetti and meat sauce — perfectly happy with a large quantity of his preference and suspicious of all else.

2. The epicure-fanatic. He is not so difficult as he sounds, once the girl learns that he would rather talk his food than stow it away and that all she has to do is listen.

3. The man who likes to cook and who thinks he is very good at it.

4. The man who will eat anything. (Regardless of what kind she starts with, the capable girl will be making a No. 4 of him as time goes on.)

A fairly safe position for the girl in dealing with all four categories is that she herself is pretty much of an orchid. This is a good idea in any case if she happens to tend to overweight, but it's a useful razzle-dazzle in its own right.

The man, great, rugged, violent creature that he is — and it makes no difference whether he weighs in at 125 or twice that figure — needs three square meals a day. He is astonished to see the delicacy of the girl's appetite, the spirituality of her performance at mealtime. It seems she is so interested in his tastes and conversation that she neglects even her own nutritional needs. This is a much safer role for the girl if the man is a bug on baked beans, for instance: sooner or later, they are bound to pall on her, and no girl can keep the conversation

on a plane of mystery and glamour while processing a mouthful of baked beans.

The man finds reassurance in the low-intake girl financially. He may marvel at her insistence on a clear soup and a lettuce salad, when his own order reaches the table on a flaming sword, but he will begin to think he can afford her. Later on, at home, after the man has gone, she can make up any caloric deficiencies, even though this means eating a hearty meal, by herself, at 2 A.M.

Dining out during the engagement period will be in places she has allowed the man to select, whatever hardships that involves. He will probably have a German restaurant on his list, where the food is heavy and the lights are harsh. But never has she tasted so subtle a *Knackwurst*, such cabbage, or sat down among so many fascinating people. He has "discovered" at least one other noisy, overcrowded room where the lemon pie or the onion soup is something the girl will enjoy. He is right: she does!

Sooner or later the girl will have to make her major pitch by feeding the man a meal of her own creation, at home. Man No. 2, the epicure-fanatic, will require special measures, and the wise Jill will farm them out to a caterer. The latter can use as many pots and pans as she wishes, restore the kitchen to immaculate shape, and vanish. She leaves Jill some *Poulet à la Kiev* or a casserole of *Paupiettes de Veau* and Jill puts on an absurd little

apron over her coolie coat and it's all a lark when Jack arrives, no work at all. Jill is able to point out the contrast between her own pathetically simple arrangements — "I just like to have a dish or two ready to put in the oven" — and all the fuss and bother of other women's cooking.

In general, this is a slack-rein interval when the culinary decisions seem to come from Jack. But the test tantrum will restore the normal dominance to Jill whenever he tends to get out of hand.

CHARLES W. MORTON



TRAVEL

HERBERT CERWIN lives in Guatemala and has written extensively on Central America. His book *These Are the Mexicans* was published a little over a year ago.

GUATEMALA

by HERBERT CERWIN

BACK in the sixteenth century a trip from Mexico City to Guatemala took from three weeks to a month. For those who try such a trip in their car today, the journey can prove as lengthy and arduous as it was four hundred years ago. Yet by air Guatemala is only hours away from any point in the United States, and by boat five to seven days, depending on the port of embarkation.

Guatemala can also be reached by train on a railroad line that starts from Veracruz, drops down into Tehuantepec isthmus, and ends at Suchiate. It is possible too, for those seeking adventure, to make the trip on muleback or on foot.

I have tried all these routes over a number of years, except on foot or muleback, and I can recommend only the air lanes and the sea. Anyone who at present attempts to drive his car from Mexico to Guatemala is flirting with trouble. The Pan-American highway from Ixtepec south is a legend and a cow trail. Some have managed to get through, while others have merely learned to curse better. For those who do want their car I suggest putting the automobile on the train at Veracruz or Ixtepec on the Mexican side; even so, it's a complicated business.

Go by boat or by air. There are now some excellent United Fruit freighters sailing out of Baltimore, Mobile, and occasionally Charleston. Most of them are new boats, each cabin with private bath. The fare one way is \$138 and the average running time is seven days with a stopover in Havana. Since they are banana freighters, it is well to remember that bananas come first on the return trip, passengers last. Because of union regulations, meals are served at early hours: luncheon between 11.30 and 12.30 and dinner from 5.30 to 6.30, and you have to be there on the dot.

For more relaxed traveling there are the United Fruit cruise ships from New Orleans. Meals are later and some passengers dress for dinner. There are also swimming pools and sports. The cost one way runs from \$150 to \$240.

All these boats end up in Puerto Barrios. The best thing about this Atlantic port is that

you don't have to spend the night there if you come on the cruise ships (though if you come on a freighter you might). The special train that takes passengers from the boats to Guatemala City is faster than those on regular schedule, but still takes from ten to twelve hours across hot, tropical country. Recently, however, an airplane service has been installed which makes the flight in forty minutes.

Boat travel from California ports to Guatemala's Puerto San José on the Pacific side is still erratic, expensive, and not always to be relied upon. This should improve soon, as the Grace Line is now adding new freighters to its fleet.

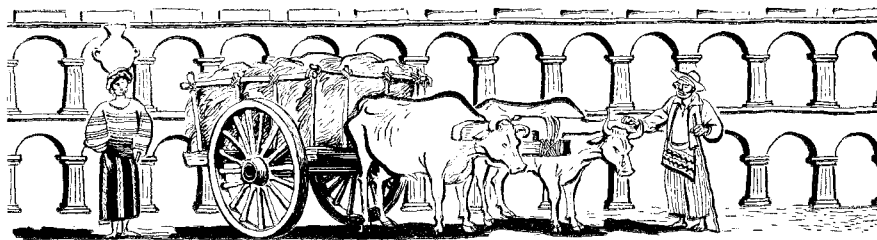
By air there are three distinct routes, each offering certain attractions and advantages: the Miami-Havana and Guatemala flight, the New Orleans-Mérida (Mexico) trip, or the longer way around via Texas and Mexico City. Of the three, I prefer the Mérida flight simply because anyone who goes that way will get a chance to stop over and see the Mayan ruins at Chichen-Itza and at Uxmal in Mexico. These ruins, wonderful and majestic in themselves, are also a curtain raiser for Guatemala. The ancient temples and other buildings were constructed over fifteen hundred years ago by the Mayas, whose civilization is now believed to have originated in the interior of Guatemala.

The only other important ruins which are almost as accessible are those in Copán, just over the Guatemala border in Honduras. While the Chichen-Itza and Uxmal ruins can be reached by automobile from Mérida, this is not true of Copán, and the trip there must be made by plane. During the tourist season there is usually a Sunday flight from Guatemala City to Copán with enough time to visit the ruins and return by evening.

Guatemala has not escaped the world-wide inflation but it's still not too expensive. In Guatemala City, rates at hotels, including meals, run from \$5 to \$10 per day, and at *pensiones* from \$3 to \$6. They are about the same at Antigua, which was the first capital of Guatemala in the Spanish colonial period, and at Lake Atitlán, a volcanic lake set in the mountains. The Mayan Inn, at the Indian vil-

lage of Chichicastenango is attractive and the food is good. I have heard tourists complain that there's not always hot water and that the food could be better. But knowing some of the difficulties the management of a hotel is up against, I am always amazed that they do have hot water most of the time, that the plumbing fixtures work, and that the food is mostly very good. The only other complaints I have heard come from the Quiché Indians, who never get over their as-





Don't expect to eat Guatemala food unless you are staying with a private family, for hotels seldom serve it. But you can get a variety of tropical fruits in the markets and practically all of them are safe

There was a time when an American visiting Guatemala needed a passport, a visa, a dozen photographs, and on arrival had to register with the police and then get an exit visa on departure. The Guatemala government is no longer so suspicious, particularly since it has discovered how many dollars tourists leave behind; now, only a tourist card with two photographs is required. The Guatemala currency unit, the quetzal, has the same value as a U.S. dollar, and most hotels and shops will accept greenbacks. Only the native sellers in the markets will refuse it. I once asked one of them why, and his explanation was quite logical: "It is not the money of the country."

NOBODY knows the trouble I've seen — and I mean that quite literally. My difficulties began when I agreed to let my oculist affix a large and intricate bandage to my right eye. The idea was to force my left eye, happily lying fallow until that time, to focus properly. It would take only three months, he said.

